MY MOUNTAINS

Roselle Theodore Cross

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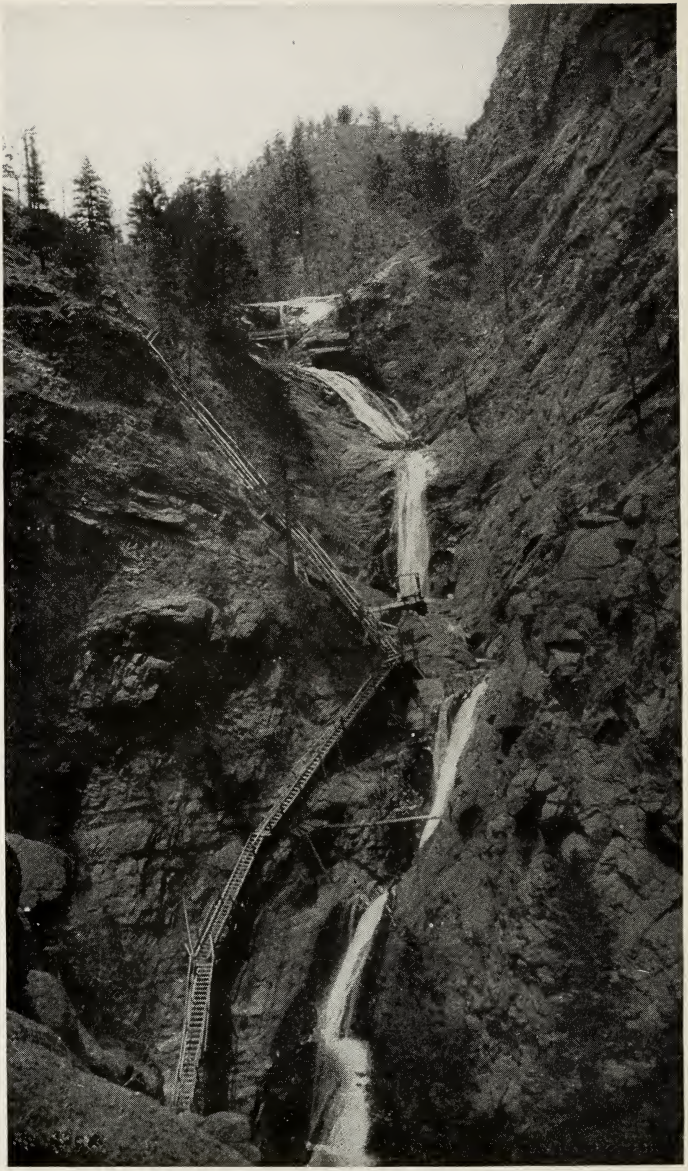

SEVEN FALLS, CHEYENNE CANON

My Mountains

By

Roselle Theodore Cross

Author of
Home Duties, Clear as Crystal, Crystals and Gold,
My Children's Ancestors, Twinsburg
Genealogies, etc.

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Dedication

To my children, Leora M., Judson L., and Cleaveland R., and to my friend, William D. Westervelt, all of whom in years gone by ofttimes shared with me the slight discomforts and great pleasures of mountain camps and mountain tramps, this mountain book is dedicated.

Preface

I resided nineteen years in Colorado, one year in Oregon, and fourteen years in Nebraska and Minnesota, in which latter states I was far enough from the mountains to become very homesick for them, but near enough to go to them for a vacation nearly every summer. So for about one-third of a century I intensely enjoyed the mountains. The trips that I took, by rail and by trail, in, over, among, through and around them, trips lasting from one day to one month, were more than I can enumerate. Very many of them were at the time made subjects of articles for various papers. My brain is crowded with memories, my albums with pictures, and my scrap-books with descriptions of mountains and mountain trips.

For nineteen years I looked almost daily from my west windows in Colorado Springs, Denver and Fort Collins upon the great Front Range of the Rocky Mountains. Living now far east of those mountains, with no probability of ever seeing them again, certainly not of climbing them, it occurs to me that I can live those mountain trips over again with pleasure to myself and possibly to others. So I have sorted and sifted and arranged my mountain memories and descriptive articles into a mountain book. To do so is a pleasant task, and perhaps it is a duty that I owe to friends and strangers who have not had the opportunities that have come to me in such abundance of visiting and dwelling with the mountains.

R. T. C.

Twinsburg, O., July, 1920.

The Mountaineer's Prayer

By Lucy Larcom

Gird me with the strength of thy steadfast hills!
The speed of thy streams give me!
In the spirit that calms, with the life that thrills,
I would stand or run for thee.
Let me be thy voice, or thy silent power,—
As the cataract or the peak,—
An eternal thought in my earthly hour,
Of the living God to speak.

Clothe me in the rose tints of thy skies
Upon morning summits laid;
Robe me in the purple and gold that flies
Through thy shuttles of light and shade;
Let me rise and rejoice in thy smile aright,
As mountains and forests do;
Let me welcome thy twilight and thy night,
And wait for thy dawn anew!

Give me the brook's faith, joyously sung
Under clank of its icy chain!
Give me the patience that hides among
Thy hill tops in mist and rain!
Lift me up from the clod, let me breathe thy breath;
Thy beauty and strength give me;
Let me lose both the name and the meaning of death
In the life that I share with thee.

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Introduction

THIS book is not a scientific treatise on mountains, though I trust that it is not *un*scientific. A geologist might write of the mountains in a scientific way without having seen them, but one could not write such a book as this aims to be, if he had not lived with the mountains and been on familiar terms with them for many years. Boswell never could have written his life of Samuel Johnson if he had not watched him closely and listened to his conversations for many years.

Careful scientist and enthusiastic nature lover are not always combined in the same person. When they are it is a happy combination. If I cannot be both I would rather be the latter. Professor Russell, formerly of Ann Arbor, combined the two most happily. Because he had a deep love of nature he could write most entertainingly, as well as scientifically, on geological subjects. His monographs in the U. S. Geological Reports were oases, eagerly sought after by one reader at least.

Tyndall was a true scientist, but he was more than a scientist. I can heartily say amen to the following from his pen: "The mountains have been to me well-springs of life and joy. They have given me royal pictures and memories that can never fade. They have made me feel in all my fibers the blessedness of perfect manhood, causing mind, soul and body to work together with a harmony and strength unqualified by infirmity and ennui."

The late John Muir, chief and best of all our mountain writers, whose books I keep and often re-read, as I do a volume of choice poetry, freely marking their choicest passages, and to whom I shall often refer in these pages, was a scientific botanist and a trained glaciologist, but he was far more. He was a life-long lover and a splendid interpreter of the mountains, of their forests, flowers, and waters. Summer after summer, for many years, he lived in the Sierras, studying their canons and glacial valleys, climbing their peaks, discovering the remnants and moraines and markings of their once mighty rivers of ice, sleeping in the open, living for days on bread and tea, carrying no murderous weapon, on good terms with all the inhabitants, even the rattlesnakes, studying the Pacific slope to the far north, finding and naming the famous Muir Glacier in Alaska, enduring many hardships, but ever praising God for the many "divinely glorious days" that he enjoyed.

Enos A. Mills, whom I call the John Muir of Colorado, is doing a similar work for the Rocky Mountains. His books abound in interesting facts and experiences and are very readable, though lacking the poetic spirit and spiritual flavor of John Muir's books. Colorado is a great state and two-thirds of its 104,000 square miles are mountainous. Mills writes but little of the region with which I was most familiar, and I shall not have much to say about his favorite region around Long's Peak and Estes Park. Nor shall I have much to say about trees and animal life. What I write may to some extent supplement what he writes, and tell of some things from a different standpoint.

The title of this book, *My* Mountains, implies ownership. The mountains have many owners, though sometimes a whole mountain or park or canon is legally owned by one

person. The U. S. Government, that is, "we the people," own most of our western mountains, and hence I, as a tax-paying citizen, am one of their many owners. But the mountains of which I write, those that I explored and lived with and enjoyed, those that I have showed to my friends by picture or print or talk, those are mine in a peculiar sense, mine by right of companionship and appreciation, just as the fruitful fields in the country and the flower beds in my neighbors' yards are mine; mine to appreciate and enjoy and talk and write about, in whosesoever names their title deeds are recorded. I lay no special claim to the mountains that I have not seen, but those that I have seen, though only from a passing train, are mine by right of spiritual discovery and appreciation. I hope, yes, I know, that I have many partners in their ownership. Many of my mountains have mines of gold, silver, iron and coal, in which men delve and about which they often quarrel. Never mind, they do not trespass on my rights, nor do I on theirs, not even when I find rare and beautiful crystals, rejected by them as worthless, on their refuse dumps.

My implies *I* and *me*. I use the first personal pronouns freely, for I believe that the personality of a writer and his personal experiences make a book far more interesting to the average reader. It is one secret of the popularity of the books of John Muir and Enos A. Mills. I have not left out of this book the little chunks of human nature that I have run across in my trips. Some of them may not seem so interesting or humorous now as they did when I encountered them, but they are genuine.

H. H. (Helen Hunt Jackson), who dearly loved some of the same mountains that I loved, wrote a beautiful poem on

The Singer's Hills. I quote a small part of it. The Singer dwelt from boyhood where were:—

"Wide barren fields for miles and miles, until
The pale horizon walled them in, and still
No lifted peak, no slope, not even mound
To raise and cheer the weary eye was found."

* * * *

"There must be hills," he said,
"I know they stand at sunset rosy red,
And purple in the dewy shadowed morn;
Great forest trees are rocked and borne
Upon their breasts, and flowers like jewels shine
Around their feet, and gold and silver line
Their hidden chambers, and great cities rise
Stately where their protecting shadow lies.
And men grow brave and women are more fair
'Neath higher skies and in the clearer air."

One day he caught sight of them far out to seaward. The tears ran down his cheeks as he gazed on their beauty.

"He called aloud, 'Ho! tarry! tarry ye!
Behold those purple mountains in the sea!'
The people saw no mountains! 'He is mad,'
They careless said, and went their way and had
No further thought of him."

Finally he went out to sea in a boat, saw them and came back and cried:

"Lo, I have landed on the hills of gold!
See, these are flowers, and these are fruits, and these
Are boughs from off the giant forest trees;
And these are jewels which lie loosely there,
And these are stuffs which beauteous maidens wear!

And staggering, he knelt upon the sands
As laying burdens down. But empty hands
His fellows saw, and passed on smiling."

They called him a madman. Finally some went out to see if there were hills and treasures. Some found them and were glad; others found them not and were skeptical and scornful.

"Slowly the Singer's comrades grew and gained
Till they were a goodly number. No man's scorn
Could hurt or hinder them. No pity born
Of it could make them blush, or once make less
Their joy's estate; and as for loneliness
They knew it not.
Still rise the magic hills,
Purple and gold and red; the shore still thrills
With fragrance when the sunset winds begin
To blow and waft the subtle odors in."

* * * *

"And men with cheeks all red, and eyes aflame,
And hearts that call to hearts by brother's name,
Still leap out on the silent lifeless sands,
And staggering with overburdened hands,
Joyous lay down the treasures they have brought
While smiling, pitying, the world sees naught."

Yes, there must be hills on this earth, glorious hills. Happy are they who have eyes to see them and their treasures. To all such I would fain speak, for I am sure of their interest and appreciation.

CHAPTER I

FIRST SIGHT OF THE MOUNTAINS

JOHN MUIR, in his *Thousand Mile Walk to the Gulf,* tells of his first view and ascent of the Cumberland Mountains, "the first real mountains," he says, "that my foot ever touched or eyes beheld," and he speaks of one of the views as "the most sublime and comprehensive picture that ever entered my eyes." The ascent took him six or seven hours, "a strangely long period of up-grade work to one accustomed only to the hillocky levels of Wisconsin and adjacent states." Probably he little dreamed what his eyes were destined to see for many years of the great mountains of the far west and of Alaska. Later on he speaks of the first mountain stream he ever saw, "than which there is nothing more eloquent in nature," he says.

My first view of the mountains at a distance was on our second day out from Omaha as we drew near to Cheyenne. There they were, on the western horizon, the great front range of the Rocky Mountains, a hundred miles, more or less, of serrated peaks, of domes and ridges, a hundred or hundred and fifty miles away, snow-covered, beautiful and suggestive. Ah! Ah! There they are at last; the mountains, the Rocky Mountains! The front range of one of the world's great mountain systems! Beyond them for a thousand miles or more are countless interlocked ranges, while the whole system extends from central Alaska to the Isthmus of Panama, some

5000 miles; and another system, or the same one, goes on down about the whole length of South America, to Patagonia; another 5000 miles, more or less. If I make a thorough study of only those in the United States, I must give up my vocation and get my life greatly lengthened beyond the allotted age. But no, they shall be only an avocation, a side issue, a pleasant hobby, a field for some splendid vacations.

That was forty-four years ago. I have feasted often and much since then on the beauties and glories of those mountains, but I am only an Isaac Newton on the edge of them. A few of the peaks and ranges are mine by sight and conquest, but vast ranges and systems stretch before me unseen and unexplored.

When I reached the end of my journey at Colorado Springs in 1876, one of the first things that I did was to take a good look at the magnificent surroundings of my new home. "Where is Pike's Peak?" I said to a friend.

"There it is," said he, pointing to the west.

"What, that rounded dome?"

"No," said he, "that is only Cameron's Cone, a half mile or more lower than Pike's Peak. It is the one beyond and to the right."

"Is that Pike's Peak?" I said. I was disappointed. It was not a peak but an irregular dome, somewhat dwarfed and obscured by the nearer foothills that were only 8000 to 10,000 feet high, instead of over 14,000 feet. But as I looked at it from many viewpoints for many years it grew on me more and more, and now it never disappoints me.

A few days later a friend took me to Manitou, five miles nearer to the Peak, at the center of the grand amphitheater of wooded and rocky foothills, mountains they would be called in the East, of many sizes and shapes and heights, separated

from each other by wooded valleys and rugged canons and dashing mountain streams. They apparently drew near to me, as though they would mutely welcome a new lover, and as they began to surround and close in on me there came over me a sense of their beauty and grandeur that almost overwhelmed me, and made me feel that I must go back at once and get my wife to come and enjoy with me that new and delightful sensation. It was a clear case of love at first sight, for it was my first sight of mountains close at hand. I did not realize what glorious times I was to have with them in the years to come. As I turned towards home I left with them an unspoken appointment to call on them again and to call often.

On every day of the year from countless trains, on a dozen or more different railroads, and now from thousands of autos in the summer time, eager tourists strain their eyes to catch the first view of what Pike and his men called the "Snowy Mountains." "Conductor," they say, "is it possible that low lying white cloud on the horizon is the Rocky Mountains? And is it possible they are twenty miles from here?"

"Yes," says the conductor in a weary tone, as he replies to the question he has answered so often. "Yes, that is the Rocky Mountains, and they are one hundred, or one hundred and fifty miles away."

"I don't believe it," replies the passenger. But after traveling straight toward them for several hours he believes the conductor. And when he lands at Denver he is still fifteen miles from the foothills and fifty from the main range.

In 1898 I was on my way to Portland, Oregon, *via* the Canadian Pacific Railroad. After several hundred miles of the level and treeless plains of western Canada we drew near to the Canadian Rockies, which for hours had been slowly

rising on the western horizon. On the observation car I had been talking with a friend of college days whom I had found on the train. I learned she had never before seen mountains. As we drew near to the place where the train plunges suddenly from the open plains into the mountain gorges, I left her for awhile that she might be alone, as I would wish to be, when she found herself for the first time in her life among the great mountains. After awhile I went back and asked her how she liked it? "Oh," she said, "it made me cry." I sympathized with her. Many times do tears of joy spring from the eyes of the true lover of the mountains when he gazes on some lovely and glorious mountain scene. Not only the first sight of the mountains, but later sights under favorable circumstances, and seeing them after a long separation, will raise emotions of delight that express themselves in tears.

How one is impressed by the first sight of the mountains depends largely upon one's preparation for it. One who has heard but little about them, and cares but little for nature, will take it as a matter of course and have no thrill of delight. But if one has heard about them from childhood, as I did from my mother about the Green Mountains of her childhood home in Vermont; if one has read much about them and studied and admired their pictures; if one's home has been in the low country on level plains; if one feels that "there must be hills;" if one has had a quenchless longing to see the mountains and has waited patiently for the opportunity, then, when it comes, the soul is glad with a great joy, whether expressed by shining eyes and tears, or by hallelujahs and doxologies.

Homesick for the mountains? Yes, many have been, and many more will be. After living in Colorado thirteen years, I moved to Minneapolis and after a year or two, I became so

homesick for the mountains that I sometimes partly covered the walls of one room with large photographs of mountains upon which I gazed by the hour. Only a good vacation in Colorado, roaming through the old mountain haunts, cured me, temporarily at least. My daughter had a worse attack than I did, often playing and singing her favorite song: "I love my mountain home." Her condition became so serious that we prescribed successfully a long vacation among her old "mountain homes." My own feelings when I took the same agreeable medicine I expressed as follows:

The Mountains Revisited

"Ye rocks and hills! I'm with you once again.
I hold to you the hands" ye oft have filled
And ask with eagerness that ye once more,
As in the days of old, will fill them full
Of flowers rare, and gems and crystals bright.
I lift to you the voice that oft has spoke
Your praises to the dwellers on the plain.
I open wide to you the heart that erst
Your presence filled with joy and peace and love.
With eyes that dimmed in memory of your forms
I look you fairly in the face again.
The visions of your charms that flitted through
My mind when occupied with other things
Are real and satisfying now to me.
In long draughts I breathe your balmy air,
And feel new life and strength in all my frame.
With lightsome feet I climb your rocky slopes,
And wander satisfied beneath your pines.
I pluck the fruit that grows in shaded nook,

And quench my thirst from out your crystal streams.
I bless, I love you, O ye mountains dear.
No man e'er said to woman of his choice
Those words — "I love" — more truthfully than I
Do say them now to you, ye rocks and hills,
Ye mountain peaks and shaded vales and glens.

Many years ago I heard John B. Gough, the superlatively eloquent lecturer, tell of his first view of Mont Blanc. I do not recall his words but I distinctly recall his appearance as he told how he stood, transfixed and thrilled through and through, when suddenly the whole vast snow-covered mountain, 15,782 feet high, burst upon his vision. Such a first view, not only of a whole range but of some particular great mountain, is something to be remembered through life, to be thought of with delight, and sometimes to be spoken of.

Mount Rainier in Washington lifts its snow-covered summit 13,394 feet above the near-by ocean. It is a majestic mountain, of volcanic origin,—like Mount Shasta in northern Californa,—standing by itself, far from any rival. I had read much about it and admired the pictures of it, so that on my first trip to that region, in 1898, it was one of the chief things I desired to see.

I reached Seattle towards evening. About 9 p. m. (in July) I went out on one of the high hills of the city and looked off eastward to see the great mountain. I saw the Cascade Range with a long line of peaks, no one of which seemed pre-eminent above the others. I asked a stranger who stood near me if he could tell me which one of those peaks on the horizon was Mount Rainier.

"Why, there it is," he said, pointing further south and much further up towards the zenith. I raised my head and

looked up, and there it was; the great snow-covered summit, with its twenty glaciers radiating downward from the top, all gloriously uplifted above the clouds that hid its base. I had missed it at first because I was looking too low, as we often miss some of the best things of life from looking too low.

CHAPTER II

MOUNTAINS AS NEIGHBORS

TO know a mountain well, or a mountain range, one must summer and winter with it. To know the mountains exceedingly well one must have them as neighbors for many years; and, too, one must be neighborly with them. One must take an interest in them; one must go to the mountains when they will not come to him, making frequent calls and some long visits.

For five years at Colorado Springs, I lived as neighbor to the Pike's Peak Range, and for about fourteen years at Denver and Fort Collins I was neighbor to the Front Range of the Rocky Mountains. My knowledge of them in the winter was gained chiefly by looking at them from a distance. In summertime I often spent days or weeks in their midst. Such a nearby acquaintance with them in winter as Enos A. Mills had, when he traversed their lofty snow-fields to and fro as snow observer for the Government, was not my privilege. But very often when the snow-covered foot hills were fifteen miles away and the main range fifty miles or more, I have used my powerful glass to summon them very much nearer for the close inspection of a winter call. In that way they came to me when I could not go to them.

To know a mountain well one must not only see it on many days but from many viewpoints. I often saw Pike's Peak from Pueblo, forty-five miles away. I saw it many

CATHEDRAL SPIRE, GARDEN OF THE GODS

times from South Park, fifty miles or more to the west. From the summits of Mount Lincoln and Gray's Peak, mountains of its own class, I saw its majestic form sixty-five and seventy miles away. I used to go into raptures of delight when I saw it from the Divide across the wide, pine-besprinkled valley of Monument Creek, when the rising sun flooded its summit with a rosy light that made it shine in glory over all its eastern realm. In the daytime, or by the light of the full moon, I have seen it from Longmont, ninety miles, and from Eaton, one hundred and twenty miles, to the north. I have climbed for weary hours to reach the top of Cameron's Cone only to look up and see the Peak rising 3000 feet above me. From my Denver home I looked almost daily over the Divide and saw the Peak far beyond, sixty-five miles away in an air line. I have seen it from many points and distances out on the plains. I have camped at different points, miles apart, around its base. I have walked to its summit four times and have spent a night there. I have seen its white dome shining gloriously under a bright sun, out of black clouds far up in the sky, suspended in the air with no visible means of support. I have often seen it with a "nightcap" on, sure precursor of wind or rain. I have watched it in all manner of cloud combinations and effects, and I have learned to have great respect for that old mountain landmark. When I saw it once after an absence of two years, I took off my hat to it as to an old and respected friend.

"Hail, royal peak!
Child of eternity, on whose wrinkled brow
The centuries mark their flight; friend of the stars
That through eternal years have watched with thee,
Oh, rugged monarch of the Great Divide."

Mountains have many moods, owing to clouds, mist, vapor, density of the air, dust in the air, sunshine and shadows, snow and vegetation. On some days they seem blurred and indistinct, though no clouds hide them; they seem unsocial, not caring for admirers. On some days they draw the clouds all around and over them and evidently are "not at home." On other days, they stand out with such startling distinctness that miles away one can see on their sides what evidently are small boulders. The sun intensely illuminates and the air magnifies them. Then it is that the newly arrived tourist at Denver is confident that he can walk to them before breakfast. If he does so he will want breakfast, dinner and supper together after a round-trip walk of thirty miles or so. "Come and see me, I'll meet you half way," they seem to say. At other times they scowl at you through a fierce storm, or play hide-and-seek behind the broken and swiftly moving clouds, hiding from us and from each other. Often the clouds go trailing in and out among the canons and valleys, softly touching the big rocks and searching out the hidden nooks. One morning when walking toward the foothills I saw two groups of clouds, a mile or two apart, one creeping northward along the flanks of the foothills, the other southward. What happened when they collided I could not wait to see. I heard no crash; probably they silently coalesced.

In Oregon, where I spent one winter, and where it rains almost continuously at that season, Mount Hood, Mount Helens, Mount Rainier, and other peaks, so gloriously beautiful when they are on exhibition, hid themselves for months behind, as the sun did above, the great moist cloud bank, showing themselves only at rare intervals. In Colorado it

was a very unusual spell of weather that hid the mountains from us for three days.

I recall that one autumn, Pike's Peak and its surrounding mountains, our near neighbors, were hid from us for two weeks or more by a great stationary bank of clouds, or smoke perhaps, in part, from burning forests far over the range. The winds brought it from afar and dumped it on our beautiful mountains and left it there. Morning after morning we looked westward to see and greet our great and good friends, robed in green and crowned with white. But we saw them not; it was as though they were not. As day after day, and weeks even, passed and we saw them not we were troubled; life seemed dark and gloomy; we only half lived. "When will the clouds lift?" we asked of each other. "When shall we see the mountains again?"

Finally one night, while we slept, the wind blew hard and long. The next morning we went out and looked where the mountains used to be, and Oh! Oh! — there they were again; clear, distinct, not one missing, gloriously illuminated by the sun, rejoicing in their Maker who had clothed them in green and white. We gazed long and exultingly, as though we saw them for the first time. *They had been there all the time.*

Are there times when a cloud of fear, of unrest, of doubt and unbelief settles down over our fondest hopes, our dearest beliefs? Never mind; keep on looking for them; *they are still there,* and by and by

> "The clouds shall roll in splendor
> From the mountain tops away."

A thunder storm on the mountains by day, and especially by night, is a fine sight — when seen from a safe distance.

The sudden revealing and disappearing of the mountain scenery, the terrific *blow* of the lightning bolt as it strikes some tree or rock, and sometimes, as I have seen, strikes it repeatedly, in very quick succession, pounding itself in, as it were, helping to charge that great dynamo, the earth, the long moments — not minutes — that pass before the thunder reaches one's ears, if it reach them at all, and the thunder reverberations that crash and roll and die away among the valleys and gorges; all these are a thrilling exhibition of one of nature's great mysteries. But when riding horseback through the mountains in near proximity to the lightning and thunder, one feels differently.

A forest fire, as seen on a mountain side, not many miles away, is a beautiful or a fearsome sight, according to circumstances. Once on our way to Florida, being detained a few hours at Chattanooga, we saw a forest fire burning on the historic Lookout Mountain. One could imagine a battle raging there. My nine-year-old boy asked if it was General Sherman's soldiers carrying lanterns.

Then there are the sunrises and sunsets; the latter seen by more people than the former, some of them glorious beyond all possible description or picture representation; a heavenly riot of color, flaming bands and vast strata of glorified clouds, sometimes involving half or more than half of the sky; fit backgrounds for armies of celestial beings and for heralds of heavenly messages. I am not describing them — I cannot. I can only hint at what they are. Some tourists who have eyes look that way and see not. Others there be who see and are stricken speechless. No words of our earth language can describe their emotions; not laughter but a heavenly smile; not weeping but moistened eyes; not raving but ecstatic joy;

not a story that can be told, but a brain picture that never fades, betoken their appreciation of such a sight.

One such sunset on Pike's Peak seen, and partly caught by an artist friend of mine, and reproduced in color, was sold in unnumbered thousands to tourists and others. Many persons were kept busy for many weeks in putting the colors on each photograph. The colors were not all correct for that particular sunset, but it is safe to say that they were correct for some sunset from that mountain in the past, or for a composite picture of all the glorious sunsets seen from that peak or from all the peaks during the ages.

Then there is the tender and marvellously beautiful rosy light, that flushes the snowy summits from the rising sun ere it has risen for the people below. I have often seen it, for I am an early riser. When seen, it more than repays one for early rising. Once seen it cannot be forgotten. It is the mountain's blushing response to the fervent morning's kiss from the sun's rays.

Some mountains have a very distinct individuality. Take Cheyenne Mountain, for instance, as seen from Colorado Springs, five miles or more away. It is about five miles long and some 10,000 feet high, or about 4000 feet above the nearby plains. It rises very abruptly from the plains and is quite steep and rugged on its eastern side. It is not a peak but a long symmetrical mountain that somehow is very satisfactory to look upon, especially after one has looked upon it for years.

Of course the great volcanic peaks of the Northwest, like Hood, Rainier, Helens and Shasta, stand out very strikingly as individual mountains. Mount Whitney in southern California, and California's highest peak, is only a high point in a long high range, and from many viewpoints is scarcely distinguishable from the other high points of the range. Mount

Shasta, in northern California, not quite so high as Mount Whitney, stands out very distinctly by itself, overshadowed by no neighboring mountains of any size. It can be seen and recognized at once from great distances. It is well to have one or more such mountains among our mountain neighbors. It is a good thing for a state or nation to possess one such mountain to be peculiarly its own mountain, its symbol and pride. Japan has such a mountain in Fujiyama.

It is a pleasure to introduce our friends from the east, and tourists in general, to our good neighbors, the mountains, especially if they are appreciative of them and are properly responsive to what is told them about the various views and objects of interest. But if they are unappreciative, or critical, hinting or saying they are disappointed, and suggesting that in the Garden of the Gods there is no garden and no gods — then I count my time and effort as wasted. How often I have hitched up my horse (no autos in those days, or even street cars) and taken some visiting minister to see Cheyenne Canon and Falls, the Garden of the Gods, Queen's Canon, William's Canon, Cave of the Winds, Ute Pass, Rainbow Falls, Iron Springs, etc., agreeing to show him the sights if he would preach for me on Sunday. Sometimes I got the best of the bargain, and sometimes he did. But I was never ashamed of my neighbors, and generally our visiting friends fell in love with them.

CHAPTER III

HOW TO SEE THE MOUNTAINS

ONE may walk all over Pike's Peak and closely examine every part of it, enjoy its forests and flowers, its rocks and precipices, its vales and brooks and its outlook upon other mountains, and yet not have seen Pike's Peak. To see it as a mountain one must see it from a distance, from ten miles or more, a hundred miles or less.

To see a mountain or mountain range is one thing; and such seeing, whether once or often, is one of life's blessed experiences. To live in or near the mountains and know well their component parts, to be in intimate touch with them through happy vacation days, or through many years, to read and study their many open pages, — that, too, is a blessed experience, given to comparatively few of earth's mortals.

The best way to see and really know the mountains is to live in a wide valley or on the open plain, where one has but to lift his eyes to see the mountains or the range, and so near to them that one can take frequent trips, lasting a day, a week, or a month, into, over, around and amongst them. Ideal places are found along that north and south line where the great mountains rise abruptly out of the great plains, also in numerous parks and valleys within the mountains. It is not best to have one's home in a narrow valley where one has no large outlook upon either mountains or plains.

In Colorado, which is rightly called the Switzerland of

America, my home for many years was on the plains, but near the foothills, where I could see the high mountains from my west windows, and reach them in an hour or more, on foot, horseback, by trolley or by train. Of the three places in which I lived Colorado Springs was the ideal place.

If one is a good walker and is not going far, walking is the best way of seeing and enjoying the mountains. It seemed to be almost the only way for John Muir. Walking alone in the mountains, or with a genial companion, is perhaps the ideal way of enjoying them. If there are good roads, a bicycle or motorcycle can be used to advantage. But one is apt to take "headers" if he gazes too intently at the scenery. In August, 1900, I took my wheel with me to the Black Hills for a two-weeks' vacation and a mineral hunt. The roads there are hard and of good grades as a rule. On my first trip I broke a crank. A good Catholic blacksmith loaned me his wheel to be paid for in specimens. When he learned that I was not a mining engineer, as he had supposed, but a clergyman, he hinted that I might throw in some prayers! I took fifteen trips with his wheel, with many dismounts, most of them voluntary ones, not all, and I shipped home nearly two hundred pounds of specimens, besides what I gave the blacksmith.

When I went one day by road and trail to the summit of Harney's Peak, over nine miles from Custer, I used the wheel six miles, to beautiful Sylvan Lake, and thence on foot and alone to the summit. On returning I raced on the wheel six miles with two thunder storms, getting wet through — with perspiration. From Harney's Peak, 7216 feet high, which is in South Dakota, one can see on a clear day into Nebraska, Wyoming and Montana. Sylvan Lake and The Needles, both near Harney's Peak, are two of the

most unique bits of scenery I found in all my mountain travels. The bold cliffs overhanging the tiny lake, and the huge boulders around it, are very unique, some of them almost inaccessible, while The Needles are finer by far than the famous Garden of the Gods in Colorado. A sloping pine-covered area, half a mile long and several hundred feet wide, is almost surrounded by huge towers, sky-piercing pinnacles and splintered needles of granite, many of them hundreds of feet high. Wild and rocky nooks, deep gorges, hidden springs and charming retreats abound on every side. Geologically, the Black Hills are an island in the great plains, a hundred miles or more from the mountains, whose geological formations they duplicate. A study of them is very interesting, but that is a story by itself.

One can go quite well over the mountains of Colorado on horseback, over regular roads and innumerable trails, and even through trailless glades and parks and open forests. It is a good way of seeing and enjoying the mountains, as I found in 1878 when I went horseback with some college professors from the East to Twin Lakes, Leadville, then a new and booming mining camp, and to the summit of Mount Lincoln.

Many go in camp wagons, taking plenty of time and camping in choice spots, the chief requirements for which are plenty of wood, good water, grass for the horses, and a dry tenting place with pleasant surroundings and good views. If one has not had experience in camping he should study and carry along a good book on camping out.

One can go far and see much in a light buggy, depending on the hospitality of miners, ranchmen, lumbermen, and occasional mining-camp hotels and boarding houses, and railroad section houses, proffering sufficient pay, of course.

Sleeping under the open sky, with one or two good blankets, is a healthy way of spending the night.

Tens of thousands now go to the mountains in autos, carrying along their camping outfits. In two weeks or a month they can go very far and see very much, combining the independence of the camp wagon with the speed of the railroad. The danger is that one will see things in a superficial sort of way, seeing many things but not seeing much. Yet it may be the chief way of seeing the mountains in the future, unless the aeroplane, one that can land on, or start from, any tolerably level spot, excels the auto. What bird's-eye views one will get in that way! I would like thus to review all my mountain trips, but I never shall.

Some mountains are best seen from the deck of a steamboat. Several times by rail and several times by steamboat I have been up and down the Columbia River where it cuts through the Cascade Mountains. Leaping over great precipices there fall into that river some very beautiful waterfalls. The cars run along the shores under the great cliffs, where the view of the high peaks is cut off, and where the waterfalls and other beauty spots are passed so rapidly that one scarcely sees them. But on the steamboat, out in the middle of the great river, one can see in a satisfactory way and time those glorious snow-covered volcanic peaks — St. Helens, Hood, Jefferson, Bakers, Adams and Rainier. And as the boat steams slowly along one sees in their entirety the beautiful waterfalls and gorges, brought nearer, — if one chooses, — by a good field-glass, which is very helpful on a boat, but of no use on a jarring, shaking car.

The best steamboat trip to the mountains I ever took, and about the best of all my mountain trips of any

kind, was in 1904 from Seattle to Skagway in Alaska, going and coming on the same boat in eight days, a round trip of 2000 miles. I have ridden on the Hudson, the Saint Lawrence, the Saint John's, the Penobscot, the Kennebec, the Mississippi and the Columbia Rivers, but the Alaskan trip is equal to all of them lengthened out and magnified. The Thousand Islands of the Saint Lawrence are beautiful, but the ten thousand islands, more or less, of the Alaskan trip are more than beautiful. It took about twenty-four hours to pass one of them, Vancouver, on which we saw a hundred miles or more of snowy mountains.

It is mostly an inland passage. For only a few hours were we exposed to the ocean swell. Our boat made its way through countless gulfs, bays, sounds, straits, channels, inlets, passages, narrows and natural canals. Going through Seymour Narrows the swift tide doubled our speed as the mighty, boiling, eddying current swept us swiftly on. I was up at four A. M. to enjoy that experience.

About all the land in sight was covered down to the water's edge by a dense unbroken forest. Eagles soar, gulls circle, wild ducks swim and fly, fish jump, porpoises roll and whales spout.

At Ketchikan, a town built on piles and rocks, and without horses or wagons, we go on a plank walk a mile or so back into the woods. To leave the walk would involve one at once in a hopeless tangle of dense forest, fallen trees, water-soaked soil, slippery rocks and treacherous bogs. At Douglas the 900 stamps of one of the world's biggest gold mines make an unceasing din night and day the year around, except on Christmas and the Fourth of July.

But the mountains that we saw! Ah, the mountains! With no fear, but with intense joy, we ran the gauntlet of

savage peaks and ranges that unceasingly struck us with their beauty and grandeur. The hundreds upon hundreds of miles of snowy ranges, the great domes and towers of rock, the sharp Matterhorn peaks and pyramids, the vast uplifted fields of snow, the awful precipices, the wild gorges and wooded valleys, the great rivers of ice that crawl so slowly towards the sea and carve new landscapes as they crawl, even as they once carved Yosemite, the milky rivers that run from their snouts, the wild torrents that rage seaward over rocky beds, the numberless charming waterfalls and cascades — how shall I describe all these, especially the latter?

Some of the waterfalls tumble directly into salt water; others appear as white tremulous curtains far up in the dark forest with no visible stream above or below; other streams are visible in their whole steep descent of thousands of feet in a long white line of foaming cascades and falls — not "Seven Falls" but seventy or more. Some of them are so near that we can hear their roaring; others are miles away, but my strong glass, companion of all my travels, brings them much nearer.

On our return trip a two days' rain hid some of the mountain views, but it had swollen all the streams and turned every dry water course on the mountains into a tumbling torrent of foaming white water. From a scenic standpoint how fortunate it is that water turns white as it tumbles downward!

Steaming down the deep and narrow Greenville channel for ninety miles in a nearly straight line, with steep wooded mountains on both sides, I saw hundreds of mountain streams coming down in a way that would put Southey's Lodore to shame. At one time I could see eight such

streams on one side of the channel and six on the other side. On that chilly August day I stood on deck for hours, photographing waterfalls on my brain, revelling in the beauty of mountain streams, overflowing with joy and calling on my soul to praise the Maker of so much beauty.

Some streams come out of far uplifted snowfields and fall into a dense layer of clouds, then out of the clouds into the forests, and then out of the forests into the ocean.

Is that long white patch, some ten miles away, a snowdrift or a waterfall? Lift the glass to your eyes and you can see the water crawling down through the air. It is water, but see! lower down it disappears under a great bank of snow. It reappears and then falls into a great white cloud. Again it reappears and then falls into the dark forest that covers a great uplifted amphitheater. Hide-and-seek creek let us call it.

Off to the east we see a hundred miles or more of snowy peaks, many of them one or two miles above the water. To the north and west are similar ranges. We are encircled by mountain ranges. The clouds play hide-and-seek among the valleys, or stretch in great banks along the mountain sides. Peak after peak and one great snow field after another heave into sight from behind some lofty island. In grand and stately procession the peaks and ranges, the glaciers and waterfalls, march in review before us. It is a moving picture that lasts from four in the morning until ten at night, and for day after day. I begrudge the few hours of darkness that I must give to sleep.

Is there another such trip in all the world? Yes, among the fiords on the coast of Norway, they say. Let those who have taken both trips compare the two. I cannot.

I shall not soon forget the sunset of our last full day when homeward bound. It was on the Gulf of Georgia. The sun had gone down and left a glory of gold in the sky and water. The water was like a sea of glass. A number of whales were spouting, rising out of the water and slowly turning and diving. A hundred miles of snowy mountains on the mainland to the east, and another hundred miles of them to the west on Vancouver's Island, faded slowly from view in the twilight. The forest reflections in the water were black, and jet black was the circling wave made on each side of our boat. Our steamer's black smoke streamed behind us for miles, blended with the smoke of another steamer, and formed a black cloud lying low on the northern horizon. The wake of our boat was a broad belt of sapphire. On either side of that blue wake were long narrow roads of rippling wavy sapphire waters, alternating with similar ones of gold, and all radiating like a fan far to the rear. Slowly the stars came out above and their images in the water below. Then the moon arose and was reproduced in the water as a long beam of silver that reached from our boat to the distant shore. A hush came over the passengers. The dullest among them could but admire that glorious view of water and land, of sky and mountains. Thus gloriously faded from our eyes, never to fade from memory, that last day of our glorious voyage through that northern land of wonders.

Besides seeing the mountains on foot, horseback, with a bicycle, motorcycle or auto, with a buggy or camp wagon, from the deck of a steamboat or by aeroplane, there is one other way, a way that greatly facilitates what one person can see, and immensely multiplies the number of those who see the mountains at all, and that is seeing them from the car window.

When I went to Colorado in 1876 there were no railroads in the mountains except a few miles from Denver up Clear Creek to Georgetown and Central. There was not even a road through the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas. When a little later two railroads had armed forces in or near that gorge, contending for its control, a restaurant there had this scale of prices: Lunch, 25 cents; common meal, 50 cents; square meal, 75 cents; *Royal Gorge*, one dollar.

In a few years the Colorado Mountains were threaded by thousands of miles of steel rails that opened up new farming valleys, new mining regions, new mountain ranges, and of course many new resorts for health seekers and mountain-loving tourists. Those railroads do a great deal of twisting and turning; long distances of straight track are scarce, and some of the grades are very steep.

I remember taking a short trip, starting from Boulder, thirteen miles into the mountains and 3000 feet skyward, on a narrow gauge track. The engine drew with difficulty four cars. On one steep grade the train went so slow that I stepped off and walked, looking for specimens and ready to push behind if necessary. A span of horses in the wagon road kept up with us for a long distance. At times the engine wheels flew uselessly around. No one complained of not having time enough to see the scenery. In a wild canon and apparently far from any settlement we saw a white building and on it the sign, School District No. 52. A schoolhouse in those wilds! And No. 52 in a county which a few years before consisted of unexplored mountains and sunburnt plains!

At the rail terminus we look to a mountain top 2000 feet above us and a mile or two away, and see the end of the graded line, which the rails will reach by running down the

valley but uphill and around hills for eight miles. No steam is used on the return trip, which seemed like one prolonged plunge down into the depths of the canon on a race with the mountain stream.

Let us square a mountain circle and see what we can see from a car window in two days or less, traveling only by day. Our circle, as one sees it on the map, is more like a square whose boundary lines, especially on the north and south, are very wavy and crooked. It is 428 miles around, 151 on what was the South Park branch of the Union Pacific, and 277 miles on the Denver and Rio Grande.

We start from Denver and after twenty-one miles of tame scenery, except for the mountain background, our train turns to the right and plunges into the foothills. Very soon the rocks are rising hundreds of feet above us on either side, and the South Platte River is dashing over the rocks, now on one side of us and now on the other. We are in the Platte Canon and for fifty miles we follow the tortuous windings of the river. We pass Dome Rock, a great bare dome of granite that rises far above us, and Needle Buttes, laming our necks in watching their dizzy heights. We see many fishermen enjoying the rare sport of trout-fishing, and numerous camping parties in the park-like openings. A few miles of steep grades and sharp curves and we reach Kenosha Hill, 10,200 feet above the sea. We have risen 1000 feet in seven miles and 5000 in the seventy-six miles from Denver. The air feels cool on a midsummer day.

We start again, downhill now, and in a few miles and minutes the train turns to the right, and what a glorious sight! Are we out on the plains again? No, but we are looking down and out on the South Park, far out to those mountains on the southern horizon. It is forty miles across

the Park. We do not see it all, for there are pine-covered hills and ridges, once islands and peninsulas, that break the level floor.

It is surrounded by mountain ranges, from many of whose summits the whole park lies in sight beneath. The Park's altitude is nearly 10,000 feet. A swift run of ten miles brings us to Como. We turn to the right, pass some gulch mines, make a great rising curve and come out on the edge of a steep mountain and again look down and out on the Park. The scenery is magnificent all the time now. Across the valley are great snowdrifts and vast stretches of fallen timber, where millions of beautiful little evergreens are springing up to make a beauty spot for the next generation of tourists. Once as we looked back and down on the Park from a narrow valley an optical illusion lifted it far up and above us into the clouds, as though a part of earth were ascending to heaven.

Ascending more than a thousand feet in five miles we reach Boreas, on the Continental Divide, 11,750 feet high. It is twelve miles down to Breckenridge, and what a ride it is! Timber line is just above us, then great steep stretches of grass and flowers, of snow and rock, up to the top of Bald Mountain. For miles and miles the magnificent forest, densely grown, of straight tall evergreens, stretches over great swelling rounded hills. Here and there the blue smoke curls upward from the cabin of some lonely miner, a blue mist hangs over the valleys. We are on the headwaters of the Blue, which, through the Grand and Colorado Rivers, flows to the Pacific. Our train crawls slowly around the edge of rocky precipices. Great rocks hang over the track. The trees are torn, bruised and crushed by the showers of rock which the railroad builders hurled down upon them.

We come out on a hill just above Breckenridge but we are not there yet. We twist and turn and run far back up the valley but downhill and at last reach Breckenridge. Six miles down the Blue and then we ascend Ten Mile Canon, underneath great mountains, with ever-changing combinations of the grand and the beautiful, of beetling crags and grassy plats, of great rugged mountains, on whose bosoms bloom the daintiest flowers.

We pass Kokomo and Robinson, once lively mining camps, but wearing now a subdued look as though it were Sunday all the time. The range between Breckenridge and Kokomo is exceedingly wild and rugged, a fit place for storms to brew. I knew a brave minister who frequently crossed that range on foot and at the risk of life to preach the Gospel in mining camps.

Again we cross the Continental Divide, via Fremont, on Ten Mile Pass, at an altitude of 11,325 feet. The fourteen miles to Leadville are a fresh delight. For miles our train runs on the side of the mountains. I sit on the rear platform and feast my eyes on the beautiful valley several hundred feet below us. It looks like a smooth, gently-sloping floor, carpeted with green. I can see, but not hear, the stream of water, headwater of the Arkansas, as it winds and twists, coil on coil, like the gliding of an endless serpent.

We are drawing near to Leadville, the far-famed silver camp. The smoke from its smelters lies over it like a great cloud. At 10,000 feet the air is too light for smoke to rise much higher. Leadville will bear study, but we are studying mountain scenery, not towns. We have bounded our mountain square on the north.

The next day, on the D. and R. G. R. R., we bound it on the three other sides. On the west side we follow the

Arkansas River 157 miles, through a wide but gradually narrowing valley; a valley that played an important part in the early history of Colorado. Murders, hangings, Indian fights, robberies, bitter feuds between ranchmen and miners — these were of frequent occurrence years ago. In one place a judge was shot dead on the bench. Peace reigns now over that beautiful valley.

The Saguache Range, backbone of the continent, is on our right, to the west. We pass Mounts Massive, Elbert, Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Antero, Shavano, and Ouray, all snow-capped, all over 14,000 feet high, all separated by wild canons that send down beautiful mountain streams to join the Arkansas. Regal king of all is Mount Princeton, flanked on either side by great symmetrical valleys up in the clouds, that separate the main peak from two lower peaks, one on either side. I saw that mountain and others near it when its green feet were bathed in a golden mist through which the sun was shining, while its snowy summit rested against the background of a very black thunder cloud.

Then on the right and to the south we watch with delight the sharp peaks and deep valleys of the Sangre-de-Christo (Blood of Christ) Range, one of Colorado's most beautiful ranges, one whose close acquaintance I was never permitted to make, but which I have often admired at a distance from different lofty viewpoints.

Two miles below Salida is Cleora — or was. The railroad sign was still standing, a standing joke, but not a building of any kind remained to mark the site of a town that was once flourishing and had great expectations. The railroad located Salida two miles above, to which Cleora moved her buildings. Only the cemetery remained.

Now we enter the Arkansas Canon. I was through it

eleven times that year, and many times in other years, but I never tired of looking at those great walls that rise 1800 feet above the river, and at one point only about fifty feet apart at the base. It is where the bridge is suspended over the side of the stream and braced against the opposite wall. The Royal Gorge is truly grand, but there is nothing beautiful about it. It is wild, rugged, grand, sublime. Because it is called the Grand Canon of Colorado, some tourists with a poor knowledge of western geography, after going through it think and assert that they have been through the Grand Canon of *the* Colorado, which is a thousand miles or so southwest, three times as deep, and of vaster length, and through which no railroad runs.

This time I go through the Gorge by moonlight. I lean my head out of the window, dangerous in some places, and watch the moonlight on the top of the walls, the dark shadows underneath, and the roaring stream that vainly tries to keep up with the train. The road is all curve and one can see the engine almost continually on one side or the other.

Canon City is just below the Royal Gorge. Still following the Arkansas River forty miles bring us to Pueblo, through a valley many miles wide. The Greenhorn Range is far to our right and Pike's Peak far to our left. The river bed is ever shifting, a small Missouri with a swifter current. For 500 miles further it saunters in well-earned repose through shifting sands and fertile states to join the Father of Waters.

At Pueblo our train turns square north and runs on the plains, but near and in plain sight of the mountains, 120 miles to Denver, along the Fountain Creek, on the trail which Pike took in 1805 when he discovered Pike's Peak. For a

long distance we get fine views of the Peak and of Cheyenne Mountain, Cameron's Cone, and other mountains in the Pike's Peak Range. We pass Colorado Springs with Manitou five miles away. We follow Monument Creek to Palmer Lake, where the railroad touches the foothills and at 7000 feet crosses the wooded Divide, which juts many miles from the mountains and into the plains. Then a swift run of fifty miles downhill, with a drop of 2000 feet, and we are at Denver again. The square is circled and the circle is squared. We are fed up on mountains and can rest for a few days.

CHAPTER IV

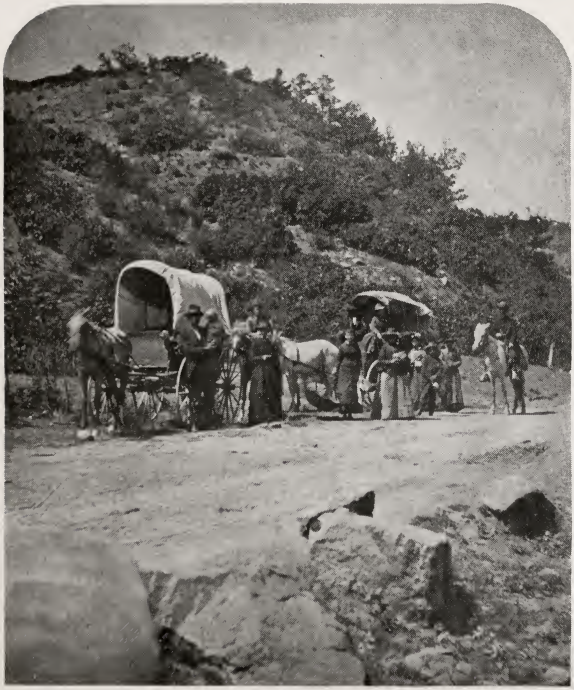
CAMPING IN THE MOUNTAINS

CAMPING alone. When feeling the need of a good rest I would sometimes go off by myself to some quiet restful spot in the mountain and camp alone for a few days, taking tent, bedding, food, a few cooking utensils, a mineral pick and a little reading matter. Thus I got the best kind of rest, eating heartily, sleeping soundly, feasting on scenery, planning and praying over my work, hunting flowers and minerals, basking in the sun, hiding in strange rocky nooks, watching the trains as they seemed to crawl over the distant plains, searching the heavens with my glass at night and the earth around and beneath by day. Lonesome? Not at all. How can one be lonesome in a place where

> "The book of nature lies open wide
> With a thousand uncut pages?"

My pick that I carried many years in my mountain trips I had made to order. It was light, with a hammer on one side and a sharp point on the other. The handle was of the right length to be used as a cane. It was my only weapon in case of a possible attack by a wild beast, but never thus used.

I well remember two places where I camped alone. One was close up on the eastern base of Cheyenne Mountain, the great mountain on one side, the great plains on the other. I was five miles from Colorado Springs and some 500 feet above



OUR CAMPING PARTY, 1877

UPPER TWIN LAKE

it. I could look down on the whole city and those who knew which way to look could plainly see my white tent. Feed for my horse was plenty; there were several fine springs, and a ranch house a half mile away. I saw only two teams pass in six days. Close to my tent was an empty cabin with a good fireplace. I found it useful in a drizzling rain on Sunday.

The outlook was grand and beautiful, twenty-five miles north to the Divide, fifty miles or more out on the plains, and seventy-five to the south, far beyond Pueblo. On the west it was true the mountains obstructed the view! The sun set an hour earlier than at Colorado Springs. The trains looked like black snakes creeping noiselessly up and down the Fountain valley, in sight for an hour or so. On a breezy knoll I sat in perfect comfort on hot days and with my good glass watched the city, the trains, the droves of cattle that looked like mice, the distant teams that appeared as black specks, and the cloud shadows as they chased each other over their play-ground of some 5000 square miles.

Not far from my camp was a family that had lived in Illinois, Minnesota, Kansas, Oregon and Colorado, and were soon going back to Oregon. The rolling stone had gathered no moss, but they had accumulated eight children.

After awhile my camp was not so quiet, for eleven of my Sundayschool boys came and camped with me for three days, and then there was music in the air all day, and also at night when the lights were out and the boys lay on my tent floor in two rows with their feet touching, and tried to go to sleep!

Crystal Park. The most delightful spot where I ever camped alone was in Crystal Park, an irregular park, or valley, at the base of Cameron's Cone, a little south of Manitou but far above it, up on the mountain side, at an altitude of about 9000 feet. A steep road had been built to it at a grade

of about 1000 feet to the mile. It is not so much a park as a large uplifted valley, full of small valleys and hills, gloomy canons, pine forests, poplar groves, grassy hillsides, immense boulders, fantastic rocks, crystalline waters, crystalline rock and crystalline air. Three mountain streams come down as many valleys and unite near the entrance and form a creek that then tumbles thousands of feet down to the Fountain Creek. Near by are the crystal beds, where are precious few crystals but much crystalline rock, also many prospect holes dug in the loose gravel with no trace of silver or gold. Probably they were dug to sell as mines to gullible buyers.

From the ridge east of the park I had some fine views. Manitou nestles beneath us in its mountain valley. The Garden of the Gods a few miles away has shrunk in size but not in beauty. On the edge of the plains is Colorado Springs, regular as a chessboard, neat, and beautiful for situation. Beyond are the great plains, north, south and east. Dimmer and dimmer they grow until they blend with the horizon away out toward the Kansas line.

It is six miles in an air line to my house but with my glass I can easily see a signal if I am wanted at home. I can see my children at play, the chickens around the barn, and the time of day by the town clock. When I go home I surprise my wife by asking her who it was that called on a certain day, driving a white horse.

Is there any wild game? Yes, scores of chipmunks surround my tent and boldly enter to steal my food. In some of the pinewoods I see tracks that make me feel in a hurry to get back to my tent. A few months before a horse was so badly mangled by a "mountain lion" that he had to be shot.

A wild game more to my liking is the wild raspberry, and, still better, the fine smoky quartz crystals, or cairngorm stone,

falsely called topaz, of which I found in one "nest" a half bushel or so, most of which were stolen by a man whom I got to carry them home for me. But he could not steal the fun that I had in digging them, a fun far finer and better than killing some of God's tame animals that men call wild. Of all natural sports, and recreations there is nothing that gives me such joy and delight as digging beautiful crystals out of the earth. It is pure crystalline fun.

As at the other place there came and camped two days with me some of my Sundayschool boys, members of my Boys' Exploring Association, who had been with me a few days before when we discovered the now famous Cave of the Winds at Manitou. (See Chapter XII) Again there was music in the air and through the park. Some of us climbed Cameron's Cone and made the ascent, about 2000 feet above camp, in two hours. There was no trail, so we made our way up through pine forests where the ground was covered with big boulders and these interlaced with great numbers of fallen trees. We were well repaid by the view from the summit.

Years after I camped there, John Hay bought the park and lived there for a time. It is said that he wrote there part of his life of Lincoln. Tourists who go to Manitou now can easily reach Crystal Park in autos over a zigzag mountain road.

Wind. In the rear of Cheyenne Mountain a friend and myself camped just one night at a spot where we had gone for crystals. We slept in his double spring wagon, or tried to sleep. The zephyrs came before sleep did. That night the wind blew eighty-four miles an hour on Pike's Peak, and we were not far from Pike's Peak. It was a warm west wind, a sort of "chinook." We had plenty of bedding, and did not suffer from the cold, but rather from constant fear lest our

wagon-bed should blow over. We finally tied a rope to the wagon top, and fastened it to a big log. Then we "earnestly wished for day." There would come a lull for a few moments and then far up the mountain side we could hear the next blast coming, roaring and crashing through the pines, drawing nearer and nearer, "louder yet and yet more loud," while we braced ourselves and made ready to go over if the rope should break. With a noisy flutter of leaves and branches and a wild swaying of tree tops the blast would go past us. As we heard it roaring its way down the valley we could hear the next one coming. Towards morning the wind ceased and we got a little sleep.

Seven Lakes. I spent a week one July, at Seven Lakes, about four miles south of the summit of Pike's Peak, at an altitude of 11,432 feet, a mile higher than Mount Washington and a half mile or so lower than Pike's Peak. The largest lake is a mile around. They are fed by springs. I have heard that for irrigation or for city water they have been merged into one large reservoir lake. The amphitheater of hills in which they lie has a remarkable echo. It begins at the right, circles around to the left and gradually dies away among the hills. There were occasional frosts in the morning, hail in the afternoon, rain in the night that leaked through on my bed, and snow on the Peak. At night and in the morning a fire was necessary. When I left Denver the strawberry season was well over. At 9000 feet I found delicious wild strawberries. At 12,000 feet they were just in bloom.

I took long walks alone into lonely places where human feet rarely tread, always keeping a sharp lookout for wild beasts, whose fresh tracks I occasionally saw. Three bison were seen one morning near by, remnant of a herd that for years made its home in the mountains west of the Peak. I

wandered one day down toward a region southwest where parties from Colorado Springs used to go berrying and trout fishing. If I had kept on a few miles further and searched closely I might perchance, possibly, who knows? have discovered what in later years became the world's great gold camp, Cripple Creek. It was right there even then, but undiscovered. It was in *my mountains* but the gold was not for me. Again and again in those mountains I found something better than gold. On my twenty-mile walk back to Colorado Springs I lost my sole, one of them, and had to go at once and buy a new pair of shoes. It was part of the price that I paid for spending that July week in a cool and rocky region.

A camping trip. When I went to Colorado in 1876 it was a popular thing, and still is I trust, for a whole family, or several families together, to go into the mountains on a camping trip. Some go for pleasure merely, some for rest from weary cares, some for health, some from pure love of nature, some to fish or hunt, some to collect flowers or minerals, some to do missionary work, and some hoping to find a silver or gold mine. We went for nearly all those reasons except the last.

It was in 1877. We began to talk about it in the spring and enjoyed the anticipation of it for several months. We decided to go as far as Twin Lakes, about 125 miles, and be gone four weeks. There were twelve of us, three men, seven ladies, a boy of twelve, and our own girl of two and a half years. The New England pastor was in search of health, so were some of the ladies. I was after health, recreation, trout, minerals, scenery and missionary fields. I found them all. We had one double wagon, my own single wagon, and two saddle horses. We took two tents, a large amount of bedding, and about 600 pounds of provisions. We were overloaded and

made slow progress at first in climbing Ute Pass. We camped the first night at Manitou. Camped, but did not sleep much. The next morning we started up Ute Pass, which had then an immense traffic, as there was no railroad to the great mining regions beyond, including Leadville whose silver riches had just been discovered. In a narrow place with high rocks on one side and a precipice on the other we met a Mexican freighting outfit of six or eight wagons heavily loaded with ore and each drawn by four or five yoke of oxen. At this first steep pull my horse stopped and refused to budge an inch. The other driver, an experienced mule-whacker, got astride of him and persuaded him to move. At noon we had gone eight miles only and at night six miles more. From our camp that night we had a fine view of Pike's Peak from the west, with its great "abysses of desolation." Around our camp fire we each repeated a Bible verse about mountains. Glorious indeed was the view of Pike's Peak the next morning with its dark forests, its gray crags and white snow fields, all flooded with the rosy light from the rising sun.

That day we made twenty miles, mostly down grade, passing the petrified stumps and the wonderful bed of fossil insects of living species, flies, spiders, mosquitos, etc. The next day we went ten miles and camped in the edge of South Park near the foot of Puma Pass. I spent part of the afternoon in digging fine tourmaline crystals on the mountain side. On Saturday we went nearly across South Park, passing some very strong sulphur springs. We camped over Sunday at the salt works, where Colorado got its supply of salt before any railroad had crossed the plains. I rode on Sunday four miles to visit a union Sundayschool maintained by a few scattered settlers, passing a large salt creek that sprang directly out of the ground. On Monday we drove down Trout Creek,

twenty miles and camped near the Arkansas River, on the spot where is now Buena Vista.

The horse I drove that afternoon was of the broncho breed. He plodded along so quietly, I was thinking he would make a good family horse, when suddenly and with no apparent cause, while going down a rocky hill, he began to kick the dashboard furiously with his hind legs and to run away with his front legs. My wife and child were with me under the canvas cover. The little girl seemed to think the horse in more danger than we were and begun to say, "Poor horsie, poor horsie." I offered some ejaculatory prayers mixed in with my "whoas." My wife kept quiet and calm, and on we dashed down the hill. Fortunately my harness was weak and at the foot of the hill my horse broke loose from it and left us there in the road while he ran on and out of sight. I tied up the broken thill and harness as best I could with old rope, put my own horse into service and drove on, very thankful no one was hurt.

Tuesday we camped at the Hot Springs, one hundred miles from home, at the mouth of Cottonwood Canon and under the shadow of majestic Mount Princeton. After a week's dusty travel we enjoyed bathing in water heated in the earth's depths, and we kept the old log bath house in pretty constant use.

After three days of resting, bathing and fishing we pushed on over very rocky roads and reached Twin Lakes late Saturday night. Probably it was because we were so tired and hungry that the bear steak we had for supper tasted so deliciously good. It depends on how hungry one is, whether he likes bear meat or not.

Lake Creek, a swiftly rushing stream, which we forded at some risk, as did Bayard Taylor's party years before, flows

through both lakes, which are divided by a narrow strip of land. The lower lake is three miles long and covers about 2000 acres. The upper lake is a mile in diameter and covers 700 acres. The two lakes were originally one, whose receding waters have left interesting beach lines on the surrounding hills. The lakes are of glacial origin. In the early days, immense quantities of gold were taken out of the placer mines in the sands and gravel beds of the terminal morraine, where the creek empties into the Arkansas.

We camped for a week on the upper shore of the upper lake, close up to Twin Peaks and Mount Elbert, whose snow-capped summits rose a mile or more above the lakes and were beautifully reflected from their surface. The altitude of the lakes is nine or ten thousand feet.

On Sunday afternoon I rode eight miles to Granite to hold a service. It rained all the way and there were thunder storms on three sides. Granite was a rough mining town we had passed through the day before, where we saw the grave of the judge who was shot while holding court. An attentive audience of thirty-five gathered in a dance hall. One young man was very full of religious responses but finally staggered from the room so drunk he could hardly stand; the first really intoxicated person I had seen during my first year in Colorado. That night we had a praise meeting by the side of the beautiful lake and under the shadows of the great mountains, singing around our camp fire the grand old songs of Zion.

We spent the week in boating, fishing, mineralizing, botanizing, berrying, sketching, climbing, lounging, eating and sleeping. We had at one time or another, trout, elk, venison, mountain sheep, bear meat, grouse and wild duck, most of them through the kindness of neighboring campers,

for ours was not a hunting party and not much of a fishing party. We had no guns in our outfit.

One day two young ladies of our party went three miles for raspberries. They became separated on the mountain-side, a heavy rain came on, and one of them came into camp alone. There were bears berrying on that mountain and the creek had to be crossed in a dangerous place. We sent our driver with a horse after the missing one and before dark he brought her to camp, safe but wet.

One day a man and two ladies, not of our party, climbed Mount Elbert. While resting in a grove near timber line they noticed a deer looking at them out of a near-by clump of bushes. "Hist," said the man, then quietly pulled off his gloves, took quick aim and the deer fell dead. Alas that the beautiful thing should be thus shot down in his own home! I could not have done it. But the venison tasted good, I was sure of that.

The driver of our double wagon was a character in his way. For years he had led a rough life as teamster on the plains. One day he went into a cabin to get some novels to read. He found a Bible instead and for two years or more he carefully read it. On our camping trip his light reading was Edwards on Redemption. I had baptized him a few months before, and when a year later I married him to a young lady who had been one of our camping party, he said nothing about any fee. His name was Goodrich and her name was Squires. A few weeks later he brought me from his ranch two dressed ducks and twelve live roosters, a Good-rich wedding fee, I thought, fully Squireing the account.

Our second Sabbath at Twin Lakes brought us the finest views and crowning blessing of our whole trip. Just as the sun was going down behind Mount Elbert, we gathered for

our praise meeting. As it threatened rain we went into our tent. Going out for a moment, I immediately called the whole company out to see the finest mist and sunshine display I had yet seen in Colorado. The whole vast mountain-side was covered with mist and falling rain and down through it all the sun was shining with a subdued yet golden brilliancy that words cannot describe. The ruggedness of the mountain-side was concealed and the sharp peaks and crags that before had seemed so near, now seemed, as seen through that golden mist, miles and miles away. Some of our party were artists and we all had eyes for the beautiful, and we stood there and admired the glorious scene with many an exclamation of delight. The big drops of rain soon drove us into the tent. Lingering outside to get the last view, I soon saw another sight more glorious than the first. In a moment the tent was emptied again and we all stood there in the rain gazing on the most brilliant rainbow we had ever seen. The right of the bow, as we faced it, rested on the edge of the lake a few rods away. The left rested on the trees, turning the dark green of the pines into brilliant red and orange and yellow. The bow was a perfect half circle, each color distinctly marked through its whole length. The colors grew more and more distinct and brilliant until a second bow appeared and the eastern sky fairly reveled in the gorgeousness of color. The bow faded as it slowly moved across the lake. Soon it was all gone; the rain had passed; the sun had gone behind Mount Elbert, and we went into our tent to sing with glad hearts the praises of Him who had spoken to us through the beautiful bow in the cloud.

Monday! How often it is in marked contrast with Sunday. Early in the morning we folded our tents and noisily marched away on the homeward journey. Before going many miles I had lost from my wagon, and been obliged to go back

some distance after, the camp stove, a tent pole, a pail and the coffee pot. When we went into camp that night a fierce storm of wind and rain burst upon us. There were no rainbows in the sky, nor in our feelings, when I tried to put up a tent in a high wind, and when the front wheels of our double wagon stuck fast in an irrigating ditch.

The next day at noon lunch one of our horses strayed away and our party became separated for the night, one part having the food and the other part the dishes. Another night after we had pitched our tent in a pleasant spot a dead mule was discovered in unpleasant proximity. The ladies insisted that we move the tents or bury the mule; I tried to do the latter, but not very successfully.

Just four weeks from the day we started we descended Ute Pass and looked out once more on the great plains. We were a ragged, dusty and dilapidated, but healthy and jolly lot of mountain campers. At Manitou we had our picture taken, which see. It does not show the hundred pounds of minerals in my wagon, nor the eighty varieties of wild flowers which some of the ladies had pressed. Nor does it show the enormous appetites we brought back with us. When within a few miles of home I lost the tire from one of my wagon wheels and never found it. As I drove slowly through Colorado Springs that night, people stared at us and wondered whose dilapidated outfit that was, just in from the mountains.

We discovered during that trip, as camping parties usually do, that we were not all angels, but we agreed to forget all unpleasant things, and so very pleasant, after the lapse of years, is the memory of that months' camping trip in the Rocky Mountains. We pitched our tents, and took them down, fourteen times.

Another trip. The next year in company with some old

friends, college professors from Oberlin, I took another trip over nearly the same route. We visited the famous mining camp of Leadville which then, in 1878, was a booming camp of several thousand people, though a long way from any railroad. It was a rough, wicked place, wide open, full of fortune hunters, mining shafts going down in every direction and men prospecting the mountains for miles around. A man would dash into town on his horse or mule, take some ore to an assay office, and dash away again with visions of wealth dancing before his eyes.

I slept two nights on the ground under a new schoolhouse, and slept pretty well considering I was awakened once by drunken men going to their cabin at a late hour, and once or more by a stray mule that was trying to steal the hay I was using for a pillow, and for which I had paid at the rate of ninety dollars a ton. I was saving it for my horse and did not care to share it with another man's mule.

Just as we struck the Arkansas River on our way to Twin Lakes we passed two newly made graves. A miner told us that a day or two before two horse thieves, who had been followed 150 miles, were overtaken at that point, and showing fight they were both shot. One of them, a young woman dressed in men's clothes, was instantly killed. The other lived a few minutes, said the young woman was his wife, that they both belonged to respectable families in the east, refused to give their names, asked for a decent burial, and died. One of our mountain home missionaries happened along, helped to make rough coffins and gave a decent burial to those unknown and erring youth.

For an account of our ascent of Mount Lincoln on that trip see next chapter.

A Family Camp. In the summer of 1886 I looked around

for a quiet, pleasant place where my wife and three children and her sister and her three children could run wild for a few weeks and wear out their old clothes. I found such a place in Pleasant Park, forty miles south of and 1500 feet above Denver. It is five miles long and from one to three miles wide. On the west and south it is bounded by mountains that rise abruptly 2000 feet or more. On the east and north it is bounded by a wire fence. It contains a wonderful variety of pine groves, grassy slopes, green valleys, wild canons, lonely dells, mountain streams, foaming cascades, high precipices, wierd red rocks, dark caverns, beaver dams, gypsum beds, beautiful birds and a profusion of wild flowers and wild fruits, and a few wild animals, like the coyote, the beaver, the badger, the wolf, and once in awhile a bear, a mountain lion, or a rattlesnake.

Pleasant Park is a paradise for the geologist, a great many different formations being found within an hour's walk of where we camped. At the junction of the plains and the mountains the formations which out on the plains lie on top of each other, are turned up on edge and exposed to sight.

It is a paradise too for the botanist, especially in June. In the dells and on the grassy slopes are found many rare and beautiful flowers, some of them in such profusion that the ground is covered with masses of brilliant color, acres and acres of bouquets.

It is a paradise too for the children, and that was why we went there. We pitched our tent in a grove of young pines near some great red rocks whose summits none of us could reach. In front was a grassy slope, or flowerbed, that led down an eighth of a mile to a farm house, where we could get eggs, milk and vegetables. Our wall tent, twelve by sixteen feet, was given up, half of it to beds and most of the

other half to trunks and satchels. The stove and table were out under the trees.

And there for about three weeks did we

> "Eat and drink and sleep — and then
> Eat and drink and sleep again."

We made a business of resting and we worked hard at it. There were no calls to make or return. Never did children have a more glorious time in camping. They climbed trees; they climbed and ran over the great rocks like squirrels, hallowing proudly from the tops of rounded domes and dangerous pinnacles; they took up claims and improved them; they built log cabins and when night came would set fire to them, playing that the Indians did it; they made wondrous mud pies out of the red soil; they went fishing on the beaver dams and bathed in the clear streams; they went on marauding expeditions after pine knots; they would stuff themselves with choke cherries by day, fill up with milk at night, and then sleep like logs.

One day we all went two or three miles after raspberries. We went up a wild canon, looked down into wild chasms, saw beautiful waterfalls, played with the crystal water, picked and ate the luscious berries, and afterwards ate our dinner in a deserted mill. Not until afterwards did we hear about the rattlesnakes in that canon and under that old mill. I never saw any in the mountains and but one on the plains. Like the pins that save the lives of people who do not swallow them, so the rattlesnakes make the mountain campers and climbers happy by keeping out of the mountains.

One day we went into another valley after wild, or Oregon, grapes. Not satisfied with filling pails and stomachs

the children painted their faces with the red juice until they looked like wild Ute Indians.

But the best fun was in exploring the chain of red rocks that extended past our tent for about a mile. The rocks were of a bright red color that produced fine effects among the dark evergreens. The highest were nearly two hundred feet high. What made them so delightful to the children was the opportunity given for exploring and for the exercise of the imagination. The elements had worn them into all sorts of fantastic figures which could be easily likened to men and animals, and made in them all sorts of nooks and crannies, open rooms and caves, natural arches, pools filled with water, deep wells, and inaccessible dungeons. An eagles nest half way up one high cliff was an object of much interest. In one great cleft of the rock the children had their Sundayschool. The eleven-year-old girl taught the class, and taught it very effectively evidently, for at its close one of the boys came to his mother and begged her with tears to forgive him all the naughty things he had ever done. One very high rock covering about an acre was full of arched ways, grottoes and dungeons, while on the top were rounded domes and sightly pinnacles, some of which we could not reach. We called it Giant's Castle. One of those piles of bright red rock would be a prize for many an eastern resort. But Pleasant Park with all its beauties is only one of a thousand beautiful camping spots in Colorado. Although so near to Denver I found many people there who had not seen it or even heard of it. Said my little girl after taking a good look at our camping place: "Papa, I congratulate you on bringing us to such a charming spot."

A community camp. The next year, 1887, the Colorado Chautauqua was opened and held its first session at Glen Park, about eight miles from Pleasant Park, near Palmer Lake, at

the summit of the Divide between Denver and Colorado Springs. It is a beautiful, healthy, sightly spot, fifty miles south of Denver, and 2000 feet higher. We pitched our tent there in 1887, again in 1888, and again in 1889. The first time we went our tent was barely up and the stakes not yet tightened when a terrific storm of thunder and lightning, of wind and hail, burst upon us. I held up the rear pole with might and main. The good old "grandmother," as we called her, held up the other pole and intensely enjoyed the storm. The children cowered under the bedding and held their hands over their ears. I felt like doing the same but I was afraid if I did that the whole tent would collapse.

What charming trips we had over the rocks, up the mountains and through the valleys and canons, hunting for berries, crystals, flowers, fish, caverns and scenery! The following lines express but a little part of the children's enjoyment:

Three Pretty Girls

Three pretty girls as fresh as pearls,
With lips as red as cherries,
Did roam the dell and search it well
To find the red raspberries.

In leafy bowers they plucked the flowers
That grew so thick and fair;
With daisies white and roses bright
They decked their golden hair.

From mountain side o'er stretches wide
They gazed with eager eye;
The song of bird they gladly heard
And wished that they could fly.

ELEPHANT ROCK, NEAR GLEN PARK, COLO.

Their hearts you see were full of glee,
And full of pleasant weather;
Their feet were light and eyes were bright
As they climbed the hills together.

Of the many trips that we took to places of interest I can describe only one. My companion that day was a long legged minister who proved to be the first man I had found who could outwalk me in the mountains. We were up at five and off at six. Our first mile was on a good trail, up a steep valley, beside a dashing mountain brook. We walked it in fifteen minutes, but we did not walk any other mile in fifteen minutes that day. The trail soon became very dim and then disappeared. Then the real work began. When one is following a plain trail, the weariness of mountain climbing is confined to the body. But when one has to pick out his own path and be constantly considering where he shall take the next step, the mind becomes weary as well as the body.

Passing some beaver dams we entered a beautiful mountain valley that seemed an ideal place for a summer camp. Through it flowed two or three streams of clear water and around it rose the great hills. From the west there opened into it a wild rugged gorge a mile or more in length, lined with a dense growth of dark evergreens among and above which rose gigantic boulders of white granite. It was a beautiful gorge, wild and grand and very inviting to the lover of scenery and solitude, but also an ideal place for bears, whose tracks we saw in the vicinity. We took the ridge to the left as easier and safer. A hard climb brought us to the top where we got into a perfect jumble of gigantic, angular and rectangular boulders, thrown together in the utmost confusion. We tried to get under them and we threaded our way through gloomy

labyrinths and cavernous rooms that were very suggestive of bears, and then we threaded our way back again. Then we tried to climb over them but frowning precipices turned us back. Reluctantly we retraced our steps and went down the hill and around the huge rocks and then up again.

We were now well up where we could look out over the lower foothills and out upon the plains. We became very thirsty. There was water far down in the valley but we could not spend the strength to go after it. Just as our thirst was extreme we came upon a patch of delicious wild raspberries. We stripped the bushes and slacked our thirst. We found other kinds of wild fruit that day.

Another long climb and then we let ourselves down into a very deep valley and struck the head of the gorge before mentioned. The cool water was flowing from under a great rock. It was nowhere near noon, but we felt as though it were, so we went by our stomachs rather than our watches and ate our dinner. The thick grass was pressed down where we sat, indicating that some wild animal had been sleeping there the night before. We kept a sharp lookout for possible bears or "mountain lions." One of us carried a dull hatchet and the other a small mineral pick. Our plan of defense was that if a bear or lion got one of us down, the other would chop or hammer away at him until he turned on the one that was not down, and then the other was to jump up and chop or hammer, as the case might be. But fortunately we had no occasion to put into execution our brilliant plan of defense.

The sensitive plates of our minds were exposed and we recorded there many impressions of the wild scenery around us, especially of the great rocks that were piled like Mt. Ossa on Mt. Pelion, rising above the dark green trees like great

bastions and domes and pyramids and castles. It would be a delightful spot for a photographer.

Our plan for the day's trip was to follow up the North Monument creek for several miles, then cross over the divide and strike some branch of the stream that flows north into Pleasant Park and then return to camp by the road on the plains.

After a long climb we crossed a divide from the summit of which we surveyed the regions and concluded that the deep valley below us was the one that would bring us into Pleasant Park.

We had become very thirsty again, so we went to the bottom of the steep valley and found water, striking the stream at the only place for a long distance where the big rocks would allow us to get at the water. But why was that water flowing to the right? Our way now was exceedingly difficult. Every few steps we had to stop and consider which way to go next. So steep were the sides of the valley that we had to keep near the bottom, where it was filled with huge rocks. Sometimes a chasm would yawn before us and looking down fifty feet or more we would see, or perhaps only hear, the stream making its way with difficulty under the rocks, as we were making our way with difficulty over them.

Then we came into a more open space where we struck a bear's fresh trail and followed it through a dense undergrowth of bushes and high weeds. At every moment we expected to meet Bruin face to face. Each of us became very polite and was very willing to step aside and let the other one take the lead. Thus we went for a long way until we came to a point where it would soon be decided whether the stream we were following belonged to the Arkansas or the Platte system of drainage. If down the valley a little ways the stream

turned to the right it would bring us right back into the same valley that we were in in the early morning. We watched with something of the same interest that Stanley had in Africa when the bend in the stream was to decide whether it was the Congo that he was following, or some other river.

Our stream turned to the right, and after another rough climb over, under and around some more great rocks, we descended a steep hill and struck our early morning trail. Rough and stony as it was it seemed very restful to our sore feet and weary brains. We had missed the other stream by several miles and several high ridges.

A farmer was once greatly pestered by a hog that somehow kept getting into his field. He discovered that it came through a crooked hollow log that lay under the fence. "I'll fix you," he said, and he placed the log so the hog would enter and come out on the same side of the fence. When he tried it again and came out on the same side he went in he was greatly perplexed. He tried it twice more and then was disgusted and went off grunting. When I told this story to my companion he saw the point at once.

We did not answer all the questions asked us in camp that night, but we talked long and enthusiastically of the wild fruit we had eaten, the wild scenery we had seen, and the wild beasts we had escaped, in that wild walk of fifteen miles, more or less, off the trail.

At a later date Rev. Charles Harrison, my wife and myself took a walk up the same canon we followed on the preceding trip. About a mile from camp we ran suddenly upon a bear in the trail. "There is a bear," said my wife, who was the first to see him. We were unarmed but the bear thought there were too many of us and made a rush for the steep mountain side. Mr. H. and myself rushed after him

with all our might, but the bear was a better mountain climber than we were and he was soon beyond our reach and sight. If he had rushed in the opposite direction I presume we should have done so too.

CHAPTER V

CLIMBING HIGH MOUNTAINS

AT the outset let me disclaim being a professional mountain climber. I have read many of their books, and the stories of how they have scaled dizzy precipices and lofty peaks, in Wales or Scotland for practice, and then in the Alps or Appenines, the Andes or Himalayas, of being roped together, of cutting holes in the ice for their feet, of crossing yawning crevasses, of daring death, and of death itself. On my study wall hangs a large picture of the Matterhorn, that frowning and treacherous peak that cruelly dashed to their awful death four of the seven men who, under the leadership of Whymper, first scaled its sharp and icy heights. Such conquests of hitherto untrodden summits are very thrilling, and I suppose they are legitimate sport for some, but none of that for me. So I have said to my friends who worried about my mountain climbing. My readers may expect no stories of hairbreadth escapes, except what may possibly appear such in one or two cases. I tell only of such climbing as people of ordinary health and strength can indulge in, such as large numbers have indulged in, and who therefore will read with more interest what I write.

On the other hand, Pike's Peak or Mount Washington by cog-road or auto is too easy for some of us. Yet those easy methods enable another large number of people to get the sublime mountain-top views and experiences which with-

GARDEN OF THE GODS, PIKE'S PEAK IN THE DISTANCE

out them they could never get. My stories are all of mountain ascents on foot, which is really the most satisfactory way of climbing mountains.

People have a sort of natural instinct to climb to the top of high hills and mountains. Some do it to enjoy the fine views; others do it to be able to say that they have done it and to boast of it; others do it because it is the fashion. "O yes," they say, "I have made the ascent and it was just lovely." Others say: "Yes, and it was just horrid." Others perhaps say: "I wouldn't have missed it for fifty dollars and I wouldn't do it again for fifty." I suppose most of us do it for two reasons, to see what can be seen, and then to say what can be said about it, by voice or by pen.

If a person enjoys natural scenery there is great delight, a joy that words cannot express, in getting to the top of a high mountain and looking, as Moses did from Pisgah, north and south and east and west, in looking almost straight down into awful chasms, out and all around over a vast realm of mountains and plains, and straight up into the crystalline depths of heaven.

To my dying day I shall never forget the feelings of joy, the unspeakable emotions of grandeur and awe, of reverence and worship, which I have experienced on the summits of Pike's Peak, Mount Lincoln, Gray's Peak, Bald Mountain, Cameron's Cone and others.

It is hard work to climb a high mountain, especially if there is no trail. You toil wearily upward for hours, perhaps all day long. The sun is hot, the way is rough; there are streams to cross and gloomy forests to pass through; sometimes there are precipices to scale; tracks of wild beasts are seen and sometimes the wild beasts themselves; you

become very thirsty, and either very hungry or so nauseated that you cannot bear the thought of food. Perhaps you sink into snow at every step; some of your companions turn back or faint by the way. But you are determined to conquer; "Excelsior" is your motto; you overcome all difficulties and finally with a shout of joy, or a faint grunt of victory, you stand on the very summit, far above the clouds, two or three miles above sea-level, and look down on a world beneath you. It surely is worth while.

Cameron's Cone. When I climbed Cameron's Cone (11,560 feet, or 5500 above the plains) from Crystal Park I stood on the summit and looked down over the way by which I had come. I looked eastward over the great plains and northward and southward over the foothills. I was above everything in sight in those directions. I had a feeling of complacency; I began to feel proud and inwardly to pat myself on the back because I had climbed so high. Then I turned around and looked westward, and across a forested valley rose the great white dome of Pike's Peak, a half mile higher yet into the sky, as if to mock my boasting and dare me to scale its summit. And I said: "I have not yet attained; I must press toward another prize; I must yield to Nature's upward calling," and I made the poet's words my own:

"Afar
The summits are,
In the roseate hues of morning
The western skies adorning.
We will climb those purple heights
Crowned with glories and delights,
Naught retards us,

Heaven guards us.
Nature smiling
Is beguiling.
Aspiration plumes her wings
And the spirit in us sings."

Mount Lincoln is in the northwestern corner of South Park and is the most famous peak in the Park Range. In July, 1878, Prof. A. A. Wright and Prof. Judson Smith, of Oberlin, with whom I went on a camping trip to Twin Lakes, desired to climb a high mountain, one in the 14,000-foot class. We chose Mount Lincoln. We crossed the range at an altitude of 12,000 feet, camped over Sunday at Fairplay, one of Colorado's earliest mining camps, and on Monday drove nine miles to Hillsdale, a deserted mining town, where we left our horses. We were then at 10,000 feet and with a strong team we could have driven within a few hundred feet of the summit. There were rich silver mines at 14,000 feet. The distance was about three miles with an ascent of 4000 feet. Near timber line we passed through a good-sized village of log cabins, Quartzville, another deserted mining camp. At 12,000 feet we looked up about 2000 feet and saw near the summit of Mount Bross the celebrated Moose mine. The miners looked like dwarfs. We lunched by an ice-cold stream just where it plunged into an ice cavern and flowed under a great stretch of snow. At 14,000 feet we were kindly shown by the superintendent through the Russia mine. Its walls were covered with millions of large frost crystals, some of them nearly an inch long. They reflected the light of our torches like myriads of diamonds. The crystals form during the rainy season and disappear during the dry fall and winter. The ground at that altitude is frozen the year round

and the mines are not troubled with water except near their entrance.

A sharp climb of several hundred feet more, over snow, ice and broken rocks, brought us to the summit. How can I give an adequate idea of what we saw from the summit? Southeast, and a mile below us, lay South Park, some forty miles long by twenty-five wide, through which we could see the Platte and the Little Platte Rivers leisurely meandering. East of the Park was Puma Range, and forty miles further Pike's Peak loomed upward majestically. Twenty-five miles northeast was Gray's Peak. Seventy miles north Long's Peak shone dimly but beautifully through the cloud-mist. To the northwest was the far-famed Mount of the Holy Cross, hid from us by a thunder storm. Park Range was west and south, with Leadville just over the mountain crest. Further west and across the Arkansas Valley rose the snow-capped peaks of the Continental Divide, Mounts Massive, Grizzly, Plata, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Elbert, Antero, Shavano, and Ouray, all 14,000 feet or more in height. Nowhere else in our country can one see at a glance such a range of mountains of that height. Far beyond were the Elk Mountains. To the southwest we could see into the San Juan region. To the south were the bright serrated peaks of the Sangre-de-Christo Range, and 150 miles southeast were the Spanish Peaks.

In every direction but one we were closely surrounded by a great sea of mountain peaks, capped here and there by immense snow fields, and some of them covered with fresh snow. In a dozen different directions we could see thunder storms sweeping across South Park or beating against the sides of the ranges. We could see lightning flashes far below us and hear the thunder echo and re-echo among the

crags. A thousand feet below us lay a gem of a lake. The stream that ran from it into deeper gorges seemed to us like a silver thread, but we could hear the noise of its roaring. Close by us in those lakes and gorges were the sources of the Platte and Arkansas Rivers, which reach the Atlantic through widely separated courses, and also of the Blue, which flows to the Pacific.

After sufficiently admiring the view, the theological professor amused himself by rolling big stones down a steep slope of one or two thousand feet. When a big rock made an unusually good run over the snow fields and rock slides his exclamations of delight were not such, we thought, as he was accustomed to use in his class room. They were not so classical.

We were on Mount Lincoln July twenty-second. The eastern states were broiling in a hot wave and hundreds were dying daily from sunstrokes in the great cities, but we found overcoats necessary. We gathered a few fagots and built a fire to keep warm. A snowstorm passed over us; our hands and feet became so cold that we cut short our stay and reluctantly tore ourselves away from the magnificent mountain which through all time will stand as a monument to the immortal Lincoln.

Gray's Peak is fifty miles west of Denver but not in sight from the city, as it is hid by other mountains. In 1884 Graymont was the terminus of the railroad up Clear Creek Canon. Now a railroad runs to the top of Mount McClellan, near the summit of Gray's Peak, over a remarkable zigzag line. Rev. W. D. Westervelt and myself reached Graymont in the evening. A huge bonfire of pine stumps was burning in the front yard of the new and unpainted hotel. On the top of a distant mountain a forest fire was

burning. The valley was filled with the roar of mountain torrents. A mile above us, seemingly among the stars, lay the mountain summits, now, in mid-summer, only partly clad with snowy robes.

We slept, or tried to sleep, until three A. M. "Let us dress and start for the Peak," said my friend. "Agreed," said I. In fifteen minutes we stole quietly out of the hotel and were on our way. We lost the trail in the dark and wasted a precious half hour in finding it. Venus shone like a camp fire from the summit of a distant peak. We were in the shades of a deep valley, but far up on the mountain tops we saw the reflection of dawn, and soon the rosy-fingered rays of the rising sun turned the gray rock, the green forest and the white snow-fields, all to a rosy red.

Close to a foaming torrent of ice-water we built a little fire, made some tea, and ate our breakfast. Just across the stream was a tunnel into which Brick Pomeroy, a noted character of that day, poured vast sums of money collected from the public. He hoped to strike rich veins before getting through the mountain, but he never did. Close to the tunnel's mouth a clean swath had been cut through the forest, the work of an avalanche the winter before.

Further on we came into a vast amphitheater. The jagged wall to the east seemed almost perpendicular and thousands of feet high. Far up on its sides were miners' cabins and mine houses. What will not men do for gold? And where will they not live and work? But that mountain had another side, the eastern, which was smooth and grassy with a gentle slope. Danger and gold on the western side, ease and poverty on the eastern!

To the west Mount Kelso showed us its smooth and grassy side, green as could be. On its summit was a vast

field of whitest snow, and above it a sky of darkest blue. All the colors were superlative and they were very beautiful.

We walked on fresh ice that formed the night before, August fifth. A cloud passed over us and dropped first rain, then hail, then snow. By zigzag courses we kept rising until at last, after our six-mile climb, we stepped out on the narrow summit, 14,341 feet above the sea, the fifth highest peak in Colorado, of forty-two or more peaks in that state that are 14,000 or more feet in height. I am not usually very demonstrative, but as I stepped upon that summit and gave a quick glance around I exclaimed: "Glory! Hallelujah!" and then I said: "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting *thou art God.*" Was a sublimer sentence ever written?

In every direction we saw gray rocks, green slopes, dark forests, vast fields of snow, steep precipices, dark valleys, shining streams, peak after peak, range after range, a great limitless sea of storm-tossed, snow-capped mountains, with here and there some minute lines and dots made by the insect man. Our eyes ranged over a circle whose circumference was four or five hundred miles. On every side and as far as we could see were mountains, except to the northeast where we saw a little section of the great plains.

All the mountains were surpassingly beautiful, and all together they were overwhelmingly grand, but we eagerly looked for one whose fame is world wide. It was not Long's Peak, forty-five miles away, standing guard over the beauties of Estes Park. It was not Pike's Peak, sentinel of the plains, seventy miles away. It was not the peak that bears the name of the martyred Lincoln, but the one on whose side is stamped in gigantic proportions the symbol of our holy faith, the

Mount of the Holy Cross. There it stood, forty miles west of us, 13,978 feet high, sharply defined against the horizon, with a cross, formed by two immense transverse gulches filled with snow, covering the upper third of what we could see of the mountain, and it seemed to say: "This is God's country. These mountains with all their treasures belong to the Kingdom of our Lord; worship him."

We remained on the summit nearly an hour. Never did we see more in that time. As our custom was in such places, we knelt in prayer. We were nearer the skies than we had ever been before, while God and heaven seemed very near to us. As we prayed, the mountains were transfigured. Their countenance, their aspect, was altered; their raiment glistened and shone under the glory of the sun which just then burst upon them from behind a cloud. It was good to be there, but we could not stay there always.

Now for the descent! The party on horseback had fifteen minutes the start of us, but their course was so zigzag that by going straight down over the rocks we soon passed them. Then we came to a great bank of snow that stretched a long distance down the mountain side. We started great stones and enjoyed in boyish fashion the fun of seeing them bound and leap down, down until we could scarcely see them.

"Catch it quick!" cried my friend, but before I could see what he wanted me to catch, his knapsack with our lunch inside, bounded past and down the mountain until we saw it only as a black speck far below us. Then one of us suggested that we slide down ourselves and thus save the tedious climb down over the rocks. We both agreed, but we thought it best to be cautious. The slope was not very steep, perhaps about thirty degrees, but it was long and there was ice under the thin surface of snow, something we had not

counted on. I sat for a moment on the edge of the snow. Before I had given my consent my feet started and in spite of all my remonstrances my legs and the rest of my body decided to go along with them, and so I went; I had to go. I could not stop; my speed was increasing; it was an exciting moment; I knew not when, or where, or how, I should stop, probably in a minute or so, at the foot of Gray's Peak, badly bruised if not stunned or killed. I had lost my body but I had not entirely lost its summit, my head, while the ice and snow which I was plowing up helped me to keep cool. What did I do? I simply rolled over and dug toes and fingers into the snow and soft ice, clutched desperately at a projecting stone and came to a halt. I arrested myself in my downward career and lost no time in getting off that treacherous drift. I had had enough of it.

I did not know what the thoughts and feelings of my friend were as he watched my struggles, but I quickly had a chance to guess. Just as I got off the drift he slipped on the treacherous ice and darted past me, going faster and faster every second and making desperate efforts to stop himself. I could give him no help. I thought surely he was in for the long slide and that I would have to watch him, as I did the rocks and knapsack, bounding down the mountain, and that I would be left a widow and orphan for the rest of the trip. He was evidently bound to find that lunch before I did and either dine on it or die beside it.

But he did not lose his head any more than I did. It was still in good working order. He struck a rock and then an idea struck him. He simply rolled over and over a few times sideways and landed on the stones beside the drift. If I had asked him just then who he was, his most

appropriate answer would have been a quotation from an old poem, —

"'Tis Iser (I, sir) rolling rapidly."

We held a council of war and reached the unanimous conclusion that it was easier to climb down over the rocks, at least until we reached a point where we could slide safely. We recovered the lost lunch and covered it, reached Graymont in time for the noon train and that night we slept and slept soundly in our own beds in Denver. That was the only snow-slide I ever saw in the mountains.

Pike's Peak. In the fall of 1806 Lieut. Zebulon Pike with a small body of men was exploring the interior of Louisiana, a vast territory stretching from the Gulf of Mexico far to the north and west, which the United States had just purchased from France, or from Napoleon. He was following up the Arkansas River towards its source. On November fifteenth he saw in the northwest what appeared like a small blue cloud. He looked through his spy glass and was convinced that it was a mountain. In half an hour his party reached a hill-top where the mountains were plainly seen, and the men gave three cheers for what they called the Mexican Mountains. Pike says in his journal that their sides were "white as if covered with snow, or a white stone."

He marched twenty-four miles that day, eleven and one-half miles the next day, and on the third day he thought they would reach the mountains, but found at night no visible difference in their appearance, although they had marched twenty-three and one-half miles further. The fourth and fifth days they plodded on. The sixth day they marched eighteen miles, the seventh day twenty-one miles, and still those mountains tantalizingly receded before them.

Seventeen miles more on the eighth day and they had not reached them. On the ninth day they marched nineteen miles further to a point about where the city of Pueblo now is. Pike put up a breast-work, left part of his men, then turned north up the Fountain Creek in order to reach and climb the Blue Mountain, as he called it, from whose summit he hoped to survey the whole region.

He started at one P. M. and marched twelve miles. On the eleventh day he started early, fully expecting to reach and ascend the mountain, but twenty-two and one-half miles simply brought him near to its base. On the twelfth day he began the ascent, probably, of Cheyenne Mountain, leaving his blankets and provisions in camp, as he expected to be back that night. After climbing all day they slept in a cave without blankets, food or water. It was November twenty-sixth and it was snowing at the foot of the mountain. The next morning, hungry, thirsty and sore, he looked out on "the unbounded prairie, overhung with clouds, appearing like the ocean in a storm, wave piled on wave and foaming, whilst the sky overhead was perfectly clear." "The sublimity of the prospect," he says, "amply compensated for the toil." And thus many have thought since that day. In an hour he reached the summit of that chain, probably Cheyenne or Monte Rosa, where he found the snow several feet deep and the thermometer four below zero. The "Grand Peak," that is, Pike's Peak, now seemed sixteen miles away. It would have taken the whole day to reach its base, and he believed that no human being could have ascended to its summit. It is true now that no equally high mountain has been ascended by so many people as has that mountain. A million people, more or less, have been on its summit.

Pike's soldiers had only light overalls on, no stockings,

and nothing to eat, so they turned back. On reaching camp they found their provisions destroyed; it was snowing; they crawled under a big rock and broke their forty-eight-hour fast by dividing among the four one partridge and two ribs of deer. Thus ended the first known attempt to ascend the mountain which, twenty-five years later, began to be called Pike's Peak, after the brave soldier who in 1813 fell fighting his country's battles. In 1819 Major Long, with a well-equipped party, in summer time, reached the summit, the first one to reach it so far as is known.

Pike's Peak is 14,109 feet high, about 8000 feet above Manitou at its base. There are several higher peaks in Colorado, but none that are more than about 300 feet higher. Tens of thousands of people ascend it each year, on foot, horseback, by auto and by the cog-road, most of them going and returning the same day. Some good pedestrians do that, but most of those who go on foot take two days for it.

We three ministers were quite good walkers, but wanting to enjoy the trip, we walked up one day and back the next. We left Manitou at six A. M., June twenty-fifth, 1878. The distance was about nine miles. The new trail, the third one that had been made, led up Engleman's Canon. A few days before Rev. C. C. Salter and myself had made a preliminary trip for a few miles up that trail. I found a parishioner taking views of new and as yet unnamed waterfalls on Ruxton Creek. He gave us the privilege of naming some of the finest objects of interest. The names we gave to two, Rosemma Falls and Little Minnehaha Falls, adhere to them yet, though from the last one the word Little has been dropped. The people of Colorado do not care to have anything called little in that state.

We gave the name because that waterfall so much resembled the larger Minnehaha Falls in Minneapolis. Rosemma combined the first names of myself and my wife.

Take the following items and put them together in all sorts of combinations and one can get a general idea of the valley that we followed for a few miles: backward glimpses out over the great plains, occasional glimpses of the snowy peak in front; great steep hills to the right and left; pine forests, grassy slopes, and beds of wild flowers; immense boulders of whitish granite rising above the dark green trees, others as large as houses lying athwart our path or bridging the stream; cool retreats, out of which come springs or streams of cold water; Ruxton Creek, clear as crystal, tumbling for miles down the mountain valley; innumerable falls, cascades and rapids, some of them seen through long vistas of green foliage and waving like tremulous drifts of snow, some not seen but heard as they rush and roar under the immense boulders that cover and conceal the streams for a long distance; side streams and valleys of scarcely less beauty that tempt one to turn to the right or left; the most symmetrical and graceful conifers, more beautiful when one is looking down upon their tops; a great variety of brook shrubbery, whose foliage grows less the higher we ascend; the winding and ever ascending trail; the tired but happy climbers; and over all, as seen from the depths of the valley, the bluest of blue skies.

At eleven o'clock we reached the Lake House, a hospitable log cabin on the banks of Lake Morraine, where with the keenest of keen appetites we ate the squarest of square meals and rested over two hours. Then came the hardest part of our climb. It was only about three miles, but it took us almost five hours. We passed timber line at about 12,000

feet. The trail was very steep and in places a path had been cut through deep snowdrifts. Around on the southwest side of the mountain we found plenty of green grass and myriads of tiny Alpine flowers.

The top of the Peak was still covered with very deep snow. It thawed during the day and froze at night. The last mile of the ascent was like climbing up a very soft snowdrift. Often we sank in two or three feet. It was hard work and we became very tired. As we reached each eminence we thought was the summit, the real summit appeared still further on and up. Several times we were thus deceived. Every few rods we sat down on the snow to rest. When we rose to go on, our knees were so weak they could hardly support us. We soon learned the best way of resting when climbing, was to stand still on one's feet. We nibbled at the remnants of our lunch and foolishly drank often of the snow water, but we only grew weaker. Mr. Salter came very near giving out entirely.

When it was almost dark I saw a low, massive stone house a few rods ahead. Never was sight of house more welcome. I shouted back to the others and in a few minutes we were inside of the highest house in America, the United States signal service station. We were just in time to escape the snow and hail storm that swept across the summit. While going up we had passed through one thunder storm. When we were sitting under a small bushy pine to escape the rain there came a blinding flash of lightning and at once an awful crash of thunder. Thunder storms are frequent there in summer. One friend was struck from his horse while climbing the Peak. Another man told me that when building the telegraph line to the summit the lightning used to knock him down every once in a while! Electrical storms

occur when the air is so full of electricity that the hair sticks out straight from one's head. Soon after we entered the room a thunder storm began to rage a mile or more down the mountain. The telegraph wires brought the lightning flashes into the room, and just before each clap of thunder there was a report like a pistol shot at the telegraphic instrument. There were about ten such in all. I kept as near the other end of the room as I could.

Of course we remained all night. The sergeant and Mr. Kinzer slept on the floor. Mr. Salter and myself took the so-called bed. The confused and very untidy appearance of the room was explained by the fact that the tourist season had not opened yet. As long as he did not charge us anything we did not complain. We were too tired to sleep, and even if we had not been the rats would not have permitted it. They were very numerous that night, very wakeful and very spry. They ran all over the bed and all through it. Mr. Salter was greatly annoyed by them. He thought he had a good chance to hit one and send it flying across the room, but the rat got out of the way of his fist. Unfortunately, I did not. I took in my side the full force of his blow. I did not turn the other side to be smitten.

The story so widely circulated at that time about Sergeant O'Rourke's baby being eaten by mountain rats on Pike's Peak was pure fiction, in spite of the monument erected to the baby's memory, and over which I have seen tourists almost shed tears, but it might have been true so far as the rats were concerned.

We were up at half-past three, for we wished to see the sun rise. We shivered around in the cold for an hour and finally saw the sun, like a globe of fire, come up far out on the plains. We could see the streets of Colorado Springs

fourteen miles away, but we could not distinguish buildings. Pike's Peak gives one a far better view of the plains than one gets from almost any other mountain, but not so good a view of mountains as one gets from Gray's Peak or Mount Lincoln. Our view of mountains was obscured by clouds, but we had such cloud views as few persons see from Pike's Peak, and we would not have exchanged what we saw for a cloudless view. We looked far down and out upon ten thousand square miles of white billowy clouds, the upper side of a great sea of white vapor on whose dark underside the people below were looking up. The clouds covered the plains as far as we could see. For a moment there was a break in them, that gave us another view of Colorado Springs. Then the clouds rolled together and hid it from our sight. A cloud came sailing by close to us, only a few rods away. As it came between us and the sun it was filled with prismatic colors. We looked behind us to the west and only a few rods away was a pyramid of prismatic colors suspended in the air. We stood on the edge of what was called the crater and rolled great rocks down the steep slope of 2000 feet or more, a practice now very properly forbidden in the mountains.

Then the crater filled with a dense mist which was tossed and torn by the wind and came noiselessly boiling and foaming up over our heads and was borne off to the west. Then there was a sudden rift in the cloud and as we peered from our chilly heights down through that narrow cleft we saw the trees two or three miles away and nearly a mile beneath us bathed in the beautiful sunshine. We looked from white winter down upon green spring.

As we beheld one and another of those glorious sights we gave utterance to all manner of exclamations of delight.

"Oh, oh!" "Ah, Ah!" "Beautiful!" "Isn't that grand?" "Did you ever see anything so fine?" But after awhile our exclamations died away and we stood there in silence, looking, looking. Our souls were so full, the poor imperfect language used by us down on the surface of the earth failed to express our feelings and emotions on those supernal heights.

Soon the clouds were not only beneath us, but above us and all around us. We were enveloped in a dense cloud. It was no use to remain longer. About seven o'clock we began the descent. At ten o'clock we were at Lake Morraine; at half-past one o'clock we were at Manitou, and at four o'clock we were at Colorado Springs.

On the way down, while walking on level ground, I tripped on an insignificant little root and pitched headlong. As I lay groaning upon the ground, unable to rise, Mr. Salter picked up the things that flew from my pockets, among them my watch. "Is it going?" I managed to ask.

"Yes," was the provoking reply, "rather faster than you are just now." The fall wrenched my ankle and several miles more of walking down hill left me scarcely able to step for a day or two.

One can come down a mountain faster than he can climb it, but it is harder work for an equal length of time. My knee muscles have sometimes become so lame and sore in coming down that to relieve them I have for awhile turned and walked backward, not a very great relief, I must confess.

After that first time I walked to the summit of Pike's Peak three times more, and also went once by the cog-road with my wife and other friends. Twice I had perfectly clear

and most glorious views, and twice I was in a snowstorm and clouds.

Bald Mountain. One other mountain climb I will mention briefly. While stopping at Seven Lakes in 1882 I was close to the summit of Bald Mountain, the second highest mountain in the Pike's Peak Range. I went to the summit several times. One morning I started very early, as I expected to spend the day east of the mountain. In an hour I was at the summit, as my start was from about 11,000 or 12,000 feet. As I neared the top I found myself surrounded by dense clouds. I was in the cloud. The damp, dense mist was swirling all about me, almost choking me. I could see but a few feet in front. All was dark and gloomy. I knew I had reached the top of the mountain, but where was the glorious outlook for which I had toiled painfully upward? Must I spend the day in the gloomy clouds? Was there no bright sunshine beyond? Suddenly I saw a strange gleam of light in front of me, and then, quicker than I can tell it, the cloud had passed me; it floated off to the west, and there burst upon my enraptured vision such a view of mountain peaks and distant plains, of green forests and lovely vales, with the glorious sun shining over all, as filled my soul with joy and my mouth with hallelujahs, while floating further and further to the west, soon to be only a speck on on the horizon, was the cloud that had enveloped me.

And I said to myself, from the standpoint of my own personal belief and the belief of many millions of people, like this will be the good man's death; one moment in the dark cloud, struggling with the swirling elements of decaying nature, and the next moment there shall dawn upon his freed spirit the glory of the immortal life. He shall gaze with enraptured eyes upon the mountains and the plains,

upon the hills and valleys, of Paradise, while the earthly life of toil and trouble, with its closing cloud called death, shall float away forever.

NOTE. — According to late surveys, there are forty-two mountains in Colorado that are more than 14,000 feet high. The ten highest are as follows:

Massive	14 402	Torrey's	14,336
Elbert	14 402	La Plata	14,332
Blanca	14,390	Uncompaghre	14,306
Harvard	14 375	Buckskin	14,296
Gray's	14,341	Lincoln	14,287

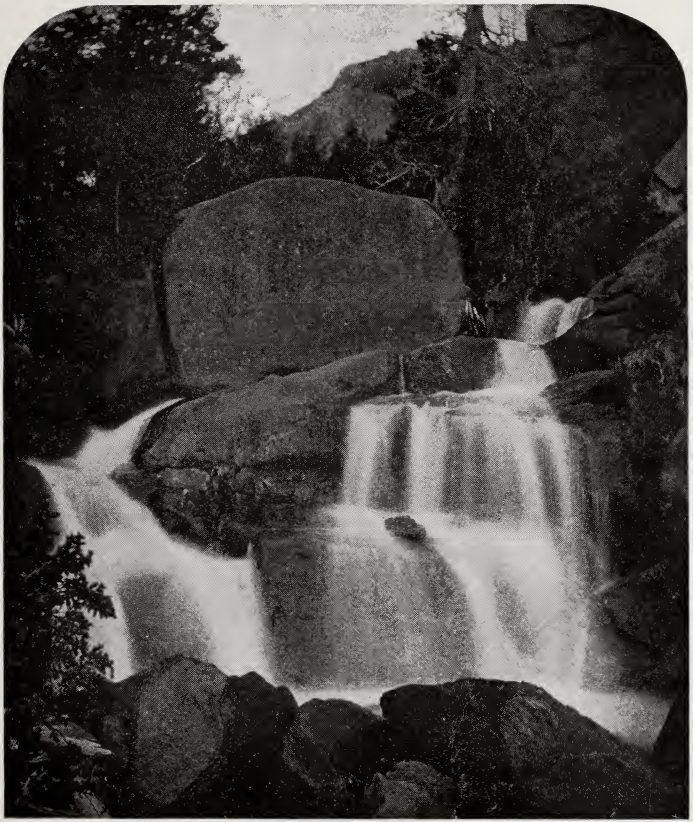
The two best-known peaks, and the ones climbed by the most people, are Pike's Peak, 14 109 feet, and Long's Peak, 14,255 feet. The Mount of the Holy Cross is well known, but not many people ascend it, or even see it. I went clear around it one day by rail without seeing it. Its height is 13,978 feet. Future surveys may possibly change the relative standing of the above mountains. For a long time Blanca was supposed to be the highest mountain in Colorado. See "The Peaks of the Rockies," illustrated, published by the Denver and Rio Grande R. R., Denver, Colo.

CHAPTER VI

MOUNTAIN WATERFALLS

RUNNING and falling waters are my special delight. Springs and lakes and tarns are interesting, chiefly I think because they duplicate by reflection the mountains and forests around them, but water in motion is fascinating. It adds wonderfully to one's enjoyment of the mountains. What the mountain brook is and what it does I shall try to tell in the next chapter. In this chapter I will try to tell about some of my waterfalls. I own many in Colorado and elsewhere, and I have a host of partners in their ownership. We all desire to have our number increased. We pay no taxes on our waterfalls but we get big dividends, not only when we go to see them but when we remember them, and talk about them, and look at their pictures, which we keep of course, as we do the pictures of our friends.

What is a waterfall? A fall of water, of course. Rain is a fall of water, but we will not count that. A mighty mass of water tumbling over a precipice is a waterfall; so is a slowly moving river that falls one inch in a mile, but we do not count the latter. A certain slight angle of descent makes a rapid, or rapids. A large increase of the angle makes a tumbling torrent; a still larger increase gives us a genuine waterfall. We might define it as a perpendicular, or nearly perpendicular fall of water. If there are several such in quick succession we use the plural. In fact the plural is used when there is but



ROSEMMA FALLS ON PIKE'S PEAK TRAIL

one straight, unbroken and undivided fall, as Minnehaha Falls. Why do we generally use the plural? Perhaps because the water part of the waterfall is constantly changing, making a new waterfall every few moments, new in every thing but the channel.

The fascination of waterfalls is largely in their variety. Hardly any two are exactly alike, either in the falls themselves or in their surroundings. When you have seen one you have not seen all. If two or three are nearly alike they have the interest that twins have, or triplets.

Niagara is a majestic waterfall, king of them all, with no rival unless it has one in Africa. Its majesty overshadows its beauty. Its features are as well known to Americans as is the face of Washington. It is not a mountain waterfall and so I will pass it by with this simple statement given by Russell in his book on the Great Lakes. If no more moisture fell on the drainage area of the Great Lakes, and if their present supply of water could be drawn off at a uniform rate, the rate that it now flows over Niagara, it would take a hundred years for it to pass over the Niagara precipice. That statement does not minimize the Falls, but it shows the size of the Great Lakes.

Let me describe two of my waterfalls near Pike's Peak. Chiefest in beauty and fame is Seven Falls, at the head of South Cheyenne Canon, where the clear and beautiful South Cheyenne Creek tumbles over a broken, uneven precipice of granite in seven successive falls, each different from the others, into a large well or small amphitheater. A stairway beside the falls gives one an upward exit from the well, a climb of some two hundred and fifty feet or more.

Just below the topmost fall a bridge crosses the creek. From the bridge one can see how the water has grooved and

polished the hard granite. Go back a little way below the falls and climb to a good position where you can see all seven falls at once and, especially in time of high water, you will stand entranced as you gaze at the white tumbling waters and listen to their loud roaring as they hurl themselves down over one fall after another. For a half mile or more the stream flows rapidly between beautiful canon walls and then enters on its long journey seaward through Cheyenne and Fountain Creeks, through the Arkansas and Mississippi Rivers.

I have often taken my friends to see that glorious tumbling and gliding of crystal waters and they have never been disappointed. Probably more people see it than see any other famous fall in America except Niagara, and every one who sees it becomes an owner, even though he pays an admission price. In the pioneer days of last century access to it was free, but some one took up government land and became the legal owner and since then has charged an admission fee of twenty-five cents or more. It goes against the grain of us old timers to pay for seeing our own falls. Colorado Springs lost the opportunity of ownership unless now she pays an enormous price.

My other fall, mine in a very special sense, is Rosemma Falls, on the cog-road trail to Pike's Peak. The building of the cog-road partly spoiled its beauty, but when I named it in 1878 by combining my own, and my wife's first names it was a small but charming tumble of foaming waters that came from under a great rock, flowed around and over other rocks, and disappeared under rocks. It is a little ways below Little Minnehaha Falls. Not many tourists see it or care much for it, and so *she* and I became its chief owners, and when she went away she left her share to me. A large photograph of

MINNEHAHA FALLS, ON PIKE'S PEAK TRAIL

it hangs on my study wall and as I lift my eyes to it while I write it seems to me the fairest of all my waterfalls.

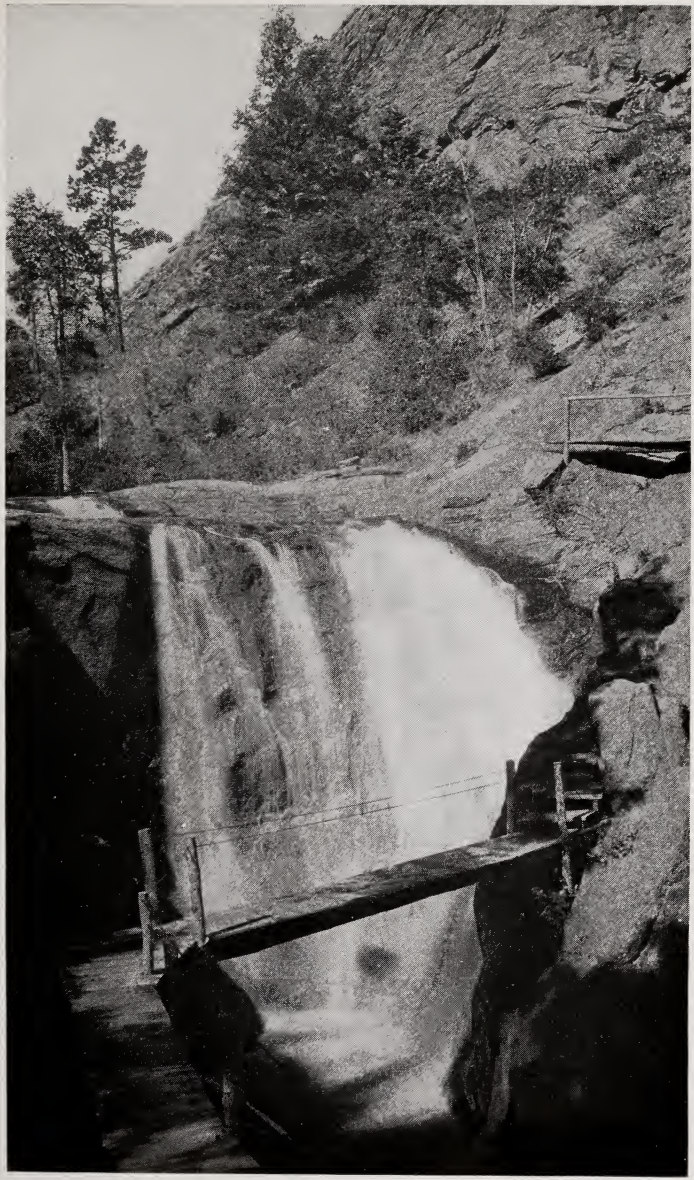
The best and highest of all my waterfalls in Colorado is in the San Juan region, some four hundred miles from Pike's Peak. I had heard of it as the finest waterfall in Colorado and I wished to see whether it was or not, and if it was I surely must see it . So one day in 1889 I crossed a high range between Summit and Telluride (see chapter ten). I walked from four to twelve miles, according to the different reports I received. From the top of the range I let myself down 5000 feet into a deep valley in which lies Telluride, 8600 feet above the sea. I passed many beautiful falls and cascades on the way. As I turned a curve, I saw across the valley what was surely the highest and finest fall in Colorado. I was so lame from walking over the range, I could scarcely walk without pain. But the next day I dragged myself two or three miles up the valley that I might get a nearer view of that waterfall and enjoy its beauty at close range. From a distance it seems to fall into the top of an evergreen forest. It does, almost, for the trees grow up as close to it as they dare. The tall trees and the dark red precipices form a fit frame for that white foaming torrent of water, which, as seen from a distance, seems to crawl slowly down through the air. One can watch the detached masses, or "rockets," of water and count the seconds that pass as they descend, and thus roughly estimate the height of the fall, which they told us was 327 feet; more than twice as high as Niagara.

Making my way through the woods I came to the little open space where the great boulders and piles of loose rock were covered with greenest mosses and grasses, kept constantly wet by the unceasing spray. With my waterproof coat on I crept up to within a few feet of where the water strikes the

ground, or the rocks. I stood there and threw my head back and looked straight up to where that mass of water seemed to fall out of the sky, and watched it as it descended in great flakes and masses into the basin at my feet. There is always commotion in the atmosphere around that fall, as the eddying currents are sucked in and thrown out purified and cleansed.

A gust of wind drove the mist all around me. I could look up no longer; but looking down I saw a rainbow in the form of a perfect and entire ellipse about ten feet long. It was lying horizontally upon the rocks and water and I was standing at one end of it. I had never before been so near the end of a rainbow and I esteemed it a golden privilege, though I found no pot of gold.

I lay down under the pines a few rods away and opened a little book of promises I carry on my mountain trip. I read some of them and then looked up at that white river falling out of blue skies, flecking with foam the red cliff behind it, and gliding away with gurgling sound among the great boulders below. I read more promises and then took another look. A blessed uplifting hour it was that I spent there communing with God and nature, with God through nature and with nature through God. The word of God glorified his works and his works illuminated his words. The golden texts of the Bible always seem more precious when beautifully printed in illuminated text and surrounded by pictures of flowers and other beautiful objects in nature. The monks of old labored not in vain when they wrought patiently for years to write God's word in illuminated text. But no monk's pen or printer's art ever gave to the promises of the Bible such glorious illumination as they had for me that day when I read them from plain type amidst those glorious surroundings. All the sights and sounds around me, and all the visions of



UPPER OF THE SEVEN FALLS, CHEYENNE CANON

my soul, united in one clear harmonious note: "God is love; praise ye the Lord." The great busy world was far away, remembered only as a dream. There came to my ears none of its discordant notes. The roaring cataract spoke gently to my soul and brought great peace.

There are other fine waterfalls in that region, but I have no such strong claim on them as I have on Bridal Veil Falls. I made it my own that day.

I saw a very beautiful waterfall on Lake Creek, above Twin Lakes, and some fine ones in the Elk Mountains, and some up the Boulder Canon and many others, big and little, in Colorado, but I am telling only of some upon which I have a special claim.

For years there hung in my home a very large photograph of the lower falls of the Yellowstone. I looked at it often and wondered if I should ever see the original. I saw it at last, in 1898. I made a bee line for it the first night of our camp near it. Of course I recognized it at once. I stood at the top on a platform built close to the water. I watched the great mass of very clear water, seventy-four feet wide and from six to ten feet deep, as it calmly bent in a fine smooth curve over the brink and fell 312 feet into the canon below. Half way down the water was lost in its own mist. Down on the rocks on both sides below, flowed a constant stream of water made by the falling mist and spray. I saw it again from the canon top some distance down stream, where my big photograph of it was taken.

A third of a mile above are the Upper Falls, about one hundred feet high, and the very fine rapids, which on a smaller scale are like the rapids above Niagara.

On the south side of the great gorge which the Columbia River cuts through the Cascade Mountains are several fine

waterfalls that come tumbling down from dizzy heights close to the railroad. I had a fine view of those falls from a steamboat that moved slowly up the Columbia River. One gets good near-by views from the cars, but they are not so satisfactory because the cars fly past so swiftly. At Multnomah Falls the train stops four or five minutes to allow the passengers a good view — all too brief — of the fall, or falls, for there are two of them. The upper one has a sheer fall of 600 feet. The lower one, a few rods nearer the track, falls fifty or seventy-five feet and resembles Minnehaha Falls. The two together, with their surroundings of lichen covered rocks, mossy crags, and of foliage, flowers and forests, make a charming scene where one can linger for hours, as I did one day. The few moments given by the train only kindled in me a strong desire to see the falls for a longer time. So a friend and myself went one day from Portland thirty miles and left the train at Multnomah. We spent several hours climbing, gazing, lounging and bathing in and around that fall and stream, which is perhaps the finest in the Northwest, and which called forth such high praise from John Burroughs. He called it the gem of all that region "and perhaps the most thrillingly beautiful bit of natural scenery we beheld on the whole trip." He saw it only five minutes "but those five minutes were of the most exquisite delight."

We walked two miles up the track to visit Oneonta Gorge, which is what would be called a box canon in Colorado. It is about a half mile long, very deep and very narrow. Except in low water one has to wade to explore it. Up the Gorge a little way there is a very pretty waterfall.

Probably nowhere else in America is there so fine a group of majestic waterfalls as in the Yosemite Valley. I saw enough of them in two days to call them mine, but their chief

owner, while he was alive, was John Muir. Probably no one else ever studied them so thoroughly, or admired them so ardently, or described them so well, as he did. All my readers are urged to read what he says of them in his book on *The Yosemite.*

I was there forty-eight hours including two nights. They were divinely glorious hours and days. In the three tramps I took with my aching limbs and sore feet I walked about twenty-eight miles, to Yosemite fall with its straight plunge of 1430 feet in the first fall, 320 in the lower fall, and many hundred feet of tumbling rapids and cascades in a gorge between the two, to Vernal Falls, 317 feet, to Nevada Falls, 594 feet, to Illilouette Falls, 370 feet, to Bridal Veil Falls, 620 feet, and to Sierra Point, where we could see the first four of the preceding list.

What a great host of owners and lovers scattered over the earth, those superlatively magnificent waterfalls have! We can draw dividends at any time that we choose to look at our pictures of them, or to develop for the nth time our mental pictures we took on the spot. If one could spend a whole summer with them, gazing on their marvelous beauty and listening to their divine songs, what a summer that would be; one to recall for a lifetime! If it is possible I think many of us will come back to them after death, dwelling there a part of our time as in a part of our heavenly paradise. But I should want John Muir to come back with us to be our guide.

I am glad when I think of the immense total of gladness which those waterfalls, and that whole glorious valley, will, in the centuries to come, give to the untold millions of nature lovers who will visit them. Surely God must have had them in mind when he spent long ages in carving that valley with the slow moving but irresistable glaciers.

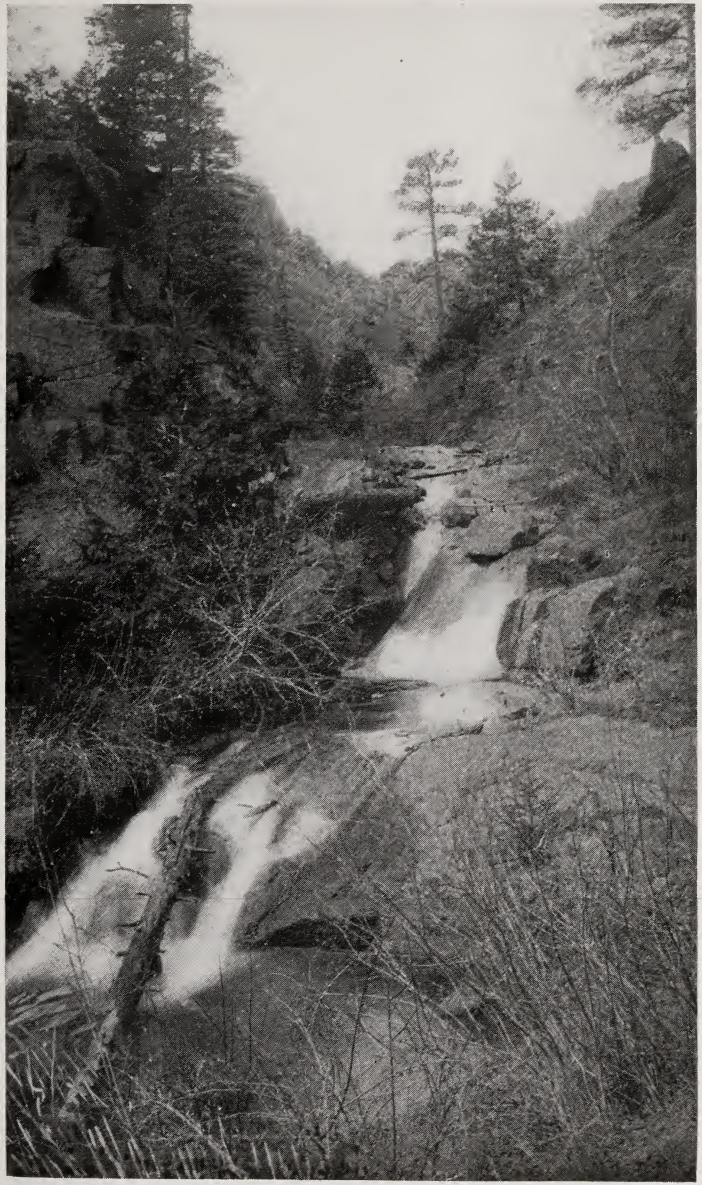
CHAPTER VII

THE MOUNTAIN BROOK. — A STUDY

MANY times have I sat, stood, or strolled by the side of one or another of the countless mountain brooks that flow down the valleys of the Rocky Mountains. Through my eyes their beauties, and through my ears their melodies, have flowed into my soul and filled it with great joy. At any time I can get distinct reflections of that joy by looking over my many pictures of mountain streams and waterfalls, or by recalling the images of them once formed on my brain.

One day I sat for a long time on a flat stone on the bank of one of the most charming of Colorado's mountain brooks, and tried to analyze that mountain stream. I tried to answer the questions: "What is it? What are its relations to other things? What are its lower and what its higher uses?" I sought to interpret it to myself and to others. I tried to translate its character, its work, its message, into language familiar to the dwellers on the plain. This study is the result of that attempt. It tells but part of the story; no one person can tell the whole. What I write is such stuff as that of which poems are made. I am not a poet, so the most I can do is to write a sort of prose poem.

Tennyson wrote a beautiful poem on *The Brook*, but his is an English brook, one that flows among grassy hills and meadows. It flows



CASCADE IN NORTH CHEYENNE CANON

"By twenty thorps (hamlets), a little town,
And half a hundred bridges,"

and then

"By Philip's farm to join the brimming river."

The mountain brook is a very different thing, though having many resemblances. Do you ask me what it is? It is a perpetual motion, gliding unceasingly through its rocky channel. It is not like the stars, "unceasing and unhasting," but it is unceasing and hasting. It rushes on, sixty minutes every hour and twenty-four hours every day. It has been hurrying downward for uncounted ages and its work will not be done until the sun has grown cold and the world has frozen.

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

It has an ever-changing identity, the identity being one of locality and of general outline and character, while the water and the special surface outlines are constantly changing at any and every point. He who returns to it after the lapse of many years says: "It is the same old brook," unless indeed some industry of man has changed it to a stream of muddy water, and then he says: "It is not the same stream it used to be."

It is an endless serpent, whose sinuous motion through beaver meadows, over jagged rocks and under dead logs charms bird and beast and man, but in whose mouth are no poisonous fangs. Birds, serpents and brooks reveal to us the poetry of motion in nature. It turns and winds in endless curves of beauty, seeming to abhor straight lines, yet

ever striving to straighten its pathway, ebbing and flowing, swelling and shrinking, with every storm, yet never retreating.

It is a wandering Jew, whose fate is to move on and ever on. Not for a moment can it stop to rest. Its waters can claim no land as their own. They belong to all lands and they must visit them all in turn.

It is a circuit rider, whose journeyings are a part of that vast circuit, "the river of God which is full of water." It hurries on from station to station, as though it were eager to enjoy again the oft-repeated and never-ending transformations through sea, vapor, clouds, rain, snow or hail, rivulet or spring, brook, river, and gulf — from land to sea, from sea to sky, from sky to land again. It loves to go abroad and it loves to revisit old haunts. It tests the merits of all the brookways, river channels, seas, and climates in all the world.

It is a lily of the valley, blooming on through all seasons, ever plucked from its rocky stem, yet ever renewed. It is a long and lovely flower whose colors are caught from white clouds, blue skies, granite domes, red rocks, and dark forests.

It is an irregular stairway and toboggan slide combined, adown which the baby river walks and tumbles, slides and jumps, a merry acrobat whose astounding performances and endless grimaces make the wood nymphs laugh. It works hard simply to tumble down hill, forever repeating Southey's picture of Lodore.

It is a surface indicator, pointing to another stream, often much larger, that flows more slowly beneath the rocks and gravel, as the iceberg that floats above the water indicates a larger bulk of ice beneath.

Its waters are clear as crystal, a quality which the

streams of the lowlands, and which itself, when it reaches the plains, might well envy. In its smooth-surfaced pools and in its gently rippling channels it seems as transparent as the air. But when it gets excited and foams all over, then it has an aerated whiteness, caused by the bubbles of air which it is ever capturing and which are ever escaping from its grasp. The air and the water seem ever in a state of warfare over their respective boundaries.

It carries a suggestion of refreshing coolness. Its waters are cool, coming out of cool rocks and gravel beds, or down from snowy heights. They cool the surrounding air; they cool the heated brow that is touched by them, and they cool the unholy desires and fiery impulses of our souls as we walk beside the mountain brook.

It is a sparkling beauty, as in its dancing merriment it ever throws off and ever receives into its bosom myriads of jewels that need only hardness to rival all manner of precious stones. It may seem to waste much of its beauty on the mountain air, but the very thought that it is there delights the soul of those who have once been enamored of that beauty.

The mountain brook sustains many and varied relations to other things. It is a willing slave of the law of gravitation. It obeys in its every atom every behest of that law, by which it is pulled down its rocky road. If for a brief moment it leaps upward it is instantly drawn back. Only by dying, as it were, and becoming invisible vapor, a spirit of water, can it be freed from the law that holds it to the solid earth.

It is a natural-born child, whose parents are the sky and the great mountains. Yet it resembles neither of its parents

and it is ever running away from its home to wander in distant lands and see the great world.

It is the grand-child of the ocean and the sun, ever hastening toward the one and ever being drawn upward toward the other.

Through its parent, the sky, it is of the same kin as the clouds that float in the azure depths above, and whose picture it ever treasures within its depths.

It is closely related also to the icy glacier, through its other parent, the earth. The glacier was its forerunner of old, whose slow motion and massive strength, outlined the valley in which the brook runs. I have stood at the foot of one of those rivers of ice and seen the milky colored brook, almost a river, that flowed from its icy caverns, rejoicing to be free, and hastening down the mountains to the sea, swiftness born of slowness, songs born of silence.

It is a remote rootlet of the great ocean, the roar of whose waves as they dash against each other or beat on endless lines of sand and rock, reproduces in deeper tones, the rippling songs of all the far-away brooks that feed its mighty depths.

It is the parent of the plains, for the plain was made out of material brought from the mountains by the brook and deposited by it directly, or sifted down from the ocean or inland sea to whose waters it was transferred by the brook or the river.

It is one of many, a unit in a vast arterial system that covers every upland region, every line of hills, every great mountain range, in all the world. Their number is legion. Each has its peculiar characteristics. Reject half of them as commonplace and tame, and what a life of unceasing delight it would be for some of us if, with unwearied feet, or

on the wings of the birds, we could wander along their banks, gazing at the varied scenery, catching the fish, plucking the flowers, gathering the gems, of many lands!

But what does the mountain brook do? What are its uses? What good purposes does it serve? In its ceaseless activity it has many uses and serves many good purposes.

It is a watering trough for myriad forms of vegetable and animal life, from the tiny plants that grow on its edge and whose flowers are wet with its spray, up to the giant trees that are ever bathing their feet in its waters and sucking up moisture through their roots; from the tiny insect that skims across its surface to the human dwellers on its banks who use its waters to quench their thirst, to cook their food, and to clean their bodies and clothes and houses.

It is a fish preserve, especially for that peerless fish, the mountain trout. It brings down insects for the fish's food and nourishes the fish as food for man. The water ousel finds its food on its stony bottom and builds its nest by its noisiest waterfalls. The ousel's natural habitat is the mountain brook.

It is a mountain drain. It carries off the surplus waters from lofty ledges, from gravel beds and from mossy morass. It sweeps away refuse, vegetable and animal material, in such diluted form that ordinarily no one but the chemist can detect its presence in the water. Or rather, it carries it away in flood time, while at other times the soil acts as a great filter, cleansing the water of impurity before it reaches the brook's channel.

It is a feeder of great rivers, hurrying its quotas and contributions on by endless express trains whose wheels never have hot boxes, and whose motive power never stops for coal or water.

It is a valley excavator, taking long time contracts for excavating open tunnels and mountain valleys, and employing as its servants without pay, the air, gravitation, frost, heat, and especially the centuries.

It is itself a mountain railroad. Its waters are an endless freight train, carrying heavy freight, a little at a time and a little way at a time, the freight often resting, the train never resting. It carries freight one way only, for the cars are taken apart and carried back through the air as invisible vapor.

It is a can-opener, for by its constant wear and tear it opens the rocks, and the rocks are the canned food of coming ages.

It is grist-mill number one in the long series of mills by which the solid rock is changed to stones, to gravel, to soil, to wheat and corn, to flour and meal and bread.

It is a huge cleaver with which Father Time cleaves asunder the mountains in one stroke, a stroke that is continuous through the centuries.

It is a stone-carver, a sculpturer of the mountains, whose chisel is water, frozen and unfrozen, whose hours of labor are twenty-four each day, who takes no rest or holiday except in times of great drouth, and the intensity of whose labor varies according to the supply of water and gravel.

It is also a natural lapidist, grinding away with water and ice and gravel at the adamantine rocks and rolling pebbles. It rough-hews some and puts the finishing touches on others, carrying on as many processes as there are rocks or pebbles in its way. It sometimes bores smooth holes in the rock, or spiral channels on the side of the cliff. It both polishes the pebbles and uses the pebbles for polishing each other and the rocks.

It is a latent power, putting forth only part of its power when it does the preceding things. When controlled and utilized by the intelligence of man, it can be made to turn mills, run factories, tear down the gold-laden gravel beds, and generate electricity with which towns are lighted and trolley cars run. It has the power also, when turned upon the arid field, of making the desert blossom as the rose.

It is the explorer's guide, the pioneer's friend, and the prospector's companion. It bids them toil on and hope on, while it "grubstakes" them with savory fish and unintoxicating drinks.

It is a scatterer of sunshine. It takes the sunshine as gold, the moonshine as silver, both of them in bulk, and the starlight as uncut precious stones; it divides and sub-divides them many times, and scatters them far and near as coin of a mystic realm. It throws them away in great handfuls, as kings throw handfuls of coin among the people who follow their carriages.

It is a chime of many-toned bells whose ringing is heard afar in the silence of the night, or in the silence of Alpine heights.

It is an orchestra of many instruments, whose concerts fill the woods and inspire the birds to sing, and whose echoes dwell long in the memory of those who have heard them.

It is an unceasing accompaniment to the music of insects and birds and to nature's bass, the soughing of the winds among the pines.

It is a shattered mirror of earth and sky, of plants and birds and stars, every separate object being reproduced in every drop and bit of surface within sight.

It is a fairy land within whose depths are found a new

heaven and a new earth, of which the following lines tell more fully:

THE BOOK IN THE BROOK

I sat on the shady bank
Of a gently flowing brook,
Within whose crystal depths
I beheld an open book.

On page number one I saw
The waters blithe and free,
Escaped from the rocky hills
And journeying towards the sea.

The rippling sounds above
And the tinkling sounds below,
The sweetest of songs did make
In notes that were gentle and low.

On page number two I beheld,
Within the crystal stream,
Spry fishes and insects rare
And mosses of delicate green.

On page number three, that seemed
The last of the book's fair pages,
Smooth pebbles I saw that bore
The records of untold ages.

And still looking down I saw,
By slightly adjusting the eye,
On pages in numbers untold,
The beautiful azure sky.

I saw the green branches wave
Far under the pebbly ground,
And yet from those crystal depths
There came to my ears no sound.

In fathomless depths I saw
The gauzy white clouds go by;
I saw the bright sun in glory
Shine out of that nether sky.

All this in the brook I see
As into its depths I look,
And gaze on the marvelous pictures
Of nature's most wonderful book.

We look on the book of nature
And many fair things we see;
Yet often our vision stops short
With pages at most but three.

If only with eyes of the soul
Adjusted to look beyond
The surface of earthly things,
No fairy's omnipotent wand

Such wonderful sights could summon
From mystery's marvelous sphere,
As those we should hourly see
In things that are very near.

Again, the mountain brook is a rainbow factory, whose raw material is sunshine, and whose finished products, trans-

portable on the ears of memory only, hang suspended over every tiny rapid or fall where the water is broken into globules. When the water is shattered into round drops the sunlight is resolved into circles of primary colors.

It is a faithful lover of all who love nature. She chatters and sings on and on to those who walk or stand by her side. With many an arch look and merry laugh she tells them, as she has told me, many a sweet story of nature's mysteries.

It is a type of youth, fresh, vigorous, alert, scarce ever glancing backward, eager for what lies beyond, afraid of nothing, yet oft turned aside by obstacles, drinking the cup of its own praise, intoxicated with the perfume of hope's bright morning.

Yet with all its noise and hurry it is a still water, a "water of quietness" to my soul, by whose side I am led by the good Shepherd. Only the quietness is in me, not in the brook. It is an effect produced in my soul, whose discords, whose jarring echoes of past strife, whose Babel sounds and unholy desires, are silenced and quenched by the tuneful melodies of the brook. They are repelled by it so that great peace comes to the tired brain and weary soul.

And finally, it is a praiser of God. It is one of His works and all His works do praise Him, this one more than some others. Its song of praise ceases not by night or day, and it fits in with many another song which they hear who have ears, and which altogether form one unceasing stream of melodious praise that rolls in upon the ear of the Creator of all things and of all melodies.

VULCAN'S ANVIL, MONUMENT PARK

CHAPTER VIII

MOUNTAIN PARKS AND VALLEYS

OUR common idea of parks is based largely on village and town parks of an acre or a few acres in extent, and on city parks of several hundred acres, possibly a thousand or more. We think of them as planted with trees and flowers and with signs up to keep off the grass. Central Park of New York City, with its 840 acres, has been to us the typical city park, wherein art and nature are combined to make a great and beautiful playground for several million people. The millions of dollars spent upon such parks is money well invested.

The parks of our western mountains are very different. There are indeed some of small size, a few square miles each, or even less, like Crystal Park, Manitou Park, Glen Park, Pleasant Park, Monument Park, and others in the region of Pike's Peak. But the ones first called parks were immense in size and were constructed by Nature on a scale to compare with her great mountains. For example in Colorado we have North Park, containing about 700 square miles, Middle Park with nearly 1000, South Park with 870, and San Luis Park with 5300 square miles, about twice as large as the other three together, two-thirds as large as Massachusetts, five times as large as Rhode Island. Then we have the national parks of great size, a few of which are: Rocky Mountain Park, 400 square miles, Yosemite, 1125 square miles, Glacier Park with

1534, and Yellowstone Park with 3348 square miles. These larger parks are not level but are mountainous, full of peaks, ridges, valleys, etc. The North, South, Middle and San Luis Parks of Colorado are the typical mountain parks. To quote Enos A. Mills: "These larger ones are simply meadows on a magnificent scale. Each is an extensive prairie of irregular outline surrounded by high forest-draped mountains with snowy peaks,—an inter-mountain plain broken by grassy hills and forested ridges. Here a mountain peninsula thrusts out into the lowland, and there a grassy bay extends a few miles back into the forested mountains."

John C. Fremont called North Park "a beautiful circular valley of thirty miles in diameter, walled in all around with snowy mountains, rich with water and with grass, fringed with pines on the mountain side below the snow line, and a paradise to all grazing animals."

San Luis Park. Their level floors would indicate that many of these parks were once mountain lakes. Parts of San Luis Park are so level that in one place the railroad runs forty miles in an air line. The altitude of this park is from 7400 to 8000 feet. The winters are apt to be severe but there are many farms in the park and some good-sized towns. It is elliptical in shape and lies nearly north and south. The greatest length is 140 miles and its greatest width fifty miles. The southern third lies in New Mexico. The railroad from Garland to Alamosa has no curve for about twenty miles; then turning south it runs about twenty-five miles further with scarcely a curve. At the foot of Mount Blanca, third highest mountain in Colorado, it runs, as before stated, about forty miles in a straight line.

The park was once covered with a vast bed of lava which may have been 2000 or 3000 feet deep. Then it was covered

with ice. Many glaciers came down from the mountains and formed one great glacier eighty by thirty miles in extent. Then it became a fresh water lake, and finally a great mountain park.

About thirty fair-sized streams flow from the surrounding mountains into the park, nineteen of them disappearing in the porous soil, or flowing into the San Luis Lakes in the northern part of the park. These lakes are in a swampy region thirty miles long and ten miles wide, having no outlet except up into the air and down into the soil. About one-quarter of the park can be irrigated. One irrigating canal is one hundred feet wide and fifty-six miles long, besides the thirty-five miles where it flows in the bed of a creek, furnishing 1,620,000,000 gallons of water in twenty-four hours.

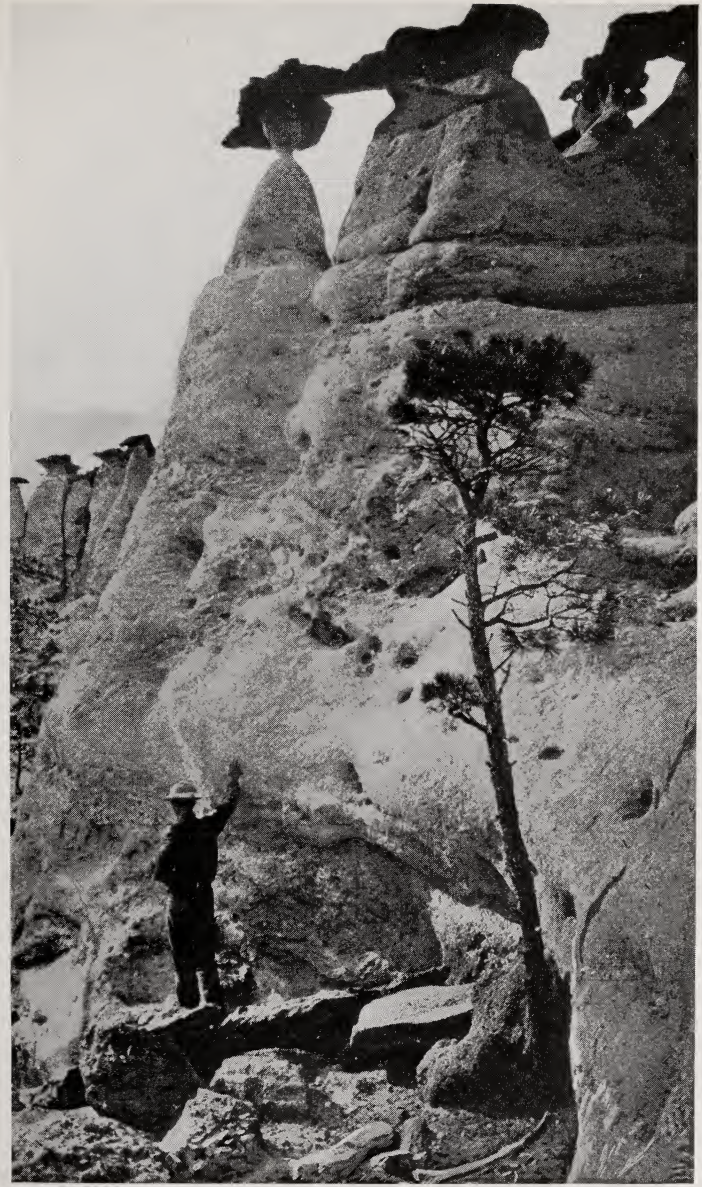
Mount Blanca, 14,390 feet high, the third highest in Colorado, rises a mile and a quarter above the park from a wonderfully symmetrical base, around which a wagon road sweeps in a great semicircle of thirty-five miles. The smooth floor of the park gradually rises toward the mountain like a great smooth dome. Then comes a forest, then trees and broken ground together, then rocks and deep valleys and canons, then sharp ridges and great chasms and beetling crags and dizzy precipices, then timber line, snow, and finally the cold rocky summit, that looks down on so much of Colorado. It is worth going far to be able to gaze for an hour from the car window upon majestic Blanca as the train crawls along its base. In a sub-range 200 miles long, and in a great mountain system 2000 miles long and many hundreds of miles wide, Blanca reigns as king.*

The Rio Grande River rises in the San Juan mountains and flows through the greater length of the park. Its channel

* Recent surveys make Mt. Massive and Mt. Elbert each twelve feet higher than Blanca.

is like a wide canal that twists about like an endless letter S. Going south from Alamosa one can sit on the rear end of the last car and study the eastern boundary of the park. In the distance are the snowy peaks of the Sangre-de-Christo Range. As they appear through the near and green foothills one can hardly tell them from white clouds. Within the park many hills and groups of hills are seen, a thousand islands, as it were, stretching far to the south. Rising like green islets out of the level park they are very beautiful, and as we give free rein to imagination and think of the time when they were indeed islands in the inland sea, their green sides reflected from the glassy waters, behold! imagination becomes reality, for they *are* islands. The water sweeps all around their bases and we look out on an inland sea studded with green islands. Looking back to the north we see the flood of waters has crossed the track a few miles behind us and seems to be gradually stealing down upon us. One feels like calling upon the engineer to put on more steam and run a race with the water. But there is no danger: it is only a mirage, a very beautiful and deceptive one. Miles away is a Mormon settlement on the banks of the Rio Grande. The few little houses are distorted, multiplied in number, and some of them appear to rise to a height of many stories. I have seen similar mirages on the plains of eastern Colorado, and on the prairies of Dakota before they were settled. While living in the north part of Colorado Springs I saw almost every day one summer a beautiful lake, or the picture of one, three or four miles to the north — a mirage.

As our train climbs out of the park among the low foothills on the south, the track turns frequently upon itself. In one place we pass the same section house three times, each time a little higher above it.



THE WITCHES, MONUMENT PARK, COLO.

The Uncompaghre Valley. At Ouray, in southwestern Colorado, the Uncompaghre River leaves the San Juan Mountains. From that point down to the Gunnison River, then down to the Grand River, and then to the Utah line, there runs in a general northwest direction an irregular valley about 150 miles long and averaging several miles in width. The country rises on either side into level tracts of table land, or into broken pinon-covered cliffs, or immense stretches of clay hills which, like huge upturned washboards, are seamed with ravines and gulches. The view of distant mountains is fine, especially from Montrose, from which snow can be seen the year around. The nearer views of barren and shapeless cretacious beds is sometimes picturesque but more often wierd and uncanny. To the north and east the Grand Mesa, whose long level summit is a mile above the valley, looks down on the whole of it.

The adobe soil of the valley is so sticky after a rain that hens get caught in it and cannot stir until some one scrapes the mud from their feet. Its dust when dry is disagreeable, while its glare in the hot sun is painful. The cactus abounds, its occasional scarlet flowers heightening by contrast the desert desolation. We find in that valley the beginnings of that wild, unearthly, ghost-like, yet magnificent and, from a geological standpoint, intensely interesting scenery, which covers tens of thousands of square miles in the southwestern part of our country, and of which the Grand Canon of the Colorado is the culminating and unequaled feature.

The altitude of the valley ranges from 4500 to 7300 feet. The valley has a hot summer climate, but cool mountain resorts are easily reached on the Mesa or in the mountains. The winter climate is delightful.

This valley was the very heart of the Ute Indian reservation. The great chief Ouray had his ranch on the Uncompaghre River, and not so many years ago the Ute Indians roamed over all this region, fishing in the streams, hunting in the mountains and grazing their ponies in the foothills. Why could not the white man have left this remote desert valley, shut in by so many and such high ranges, to the Indians? He might have done so, but he would not, and so the Indians had to leave their happy hunting grounds and move on to some wilder and more desolate region in Utah.

And what do we find now in that far away, sunburnt and dry valley? In the first place one can ride through its whole length in a palace car. We find towns, like Montrose and Grand Junction and Delta, of several thousand people, with fine brick blocks and large hotels. We see fields of grain and of alfalfa, whose dark green is in strange contrast with the clay hills and adobe desert bordering them. The rivers carry a large amount of water, and great canals and irrigating ditches carry it out or up on the table lands. We find splendid orchards and many fine fruit farms. With the rich soil and abundant water, the valley is becoming one of the great fruit valleys of the West. The near-by mining camps furnish a splendid market. In the foothills and mountains, stockmen are raising large herds of cattle and horses. There are ranches on the slopes of the Grand Mesa. Some drive their herds in summer to the top of the Mesa, camping with them among bears, mountain lions, trout lakes, clouds, thunder storms, and vistas of indescribable scenic views.

I organized a church at Montrose in 1885. Now there are many churches, many Sunday and public schools, all through that valley. The valley blossoms as the rose in more ways than one. The Indians may not have been treated fairly in

all things, but it is better in the long run that that valley be peopled by whites rather than by wild Indians.

Jones Park, as it was called in the early days, or Mariana Park, as it is called now, is at the head of Bear Creek and near Garfield mountain in the Pike's Peak Range. While camping at Seven Lakes in 1882, I went off alone one day to hunt for crystals. On returning toward night I went through that park, a small one, and found the owner of it, Mr. Jones, who had lived there alone for years. They said he was crazy and I did not wish to encounter him. I was almost through the park and I began to think that I should escape him, when I heard him calling on me to stop. Looking back I saw a tall, fierce looking man making rapid strides toward me. I felt like running from him but I was too weary. He came up very close to me and with a wild look in his eyes and with wild gestures he harangued me about as follows: "I am the greatest man in all this region. I was the first to discover gold in the Rocky Mountains, and I know now where there are gold fields that will make you rich if you will lend me two hundred dollars so that I can go to them. I am the greatest geologist in the country and all the other great ones have been here to consult me. I own this park. I ask $20,000 for it. Some men want to buy it but we can't quite agree on the price; they offer me only $500, and now they are trying to steal it from me. I don't dare to go down to Colorado Spring for groceries, and I am starving. I haven't had a square meal for three weeks." I offered him the remnant of my lunch, but he refused it. He insisted on my going back to see his cabin. I found it in perfect order, as neat and clean as any woman could keep it. The sitting room contained beautiful furniture made by himself, and rugs made from the skins of wild beasts. The walks in his yard were bordered with fine green crystals of Amazon stone.

I looked nervously at several guns hanging on the walls, but the crazy man did not offer to take them down. I heartily praised what I saw and soon left him. He strode back to the work of digging big stones out of his fish pond. He wanted no woman to come on his premises. A few weeks later I heard he was dead, and so far as I know the mystery of his life was buried with him.

Fourteen years later my son and myself followed North Cheyenne Creek and Canon up into that park to find Prof. Loud's summer cabin. It began to rain and we got very wet floundering through the underbrush. We lost our bearings and we ourselves became lost. I became so utterly exhausted, I urged my son to go on and leave me, but of course he would not. The night was coming on and things looked gloomy. We struggled on for sometime, finally we struck a trail and soon, O blessed sight! we saw the smoke curling from the chimney of the mountain log cabin. A warm welcome from the Professor and his good wife, a blazing fire, a hot supper, a story-telling evening, a refreshing sleep — these comforted and strengthened us.

The great plains east of the Rocky Mountains were once called the Great American Desert. I have old geographies in which they are so labeled, but they might be called the Great Park. I have crossed that park by rail some forty times or more. It takes a swift train all night, or all day, or all night and all day, according to where one bounds it on the east. When I first crossed it, in 1876, I saw no village for some three hundred miles, and but few cattlemen's dugouts. But I saw antelope, countless prairie dog villages, buffalo skeletons, a few emigrant wagons, and at last, far on the western horizon, the Snowy Mountains, the mountains that are now mine.

CHAPTER IX

CANONS AND CLIFF DWELLINGS

A WESTERN miner was walking through the streets of New York City among the skyscrapers. He became perplexed about his locality and sang out: "I say, partner, what canon is this?" His question will help to give an idea of what a canon is to those who never saw one.

Canons are deep cuts through the rocks, from a few feet to a mile or more in depth, and from a few rods to several hundred miles in length. Generally a stream runs through them, sometimes a rivulet and sometimes a mighty raging river. The opposite walls sometimes slope inward, so that the canon is narrower at the top than at the bottom; sometimes they are perpendicular, but generally they slope outward, so that the top is wider than the bottom. Sometimes they consist of alternate precipices and slopes.

It is a mooted question, whether the stream makes the canon, or finds it. Probably it does both. The stream has to have a channel, and finding a depression, a crevice, or fissure in the rock, it goes to work and in the course of ages changes it to a deep channel, a canon. A canon is a kind of valley, only it is narrower and has steep slopes and rocky walls. Every canon is a valley, but not every valley is a canon.

It is difficult to find two canons just alike, though they may closely resemble each other. Those that run through

granite are apt to have irregular sloping walls, often with rounded protuberances. Those that run through stratified rocks are apt to have perpendicular walls. But there are exceptions in both cases.

When the canon floors, slopes and summits, one or all, are covered with flowers, shrubs and trees, with waterfalls and cascades here and there, they give us wonderful combinations of beauty and grandeur. But when, as in the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas, there are only huge rocks and lofty precipices, the views may be awful and sublime, but not charming or beautiful.

Having been through the most noted canons of the Rocky Mountains, and through some of them many times, I will try to describe some of the most interesting and tell of some of my canon trips.

The streams from the high mountains generally emerge upon the plains through canons that are made in the foothills, the foothills, that would elsewhere be called mountains, being from 2000 to 4000 feet above the nearby plains. Along the eastern edge of the mountains in Colorado are many canons that are well known because they are near the great tide of travel, or because railroads run through them and have extensively advertised them. Some of them I can only name in passing, though in them I have spent many delightful hours. North and South Boulder Canons; Clear Creek Canon with its famous loop, where the railroad crosses its own track ninety feet above it; Platte Canon, with its many charming summer resorts; Queen's Canon, near the Garden of the Gods, once open to the public but now closed; Engleman's Canon, with its rare beauties, some of which were spoiled by the cog-road to Pike's Peak; William's Canon, close to Manitou, cut through stratified rock,

in which the boys and I discovered the famous Cave of the Winds (see Chapter XII); North Cheyenne Canon, up which one can wander for miles past wondrous rocks and charming waterfalls; South Cheyenne Canon, with its great precipices and its famous Seven Falls, overlooked by the famous poet's empty grave. The last five are near Colorado Springs.

Forty miles further south and west is the Arkansas Canon, many miles in length, with the Royal Gorge as its grandest feature. They used to call the Gorge 4000 feet deep. It is an awful gorge, but from the summit of the high rock above the bridge to the river is 1800 feet. Canon depths and mountain heights are quite apt to be exaggerated. When the railroad was first built through the canon it was my privilege to arrange for the first excursion through it. Our church got a good financial return (see Chapter III).

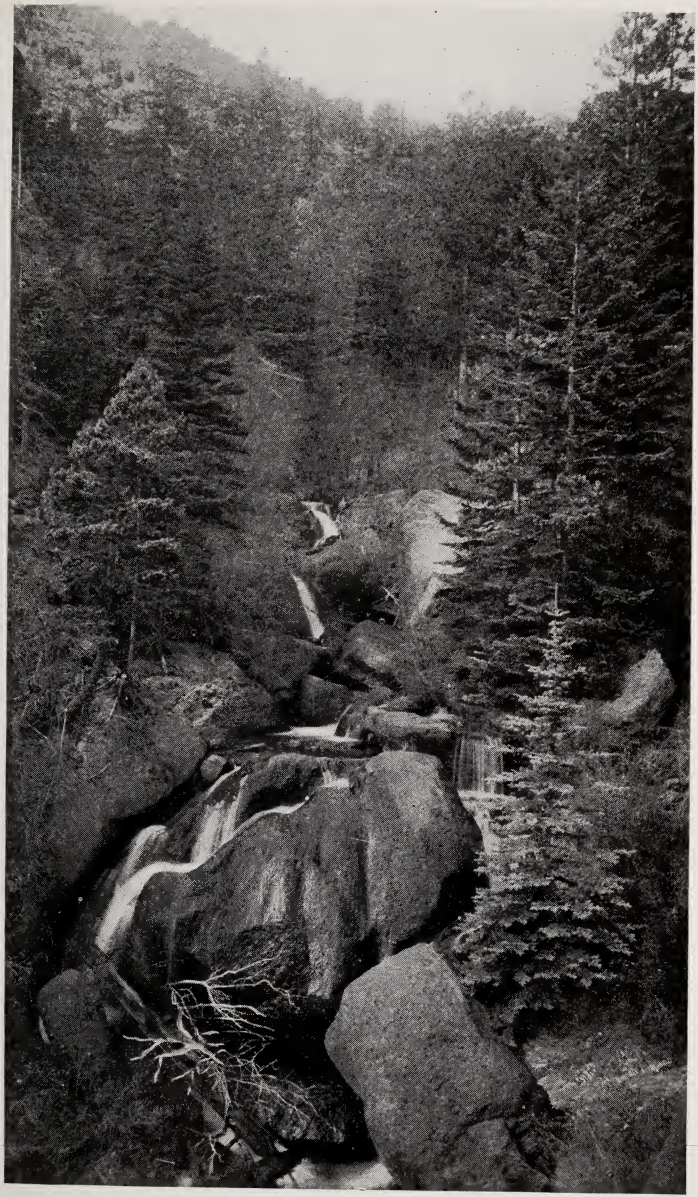
Between Leadville and Glenwood Springs the railroad runs through Eagle Canon, cut through granite rock, with irregular walls and huge boulders that have tumbled into the stream, that goes roaring and boiling over, under and around them. Up on dizzy heights is the mining town of Gilman, a group of modern cliff dwellings.

Further on is the Canon of the Grand River. It is one of the finest canons in Colorado. It is about fifteen miles long and runs through stratified rock. Its precipitous walls are a thousand feet high, more or less, often rising straight from the water. The rock is of a reddish color, with varying shades of yellow and gray, so that the contrasted effects with the dark evergreens that grow in gorges and on the summits, and with the lighter green foliage lining the river banks below, are very fine. The view from the car window is an ever-changing panoramic picture that is never dull, always beautiful, and often grand.

Cascade Canon. Before we go down into the region of the truly grand canons let us rest awhile in a charming little canon valley at the foot of Pike's Peak, one that I had overlooked during a residence of five years, a few miles away. After a hot summer and some fever the doctor and my trustees told me to go off and rest. I sought for a quiet mountain ranch where city sights and sounds were shut out, where I could find quiet and sunshine, balmy pines and babbling brooks, beautiful scenery, pleasant people, no appointments to meet, no calls to make or receive, fresh eggs, pure milk, and plenty of ozone. I found them all at Cascade Canon, five miles up Ute Pass from Manitou, among the great hills and mountains that nestle around the feet of their king, Pike's Peak. Crowds go there now, for a railroad passes the spot and great hotels have been built. The place is still beautiful, and will be as long as the canon and cascades, the forests and foliage, remain. But there is a pleasure in finding such places before the crowd does, and then in having one's judgment of their beauty confirmed by artists, capitalists and the crowd.

For a week I worked as hard as I could at resting, a solid week it was, of pure rest, and of worship in God's temple.

The people were few and pleasant. I heard no oath for a week. The weather was superb, every minute of it. Days of mellow sunshine followed nights of crisp starlight. For hours I lay in the hammock among the odorous pines, resting, whittling, dreaming day dreams, watching the squirrels and chipmunks, watching the great mountains that seemed so restful and calm, watching the dark forests that stretched far up their sides, watching the groves of aspen trees whose golden yellow crept with each night's frost a little further down the mountain side, even as in spring, their light and airy green creeps each day a little further up the mountain, and watching the



IN CASCADE CANON, NEAR PIKE'S PEAK

fleecy clouds that came floating over the mountain tops. Close by me was the stream, clear, pure, sparkling, making sweet music night and day, full of pools and eddies, lined and paved with great boulders, and fringed with bushes and mossy banks.

But the canon was the great attraction. Its beauty is in its cascades and its foliage. It is hardly a regular canon, but a deep valley running up the steep mountain side. Into it there rolled in past ages many immense rocks from the rocky heights above. Over and around those rocks and up the sides of the valley, grows a forest of evergreens and alders.

Down through this jumble of rocks and trees, over, around, through and under them, comes a good-sized stream of crystal water from the snow banks on the northern slopes of Pike's Peak. In one mile the stream falls a thousand feet or more, yet I never saw a stream that had to work so hard to get down hill. It frets and foams, rushes and roars, dodges and disappears, crawls under rocks like a snake, runs through hollow logs like a squirrel, or flies in the air like a bird. Escaping from one jumbled mass of rocks and trees it hurries to the next and finally conquers them all and flows peacefully off to the plains, the great river and the ocean.

Here is a rock thirty feet high with a tree growing out of its top. Beyond it is a flat rock seventy feet long, fifteen feet wide and ten feet high. Its top is fringed with small trees. Go on and in quick succession we come to falls and cascades, ten feet high, fifteen feet, four, five, ten, twenty-five, five, five, six, ten, fifteen, twenty, ten, fifty, and so on and on for a mile or more. Here is a tiny island covered with alders and grass. Let us sit on its upper end and look up stream, and we see cascade after cascade, a long irregular stairway of foaming waters.

Over and around them are the green trees; beyond is the dark forest, and above that a great gray precipice of rock with tall dead trees bristling on its far uplifted summit. In another place we look up the canon through green trees and among the tree tops, so steep is the valley, we catch glimpses of of white cascades, that one would think were snowdrifts, were it not for their tremulous motion. They look like snowy tapestry, shaken by the fairies among the tree tops. In one place we see every variety of cascades; the pent up rushing cascade, the swirling cascade, the thin glassy cascade, the shower cascade, the hidden cascade, and all the varieties between.

And all the time, while my eye feasts on beauty, I hear the roar of the brook, so soothing to the tired brain, so different from the roar of the city torrent:

"That beats
Its life along the city streets
Like a strong and unsunned river.
Very sad and very hoarse, certes is the flow of souls."

I shut my eyes, and listen, and what rare music I hear. How the myriad drops, as they strike rock and air and each other, tinkle and resound and mingle their varied notes! That brook sang to me a wondrous song which I cannot translate into earth language, but the burden of it was praise and thanksgiving to God.

Canon of the Rio Las Animas. Between Durango and Silverton in southwestern Colorado is the Canon of the Rio Las Animas. I have been through it a number of times and have always regarded it as the finest canon in Colorado. The ascent is from 6500 feet at Durango to 9224 feet at Silverton, an ascent of 2724 feet. The distance is forty-five miles, the

first seventeen being through a fine valley of valuable farms, but we do not go far before we begin to see canon walls. We see immense red rocks and immense white rocks, both rising out of dark green forests.

In the distance we see lofty mountain heights that are reached by long stretches of green slopes. There comes a stream of water, now crawling and now leaping down a great red rock. It comes out of a green forest and disappears in green foliage. Far up in yonder sky-lifted forest is a great precipice of white rock on a red base. Yonder is a great promontory of red rock, half a mile long, fringed and crowned with green. In the distance those red rocks look like walls of jasper or carnelian, and where the red and white rocks lie in alternate layers they look like a gigantic sardonyx, a half mile long and four hundred feet high, all set in the emerald green of the forest.

We climb the side of the valley, pass through deep cuts in the rock and come to a narrow canon where the walls rise several hundred feet above the river. The road-bed is cut in the side of the precipice. It makes us dizzy to look up and dizzy to look down, but there is a fascination about it that makes us keep on looking. I ride on the top of the baggage car and as I look straight down upon the river it is of a deep green, greener than any water that plays about Niagara. I also look straight down on the tops of tall coniferous trees that cling to the side of the canon wall below.

Near this point I leave the train and go a mile or more to see an interesting box canon that cannot be seen from the train. It is several hundred feet deep and its opposite walls are very close together. Through this gorge the waters rush like a race horse and foam and rage like a wild beast. In spots however the river is like a still pool of deepest blue. In one

place I can see where the walls are only a few feet apart and the channel is choked with rocks and driftwood under which the river works its way out of sight. When it reappears it forms a pool of very blue and doubtless very deep water, from the lower end of which the smooth and apparently motionless water suddenly breaks into a foaming white current that hurries away, as though it had tarried too long in that charming hiding place.

The trees and logs that are carried, or hurled, through this canon are stripped of branches and bark before they get through. In one place the water, when it was very high, lodged seven logs, one above the other, reaching across from wall to wall, and wedged them in, forming a huge ladder across the chasm.

I descended to the water's edge at one spot, with difficulty, and found the stream of great depth and flowing with such force that it instantly swept away the largest rock I could hurl into it.

But this box canon, some four hundred feet deep, is only a little gorge within, or at the mouth of, the real canon or valley of the Rio-de-las-Animas, or River of lost Souls. And into the larger canon or valley, we now enter. Majestic rocks, and towering cliffs rise above us. Between them are side gorges, through whose fallen rocks and tangled forests come tributary streams, any one of which would bear a day's study if we had time to explore it.

There is Mount Garfield, towering in the sky like a vast irregular dome. Its summit is a mile above us. And there are the Needles, the like of whose gigantic masses of rock is not seen in many places on earth. The fields of ice and snow abide there the year round and they seem fit brooding places for fierce storms. Those sharp peaks catch and tear to tatters the

clouds that float against them. In summer they echo and re-echo the thunder peal, while in winter is heard oftimes the awful roar of the avalanche.

I stretch my neck and try to locate the timber line. Pointed spurs of the forest, stretch far up the steep sides, while broad streams of boulders and splintered trees reach down through the forest even to the river. They are the paths of the avalanche. Forest and avalanche fight for the mastery. Every winter the battle rages, while summer strives to heal the scars.

The number and variety of the streams that flow into this canon are a constant delight. Some come with a bound over high rocks and fall directly into the river; some fret and foam their way through the woods and over the rocks; some glide slyly and noiselessly in under a dense growth of alders; some slide smoothly down the worn rock and make no fuss about it. In all ways and of all sizes they come. We hear a roaring noise above the roaring of the train; we turn our eyes and catch a momentary glimpse of a snow-white cascade close to the track, and one brief, tantalizing glimpse of a deep, wild, wooded gorge above it, that stretches back into and between the mountains.

Finally we enter an open park, a mile or so across, surrounded by high mountains, and we are at Silverton. We have been four hours coming forty-five miles. It seems less than that and it seems longer, for the hours have passed rapidly, and in them we have lived days. In such a place the legend of the monk might be repeated and "a hundred years not seem so long as a single day."

The Grand Canon. In the summer of 1884 the friend (Rev. W. D. Westervelt) with whom I took many mountain trips, and myself, found ourselves at Albuquerque in New

Mexico helping to organize an association of churches for New Mexico and Arizona. To him that hath shall be given, and as we had passes from Denver more were given us, so that the way suddenly opened for us to go five hundred miles further west and visit the Grand Canon of the Colorado, the Grand Canon of America and of the world.

We left Albuquerque at four Monday morning. In the early dawn we crossed the Rio Grande River, passed the Indian pueblos of Isleta and Laguna, rode many miles close to a wild black river of congealed lava, and for forty miles or so alongside of vast cliffs or red rock, the jura-trias of geologists, such as one sees often along the base of the Rocky Mountains, as for example in the Garden of the Gods. Over canons we rode and through canons, across deserts, over grassy highlands, through open forests where snowy peaks looked down upon us, now catching sight of some old fortifications on a high cliff, now of a Mexican village, now of a band of Navajo Indians, and once of the skeleton of a horse standing up, as though he had forgotten to lie down when he died. So on we go through this wonderland, this orient of America.

At one o'clock Tuesday morning we were at Peach Springs, Arizona, the nearest point to the Grand Canon then reached by the railroad. We had sent word ahead for a team to be ready to start at once for the canon, twenty-three miles north. Ten dollars each for the round trip seemed a high price after riding free 1000 miles on the cars, but we gladly paid it. A hasty cup of coffee and we were on the buckboard behind two good horses. We must be back in seventeen hours to catch the east-bound train.

"Give me my revolver," we heard the driver say, "There are some hard characters in town tonight, and they may hold

us up if they know that I am taking out tourists at this time of night."

So for the first two or three miles I nervously watched the bushes along the road, wondering what I would do if I should hear the call: "Hands up," and the driver should answer by opening fire.

Our road lay down Peach Springs Canon, dry then but showing evidence of fearful torrents at times. When day broke the rocky walls were rising thousands of feet above us.

"Do you see that cave in the cliff?" said the driver. "How far do you suppose it is from the top." "Fifty feet," I answered.

"It is 250 feet," said he, "I know for I let myself down to it once with a rope."

I did not dispute his statement, but I said to myself, "perhaps."

Calling our attention to a conical hill ahead of us he asked how far we thought it was. I was accustomed to the deceptive distances of the mountains, and not wishing to be voted a tenderfoot, I said: "Three-quarters of a mile," though in the gray dawn it appeared much less than that. "It is five miles," said he. I did not believe him then, but an hour later I did. That hill was at the end of our journey, Haystack Peak, 3900 feet high, he said. There was a standing offer of twenty dollars to any one who would replace the flag that had once been on its summit. I did not compete for that prize.

We reached the canon at six and had four hours to stay. Would that it had been four days! Time was too precious to waste in eating breakfast. Snatching a biscuit and eating as we went, we climbed a hill a thousand feet high or more. reaching the top in twenty-five minutes. We chose that as giving us a better view and wider outlook, instead of following

Diamond Creek down to where it enters the Colorado, where the view, though fine, is too contracted.

When we reached the summit of the hill we turned and looked, and looked, and looked. For awhile I could say nothing but Oh! Oh! Oh! And then in those profound canon depths I repeated what I said on the profound mountain heights of Gray's Peak: "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God." Such emotions of grandeur I think I had never before experienced. I had stood on Pike's Peak at sunrise and looked down on 10,000 square miles of white billowy clouds, with here and there an opening to show the green earth beneath. I had looked from the summit of Mount Lincoln out upon a ragged, storm-tossed sea of snow-capped peaks and ranges, stretching far as the eye could reach. I had stood in the Royal Gorge, and had looked from one of the Elk Mountain peaks down into wondrous valleys. I had stood by Niagara and listened to its thunderous roar, but that first glimpse of the world's great canon eclipsed them all. We looked down on the turbid Colorado River, seemingly a narrow sluggish stream, but really a swiftly rushing torrent, the drainage of 300,000 square miles, and of many great mountain ranges, whose deep winter snows were then fast disappearing under the summer sun. At that point the river was about 250 feet wide, but it was some 200 feet deep, and was then some fifty feet above low water mark. The Haystack was behind us, 3900 feet high. One might call it 4000, but who wants to tell a lie for a hundred feet? Back of it was Sunset Peak, 6000 feet high, they said. Across the river Solomon's Temple, stupendous and grand, rose some 6000 feet above the river. Mount Emma, Tower of Babel, and other cliffs were about as high. Remember, their summits are on the level of

the surrounding country, and the river has slowly cut the canon out of the rock as the whole region was slowly rising. The cliffs are made up of many perpendicular precipices connected by steep slopes of debris. We could look up and down the river for miles, and could see, counting both sides, about twenty miles of those marble walls, stupendous in size and height, yet wondrously colored and carved and wondrously beautiful and sublime.

And then we remembered that the canon was about 300 miles long and that in places it was 6000 feet or more in depth, and we thought of the wonderful exploit of one-armed Major Powell, who in 1869, and again in 1871, descended the whole length of the canon in a boat, an exploit that has been repeated but few times in the half century since then.

Descending the hill we went a mile or two up Diamond Creek Canon. It is a side-show, yet in some respects it excels any canon in Colorado. At one point the black igneous walls were only twelve feet apart at the bottom and rose 2700 feet, they said. Many years ago an adventurer "salted" that canon with thousands of dollars worth of diamonds and started the great Arizona diamond excitement. Hence the name of the canon.

Ten o'clock came too soon. We started back in the intense heat of an Arizona midsummer day. Most mercilessly did the sun beat down into the canon. The road out was sandy, rocky, dusty and very steep. It was nine miles to water, a stagnant spring open to the sun and full of insects, then ten miles to more water. At the railroad at six p. m. the thermometer stood at 102°. When within a half mile of the depot we saw our train moving away from the station. It was running wild and ahead of time. They ran into the mountains and were side-tracked where it was not too hot for the train-

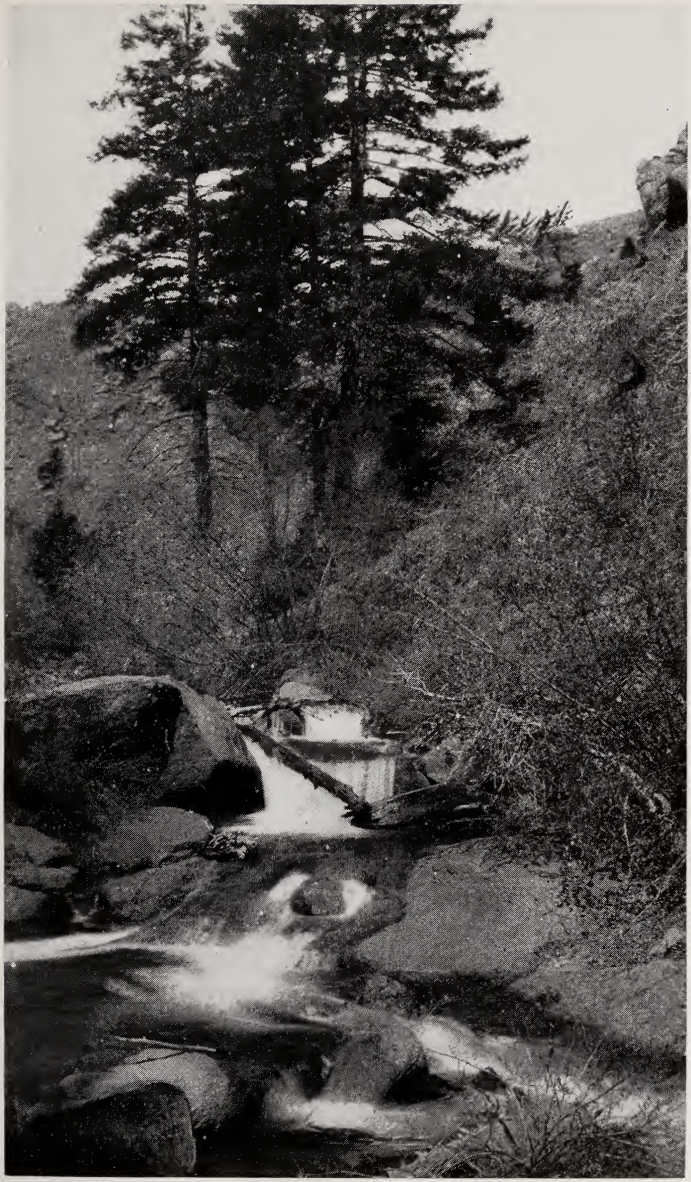
men to get some sleep. We took a freight train three hours later and overtook them the next morning and rode until we left the train to visit some:

Cliff Dwellings. Scattered thickly over southern Colorado and northern New Mexico and Arizona are the remains of ancient towns and fortifications that were built by a race of people whose history is shrouded in mystery. When Pike was in New Mexico in 1806-7 he mentions them and says they were built by the Mexicans when they came from the north on their way to the plains of Mexico. They were there when the Spainards came to the country several centuries ago. They were evidently built for protection from enemies; probably by the ancestors of the present Pueblo Indians. After spending a day among the living Pueblos, in one of their largest villages, or community houses, and then a day among the cliff dwellings, this theory seemed to us true. We bought in one place just such pottery as we picked up fragments of in the other place, and we saw Indian women grinding their grain with just such stone mills, one stone rubbed against another, as we found among the cliff-dwellings.

The ones we visited, are eight miles from Flagstaff, Arizona, but only three miles from Casnino, a flag station from which we walked to the ruins.

Walnut Canon, in which they are found, runs through a comparatively level region, covered with pines and cedars. The locality itself must have been difficult for an enemy to find. Our walk was a warm one but we caught frequent glimpses of great beds of snow on the extinct volcano of the San Francisco Mountains.

Suddenly we came to the edge of a canon several hundred feet deep and with some difficulty we scrambled down into it. About half way down we found a thick layer of rock that had



IN NORTH CHEYENNE CANON, COLORADO

worn away much more rapidly than the rock just above it. The result was that on that level, for miles on both sides of the canon, there were open caves or rooms from five to ten feet high, running back into the rock from five to twenty feet, and some of them 100 to 200 feet long. The Indians easily enclosed these rooms by building a wall in front two feet thick, and by dividing them into separate rooms by walls equally thick. Usually a narrow shelf of rock, covered perhaps by a projecting rock above, was left in front of the dwelling, on which the people could pass from room to room and from dwelling to dwelling. In front there were steep slopes or sheer precipices down to the bottom of the canon. The point of the canon which we visited was admirably adapted for defense. The canon swept around in a large circle and almost came back upon itself, leaving only a narrow precipitous strip of land running out to the peninsula that came so near being an island. On the highest point we found ancient rude fortifications. From that lookout the approach of an enemy could be at once signalled to the dwellings on both sides of the canon for a long distance.

We visited some twenty or thirty dwellings, each with from two to ten rooms. They varied in size and height. Some of them were open, the walls having fallen down, while others were perfectly preserved, entered by a very narrow door, or perhaps only by a window two feet square. In one dwelling there were inner rooms, reached from the outer ones only by climbing over a high wall. Often the back part of a room was raised a foot or so, making a stone bed, after the oriental style, on which the whole family could sleep. In almost every case the walls had settled a little from the overhanging cliff, up to which they were originally built. The floors of most of the

rooms were covered with a deep layer of dust, ashes and debris. Digging for relics was dusty work.

On the opposite side of the canon we found a dwelling that had evidently not been visited. I noticed one room was only about four feet wide. I thought it must have been a store room and I began to dig in the debris. It proved to be the store-room, garret, cellar, and dump heap for that whole row of dwellings. In our excitement we forgot to be careful about rattlesnakes, centipedes and tarantulas, yet we saw none of them. We dug in the rubbish for an hour and found among other things, an old and deeply worn stone mill, metate and manno being the two parts, cornstalks and cobs, beans, gourds, nuts, reeds, arrows, bow-strings, coarse cloth, a child's sandal, a measuring stick with notches, small sticks used for some game, bone needles, a fish-line, soapweed needles, broken pottery, etc. We came away heavily laden.

We had agreed to go to the bottom of the canon and find a place to stay all night. I went down ahead of my two companions, they going round a rocky point to see some other ruins. Then they went down at another place and I found I was separated from them by a dark pool of water that filled the bottom of the canon from wall to wall, and also that I was out of their sight and hearing. I was provoked because they did not descend at the point agreed on, and I resolved to stay right where I was, for I was too tired to climb and descend that canon wall again. Then I remembered the other men had the lunch, what little there was. I was hungry as well as tired and I began to waver in my purpose to stay alone. Then I wondered if I could get through that pool of water. I could not swim, but perhaps I could wade it. I tied all my relics in a bundle on my back, I took off my shoes and stockings, rolled

up my pants and cautiously waded in. The water was not over my head and I got through all right.

That night we slept on a narrow bed of sand which we spread over the rough stones on a narrow ledge about three feet wide. One old shawl covered all three of us. When one wanted to turn over he had to give the others notice and persuade them to join in the movement. We did not turn over very often.

Close under the beetling cliff, with a pool of water to our left, and the dying embers of our camp fire behind us, miles from any human habitation, we lay down and commended ourselves to Him whose angel encampeth round about them that fear Him. We thought of the time, centuries ago, when those wild cliffs echoed with the cries and laughter, the songs and war-whoops, of that mysterious race. Out of the depths of that narrow gorge we looked up at the silent stars as they slowly moved across the top of the canon; the same stars upon which the Indians once looked from the same depths.

The cars seemed a great luxury when we reached them the next day. When our train stopped for dinner a man came from his dinner into an adjoining car and carelessly kicked his satchel to one side. His loaded revolver in the satchel went off and killed him. A man in front of me and another across the aisle concluded to take their loaded revolvers out of their satchels. We felt we were safer in all that trip, and in all our trips, without revolvers than with them. We were in more danger from revolvers in satchels than in men's hands.

We reached Denver Saturday night, after a journey of 2000 miles, after a long delay from a washout, and without undressing from Monday morning until Saturday night. And

that week on the cars and in the canons, down in the orient of America, remains a red letter week in my memory.

After the Santa Fe railroad built a branch road from Williams to the brink of the Grand Canon, sixty-four miles, I went again. After the first impressive view near the El Tovar Hotel, where it is thirteen miles across to the opposite rim, and 4500 feet in depth to the river, I started down the Bright Angel Trail. I saw the green Indian Gardens far below and thought I could go down to them and return in two or three hours. I had got the impression that the descent was 1300 feet. I really went beyond the gardens, to the plateau, over four miles, with a descent of more than 3000 feet. The round trip took me five hours. Coming out was very hard on me, for I was then bearing the burden of gray hairs. It was the hardest tramp since climbing Pike's Peak in 1896, sixteen years before. When I got out I was "all in." That night I saw the sun as it set and lighted up the rocks, domes and temples, bringing out colors and forms in a wonderful way. The week before I had visited Yosemite, but with that marvelous valley fresh in mind I could still say that the Grand Canon was America's peerless sight, the greatest gorge in the earth's side, and, next to the starry skies, the most awe-inspiring thing that our eyes can behold.

Yellowstone Canon. In other chapters I write about Yellowstone Park and Yellowstone Falls. A few words here about the Yellowstone Canon. Aside from the geysers the chief attractions are the falls and the canon. At the lower falls the canon is 800 feet deep and it is twenty miles long. In the deepest part it is 1200 feet deep. The average depth is about 1000 feet. The river has cut its way through rhyolite, or lava rock. The walls are not perpendicular but slope from

45° to 75°. The river falls 1304 feet in twenty-four miles, or 500 feet in the mile that includes the two falls and the rapids between.

The walls are of many colors, gray, red, green, yellow and brown. The best effect, as in the springs also, is when the sun is shining. At times the effect is very beautiful. Going some distance down the top of the canon wall we descended part way to the bottom, and some of our party went clear down to the river. At one place we could drop a stone which took from five to seven seconds to reach the bottom. The view looking up the canon with the lower falls at its head, was very fine. Looking down to the river we saw a young deer that had gone down there after water.

Looking down upon the top of some steep pinnacles of rock we saw a big eagle's nest on their inaccessable top. The nest was about six feet across. The young eagles were being urged and taught to fly. We could see the fish that the old eagles brought them, having obtained them by diving into the river after sighting them from the air above. There was no scrambling for the fish by the eaglets, but a respectful holding back until it was signified in some way that they could help themselves.

Talmadge, a former famous Brooklyn preacher, visited the canon and wrote a very exaggerated description of it that was widely used in advertising the canon and park. He certainly exercised an exuberant imagination when he imagined the Judgment Day as being held in that canon, which at a fair estimate would be much crowded if one half of the people of the United States were in it. Even for that number it would be an exceedingly uncomfortable place for such an assize as that day is commonly supposed to be.

The lady in charge of our camp wanted me to say that the canon was the grandest thing I had ever seen. I told her that it was indeed a very fine canon, but that I had been in The Grand Canon of the Colorado, which was fifteen or twenty times as long and in places five times as deep, and that I could not tell a lie.

CHAPTER X

MOUNTAIN PASSES

MOUNTAINS are exceedingly irregular in height, slope and contour. They are sometimes regularly irregular. Except in the case of some Grand Mesa mountains they do not have an even, unbroken sky line. From some points near the mountains the sun rises, or sets, a half hour earlier, or later, than at other points, according as it rises or sets over a summit or over a pass. The low depressions, or passes, determine the trail by which wild beasts cross the range, then the Indians, then the explorer and the prospector, and finally the wagon road, the railroad, and even the air-ship. The clouds, the air currents and the storms often cross in the same low depression.

John Muir says that in the Sierra Mountains between latitude 36° 20′ and 38° the lowest passes are at about 9000 feet, while the average height of all that are in use is about 11,000 feet. Not one is a carriage pass. He states that "between the Sonora Pass and the southern extremity of the High Sierra, a distance of nearly 160 miles, there are only five passes through which trails conduct from one side of the range to the other," and that practically only three are used.

Marshall Pass. A book might be written about the mountain passes in Colorado, about their trails, wagon roads and railroads, their scenery, flora and fauna. Let us begin with Marshall Pass, which crosses the Continental Divide south of

Mount Ouray, connecting the southern Arkansas Valley with the Gunnison valley and region. Its altitude is 10,846 feet. I first crossed the pass in 1880 in a stage. From Salida to the top of the pass is about twenty miles, rising 3800 feet. Of course the stage moved slowly and horses were changed every few miles. Going down on the other side I had my first experience in riding down a winding mountain road with six horses running at full speed. The curves were sharp and the descent rapid, but the road-bed was good, and there was nothing to do but resign oneself to a strong brake, a skillful driver and a good Providence, and then lean back and enjoy it. At the first halt on the other side the tires of the rear wheels were hissing hot, so closely was the brake applied.

Our stage was nearly two hours ahead of its usual time, as we had met or passed fewer freight teams than usual. About fourteen miles from Gunnison, at a place where the bushes by the roadside were very thick, five highwaymen, or "road agents," were lying in wait for our stage *after it had passed.* They had to content themselves with taking $105 from a solitary horseman. We learned later that two of our fellow passengers were carrying much money to invest in mines.

The first time that I crossed Marshall Pass by rail was in the winter. In the valley the ground was bare but long before we reached the summit we were in the snow. The mountains were dazzlingly white, relieved only by the great forests of dark evergreens. It was practically a landscape of black and white. Across the great valley, leagues and leagues to the southeast, rose the sharp serrated line of the Sangre-de-Christo Mountains. Our eyes followed it far to the south, where it formed the eastern wall of San Luis Park. In crossing Marshall Pass, if one wishes the best views he should have a seat on the left hand side of the car in ascending,

whether going east or west, and on the right hand side in descending.

After riding several miles we look down several hundred feet upon the track that we came over a half hour before. In one place the track runs around a large hill. A few more rails would complete the circuit, but it is rising all the time. Going down the west side the engine that helped pull our train up goes on ahead. At one place we can see it, or at night its headlight, coming directly towards us while it is speeding ahead on the same track.

The next two times I crossed the pass in midsummer. The distant mountain views were perhaps no finer than in winter, but the near views of grassy slopes and timbered hills, of deep valleys and fringed precipices, of wondrous beds of wild flowers and sylvan retreats, cool with the spray of crystal waters — these were beautiful beyond anything seen in winter.

My fifth crossing was late in September, and — well it was simply glorious! The winter view is grand; the summer view is charming, but the autumn view is inspiring. It fills ones soul. It gives one a new sense of beauty; of beauty on a large free scale, of beauty and grandeur combined.

The dark far-stretching forests are still there, as in summer and winter, as unchanged apparently as the gray rocks out of which many of them grow. But now they are brought into contrast, not with white or green, but with the brilliant yellow and red autumn foliage of the quaking aspens and the scrub-oak. Yellow and red may not be our favorite colors, but when they occur in all shades and tints, and are scattered in single trees and large groves through the evergreen forests, and when one can look down and out and up upon miles and miles of such contrasts, they are beautiful. The combination certainly is. One can partly close his eyes and imagine that in

innumerable places the woods are on fire. The smokeless flames are leaping skyward; the trees are burning but are not consumed, and one feels that God is speaking to him out of myriads of burning bushes.

Alpine Pass. This pass is between Mount Princeton and Mount Antero of the continental range, and is 11,626 feet high. Our train entered Chalk Creek Canon at daybreak and followed it for many miles. It is so straight that it seems like a telescope looking through the mountains, or like a vast tunnel with the roof removed. We pass Alpine, once a booming mining camp, but prosperity seems to have deserted it. We pass a hamlet of fourteen log houses, all of them empty. The countless tin cans that cover the ground in every direction are proof that human beings once lived there. We pass Hancock, a desolate town on the mountain side where it would seem that women could easily die of homesickness.

Further on, there were once some strong snowsheds over the track. Where are they now? Look down the mountain side and you can see their splintered remains scattered far below. One day some "beautiful snow" came sliding down the mountain and those snowsheds were in its way. They got on to ride and were changed into kindling wood.

Now we are above timber line and stone cabins take the place of log cabins. It is late summer but we feel the chill of last winter from the drifts of old snow around us, and the chill of the coming winter in the snow that falls even while the sun is shining. In front of us rises the lofty crest of the Continental divide. There is a low-high spot called a pass, 11,626 feet high. Can our engine scale it? It could but it need not, for a tunnel 1700 feet long pierces the mountain. When we emerge from it we are on the Pacific slope. A thousand feet below is the valley where our track runs, and, at our left

is a dizzy precipice. On a road blasted along that precipice our train runs at good speed, curving in and out, great rocks above and rocky chasms below. If our train should leave the track there would be silence for a few seconds, and then — ? But there is not much danger. Railroading over these mountains is safer by far than staging. We pass a side valley by making a long detour around it, and then another, and another. We look out over a far-reaching forest, a rolling sea of dark green whose waves roll mountain high.

We leave the train at Pitkin. A few years before it held three or four thousand people. The streets were crowded and every house was full; many lived in tents; the hills swarmed with prospectors; rich strikes were reported daily; mills and smelters were erected; large fortunes were put into the ground; everything was booming. But things did not "pan out" well. The fickle crowd moved on to Aspen, a newer camp over the mountains. Now Pitkin has but a small population. Such is the history of many a mining camp in the Rocky Mountains.

Crossing a High Range. I was in the San Juan Mountains, taking the famous "Round the Circle" trip. I wanted to reach Telluride to see the finest waterfall in Colorado, as related in chapter six. By stage it was forty-five miles from the railroad then, but right over the range by trail it was about seven miles.

I left Summit, 11,500 feet, at three p. m. on foot and alone. I soon lost the trail but quickly regained it and before long I was above timber line. Far up on the mountain and near the top, as I supposed, I could see the trail. Some two miles ahead and in the trail I could see outlined against the sky what I took to be a man. I wondered why he remained so long at that one point.

I heard thunder but pressed on. The storm drew nearer; it was just over the crest. There was no rock large enough to hid under, so I hid in an ice cave under a huge drift of old snow, or ice. The melting water had formed an arch under the drift some forty feet by ten and about four feet high in the center. The roof of the arch was beautifully carved, while from many points, tiny streams of water fell on the rocks beneath. The thunder rolled heavily and cracked sharply around me; the rain fell in torrents; the hail rattled on my icy roof and on the rocks, while fresh snow whitened some of the neighboring peaks.

In half an hour I passed on, at first over sharp rocks, and then, on either side of the trail, up and down the mountain side, I saw such wondrous beds of flowers as I thought I had never seen before. There were acres of dense masses of color, one huge billowy bouquet of red, white, blue, yellow, purple and green, great scarlet bunches of "Indian paint brush," huge clusters of columbine with the largest flowers I had ever seen, wild geraniums, blue gentian, sunflowers, larkspurs, and many kinds whose names I did not know. I had seen many such floral displays on Alpine heights, but never a finer one, and I went into raptures over it. How I wished that all my friends who love flowers, and I want no others, could share my joy.

I turned a curve and on beyond sat a bear, on his haunches. It was what at a distance I had supposed was a man. He, or it, seemed to be waiting for me. At a safe distance we faced each other about ten minutes. I knew my thoughts, and I would have given a penny for his. I was unarmed, except with my little book of promises, one of which was: "He shall make the beasts of the field to be at peace with thee." I concluded to return to the railroad and lay the

failure of my trip to the thunder storm, and I actually started back. Then I turned and went a few rods towards the bear; then I paused and meditated. He came a little way toward me. Then, to my great relief, he left the trail, went down through the flowers and behind some rocks, and I passed on triumphantly. Had I not stared him out of countenance?

I was now looking down upon the famous Red Mountain, or Mountains, for there are several of them. They were just across the valley out of which I had come. Their stony slopes were all of a most brilliant red, a result of some chemical change in rocks that were once white. As I looked down upon those fiery flaming mountains which no painter's brush could exaggerate, and off to the sharp peaks and ranges beyond, rising tier above tier until the most distant ones seemed to support the horizon, my soul was filled to overflowing with the joy of magnificent mountain scenery. Just then I met a train of burros and my soul overflowed to their wearily plodding driver.

"That view" I exclaimed with a wave of my hand, "is the finest in the Rocky Mountains."

"Ugh?" said he, "what do you mean?"

"Oh," said I, "how far is it to Telluride?" for I perceived that he had no relish for scenery.

"'Bout twelve miles," was his answer.

I went on a few rods and asked another burro driver. "Oh, I reckon it is six miles." Another thought it was four, and another nine miles. Before I reached Telluride I concluded they were all right, and one might call it any number of miles he pleased, for miles utterly failed to express the distance.

When I thought I had reached the summit a long upward line of trail stretched out before me. Below me, among grassy slopes and limitless beds of flowers, I saw many beautiful little

lakes. At one point I counted seven. Further on I passed two small icy-cold lakes nestling close together. Their little waves seemed to dash against nothing but rocks and huge snowdrifts, yet flowers were blooming even on their borders. With merry ripples the little crystal stream flowed from one lake to the other, and then down over the rocks on its long journey through flowery fields, Alpine valleys, dark forests, lonely glens and deep canons; then through cactus plains and clayey deserts to the far-off mysterious Grand Canon of the Colorado River, and then to the great Pacific. Again I thought I was near the summit, and again I saw the trail stretching far above and reaching the real summit through an immense drift. Ophir Pass 13,500 feet high, is one of the highest in Colorado.

And what a view that was! How can my pen describe it? Such interminable ranges! The Quartzite Group, the Needles, San Miguel Mountains, Uncompaghre Mountains, Bear River Mountains, LaPlata Mountains — all were in sight. Such gorges, such sheer walls of rock, such sharp and ragged peaks, such gigantic castles and embattled cliffs, such a mingling of the sublime and the beautiful, such profound depths beneath and such long drawn out distances to the farthest peaks, such color of rock and sky, snow and water, forests and flowers!

I met about 150 burros patiently plodding along with their heavy loads of 200 pounds each. Surely they must have wire nerves and steel muscles to cross that range twice a day, carrying coal one way and ore the other. Since the railroad was built to Telluride they have ceased that work and that is now a lonely trail.

I look down now into a deep valley which my eye follows far out to the plains of south-western Colorado. That serpentine stream sparkling in the sun is the San Miguel

River and I must let myself down a mile in depth to reach it and Telluride. Down I go over fields of rock, along the edge of the steep precipices, down to Savage River with its great walls of rock and snow, where avalanches thunder through winter days, down into the timber again, and through more wondrous beds and fields of flowers, past famous mines and prospect holes, down along, or in sight of different streams, that pour down from great drifts in rock-walled basins and unite to form a larger stream, that goes thundering over countless cascades, one long tremendous drift of white, down and down I go over the zigzag of an endless W trail, down through four thousand feet of eruptive rock, and through hundreds of feet of pudding stone and stratified rock. When I reach the valley I am 8600 feet above sea level. See chapter six for a description of the waterfall that I found in that valley.

A Stage Ride over a Pass. We left Leadville at 6 a. m. on an old-fashioned Concord coach drawn by four horses, bound for Aspen, sixty miles away, over the great backbone of the continent, over that snow-capped rocky wall in the west that rises a mile into the air above a valley which itself is nearly two miles above tide level.

There are eleven passengers and the coach is top-heavy with baggage, mail and express matter.

"You will need to drive carefully," whispered the agent to the driver. "I should think so," was the reply. I sat by the driver and my first question was: "How long have you been on the road?"

"Oh," said he. "I'm only a green hand taking the place of a lame-armed driver."

This was not reassuring. A few miles down the valley I could see the spot where the much lamented home missionary superintendent, Rev. J. W. Pickett, was instantly killed six

years before by the overturning of a coach. I was now doing his work and had the seat on the coach that he had when he was killed.

Eighteen miles and we are at Twin Lakes, where in 1877, before the railroads had penetrated the mountains, a dozen of us had spent a delightful week. We had then wondered what there was up and beyond those great mountains, in that vast and largely unexplored and unsettled region that stretched on hundreds of miles to and into Utah. Now we are to see. We change horses, stage, and driver and begin the long half day's climb.

Past the Lake Creek Falls, Twin Peaks and Mount Elbert, past great bare domes of rock, past an occasional cluster of log cabins with accommodations for man and mule, past crystal streams that flow in from wild gorges, or leap over rocky walls in white cascades, past, sometimes in almost impassable places, the slowly moving double freight wagons drawn by from four to eight mules, along the roaring stream that gradually grows smaller, over corduroy roads that span, now a marshy spot and now a great ledge of rock, through beautiful forests of evergreens and through desolate stretches of dead and fallen timber, on and on, up and up we go.

The thunder rolls its deep base below us. The air grows cooler and we put on our overcoats. We come to snow and see the creek flowing from under a great snowdrift. We enter an immense amphitheatre up whose steep walls stretch great beds of snow. We must in some way climb those walls. The road winds back and forth. We walk now while the stage with six horses comes slowly behind with frequent stops. We are near timber line, yet we find trees of immense size. Now we are above timber line, and now at the summit of Independence Pass, 12,540 feet high, one of the highest on the continent.

Great drifts of snow are around us. Where the ground is bare, it is full of ice-water, but is white with beautiful flowers that bloom where the snow lay thick a week before, perhaps the day before. Sometimes those flowers actually grow through the old snow at the thin edge of drifts. Close by us is a cabin in whose front yard lies, on July 14, a huge snowdrift. The owner was once offered $40,000 for the prospect hole in his back yard. He could get nothing now.

On this pass the snow was so deep in winter that a man could step over the telegraph wire. When it began to melt the going was simply awful. But, with occasional blockades during some great storm, the freight teams and stages kept crossing, for on beyond was a great booming camp whose supplies must all go over that pass. The dead mules and horses the broken wagons and sleds, that line the road, show at what cost the traffic was carried on. The little burros, or "Rocky Mountain elevators," carry out heavy loads of ore and bring in groceries and other supplies. They used to do that, but now that pass is little used since a railroad was built to those camps over the range, by a longer but easier route.

At the summit we re-enter the stage, but in a few minutes we regret it, for a sharp curve brings us to the edge of a precipice where we look down 500 feet and see the road below us. A freight wagon just ahead comes to a stop. "Draw up close to the bank," shouts our driver, "and I think I can pass you on the outside." He does it, while the passengers tremble and one of them at least is ready to spring out if the stage goes over. The outer wheels crumble the dirt over the edge, but we pass in safety, and now the six horses go galloping down the winding road. Below us we see the dead mules and splintered wagon that went over that precipice a few weeks before. The wagon was loaded with glass. The lady passenger looks very

steadily at the bank on the inside of the road. The flowers are more beautiful on that side! We all breathe more freely when we reach the valley floor.

We drive through the deserted streets of Independence. Three years before it was filled with a surging tide of gold-seekers. Now only two or three buildings are occupied, and they by saloons. One man held the fort all alone one winter, and held all the town offices also.

Now on the Pacific slope we plunge down into wild gorges. The Roaring Fork becomes rapidly a larger stream. The canon walls close in upon us. Great rocks, as large as houses, line the roadside, or seem ready to fall from overhanging mountains. The mountains pierce the sky. Foaming streams leap from mountain tops and pierce the valley. Is that a snow-drift or a white cascade far up in that forest? It may be either. Truly we are in heart of the Rockies. How wild, how grand, how beautiful, how wonderful it all is!

In less than twenty miles we descend nearly 5000 feet, and probably three-fourths of that in ten miles. As we go lower the vegetation increases. One can reach out from the stage and pluck beautiful wild roses. Little garden patches begin to appear. The stream is a river now, but it is less like a wild beast and it takes an occasional rest by gliding quietly between grassy banks.

At seven o'clock, covered with dust, we reach Aspen. The town is beautifully located on a level plain two miles long and a mile wide, nearly surrounded by steep mountains. By day and by night can be heard the roar of a large stream that comes dashing down from a mountain just opposite the town.

A few years before Rev. E. A. Paddock, then of Leadville, made the sixty mile trip from Leadville to Aspen on foot in

one day, and made it twelve times, started a church, and put up a building, largely with his own hands and credit.

A day and two evenings of home missionary work and I started back. A rain has settled the dust and at first the ride is delightful. The stage carries two swine, a dead one strapped on behind, and a live one that sits inside and puffs smoke in our faces. When told that a man may have a right to smoke but he has no right to make others smoke or be smoked, he grunts and exchanges his pipe for a cigar.

We reach the summit and go swiftly down the rough road on the Atlantic side. Two ministers sit on the back seat. Suddenly the front wheels drop a foot or more, because of the absence of a log in the corduroy road, and the ministers very promptly rise to their feet. The wheels are quickly jerked up and the ministers resume their seat, very promptly and solidly. Up they rise again in unison and sit down amid laughter. Up again and down again. The driver laughs quietly and drives faster.

"It seems to me," said one of the ministers, "that this (up again) is a (down) regular Episcopal service."

"How do the stage wheels stand such rough usage?" said one.

"I don't know," was the reply, "but I think that *we* have been *standing* a good deal."

"Well," said minister number one, "I never supposed that I could become so theatrical and cut up such antics on the stage." These things may not sound funny to my readers, but they were very funny to our passengers. Did you ever notice how a carload or stage load of people, when in just the right mood, will burst into roars of laughter at little witticisms that would pass unnoticed at other times? We laugh until we

cry as we go bouncing and bumping over stones and logs down that steep mountain road.

After dinner it begins to rain. We are in an open stage with no umbrellas. Overcoats are soon wet through. It rains for hours. We have all stopped laughing. The thunder reverberates grandly among the mountains. Above timber line fresh snow is falling. The mountains around Leadville are white with snow.

As we pass Twin Lakes a rainbow of great beauty rests, one end on the upper Lake and one on the forest, the facsimile of the one which, eight years before, had so delighted our camping party at that same spot one Sunday night.

When we reach the railroad at Granite I am so chilled through that I can hardly walk straight. I board the train at dark and sit close to the hot stove until it scorches me. The rain beats against the windows, but what care I? I curl up in the seat and sleep as the train speeds down the Arkansas, through the Royal Gorge, past Canon City, Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Palmer Lake to Denver.

Absent from home four days, a day and a night on the cars for 410 miles, two days on the stage for 120 miles, three times across the Continental Divide and back, ranging up and down from 5000 feet to 12,540 feet — this trip was one incident in a home-missionary superintendent's life in Colorado in the eighties of last century.

CHAPTER XI

MOUNTAIN FORESTS AND FLOWERS

FROM a safe road or trail I have looked into the forests of Southern California, of Florida and of Alaska, and I have not been tempted to examine them more closely. In fact they are often impenetrable, or nearly so. If one gets off the trail he finds himself, according to location, in a dense jungle of logs, rocks, vines, thorny bushes, chapparal, trees, morasses, pools, swamps and swails, and is liable to meet venomous snakes, alligators, and bears.

John Muir, intrepid explorer of forests, tells of his experiences in Florida swamps, and of exploring the chapparal of Southern California by walking or crawling through the tunnel-like paths frequented by wild beasts and rattlesnakes, and of finding one of the latter between his feet.

Most people do not care for such forests. I do not myself, except to look at them from a distance. Scientific enthusiasm for birds or snakes, for bears or alligators, or for rare vegeable forms, may properly send a scientist into such forests, and John Muir was a scientific botanist and glaciologist, as well as nature lover. But most of us who are nature lovers do not care for climbing peaks that are extra-hazardous, or for threading jungles or wading swamps.

The forests that I delight in, those that grow on *my* mountains, are not of that order, nor, I imagine, were the forests of the central Sierras, where Muir spent so many happy summers. They are of an open nature, largely clean of under-

brush and of fallen timber, free of swamps and swails and dangerous sink-holes. They abound in flowery glades and grassy parks and in good camping places. One can ride through them to and fro on horseback. Their aspect is inviting so that one is drawn on and on, up and down hill and through charming valleys. The trees do not monopolize all the space. They are scattered about more like the maple sugar bushes of our eastern homes. There are rocks, of course, steep precipices, great boulders, occasional thickets that one may not care to enter, dry spots, wet spots, burnt-over spots, barren spots, but take them as a whole, they are explorable; their beauties are get-atable and enjoyable.

Take for example the mountains and forests in the Pike's Peak region. I mention them because so many have seen them. Like them are those in the Estes Park region and other park regions of Colorado.

I am not a tree expert but I greatly admire the graceful, symmetrical conifers as I look down upon them from heights above them. And I also admire the view from some lofty height, of vast stretches of evergreen forests, as they stretch out for miles and miles over hills and valleys, like an irregular ocean of green waves.

In climbing some high mountain or crossing some high pass it is interesting to note the changing colors of trees and shrubbery, growing less green the higher one goes up, in May or June, and, among the aspens especially growing more yellow or orange or red as the frosts, night by night, creep slowly down the mountain side or valley. One can sometimes pick wild strawberries and then climb up a few thousand feet and find strawberries just in blossom.

The conifers grow in all imaginable places. Wherever one goes in Colorado he is surprised to see trees growing out of

the great rocks with no sign of any soil around them. The roots strike down into rock crevices and probably reach moisture somewhere. On that moisture and on the decomposing granite, and on the sunlight and air, and perhaps also on the scenery, they thrive and grow. But if one undertakes to transplant them, taking them out of their environment and putting them in good soil and carefully tending them, they are almost sure to die.

The subject of trees reminds me of the Petrified Forests in Arizona. I stopped over twenty-four hours at Adamana on the Santa Fe road in Arizona to see them. There are several of the forests. The two that I visited cover about 3000 acres. They are in a desert region. Some of the trees are from one to two hundred feet in length and up to five or six feet in diameter. They are all prostrate, some only partially exposed from the soil. They are nearly all broken into sections, and many are broken into smaller pieces of all sizes. They are all quartz, which replaced the woody fiber, and the colorings are wonderful, red, white, yellow, green, gray, etc. According to color chiefly they are called chalcedony, jasper, carnelian, onyx, sardonyx, agate, etc. Large sections of the ground are actually covered with millions of beautiful specimens. One can shut his eyes and reach out and not fail of picking up specimens worth keeping. Each visitor is allowed to take eight pounds. They did not weigh what I took but guessed at it. One large unbroken log stretches across a gully as a bridge. Its ends are buried in the bank on either side.

John Muir wrote me in 1912 that he spent a year in the petrified forests around Adamana and made many notes, but had not as yet found time to write anything about them for publication. He was then trying to write out his notes on South America and Africa, where he said he had had a

"glorious time." Would that we might have had those two more books from his facile pen!

Flowers. On lofty mountains, above timber line, up where the trees cannot grow, up near and among the great fields of snow, I have seen myriads of tiny little flowers. They were very small but there were so many of them that they made the ground look blue, or white, or red ("red, white and blue"). They were God's little things of beauty, growing and blossoming up there in the midst of his great and awful mountains. And I have often noticed how, in the wildest and ruggedest and grandest places in the mountains, we find the little flowers that cause thoughts of beauty, gentleness, and humility to spring up in our minds alongside our thoughts of grandeur, sublimity and overwhelming power.

In the San Juan Mountains I have seen acres and acres of flowers, so abundant they seem like great fields and floods of color pouring through the valleys and sweeping up the mountain slopes, while above them rose the gigantic precipices, seamed and ragged and awful in their grandeur. The towering cliffs that had stood there for ages frowned gloomily down upon the sweet and innocent flowers of a day, but the flowers looked up at the cliffs and smiled. And when the cliffs hurled a rock, or a shower of rocks, down to crush the flowers, the flowers only exhaled sweet odors of forgiveness from their crushed petals.

Above timber line on Mount Lincoln I have trod on dense masses of color. Do you ask why I trod on the beautiful flowers, an act for which I would be arrested if I did it in a city park? It was because I could not step without stepping on flowers, for they were all about me. No sign forbade my picking them or told me to keep off the grass. I imagined that the flowers just wanted to be picked by some human hand

and be admired by human eyes, yea, even to be pressed by the sole of a human foot, so rare a thing was it for them to see a human being. Nature had spread there a beautiful carpet of rarest texture and wonderful color in honor of those who took the pains to climb to those lofty domes of her earthly temples. It was like walking through the reception rooms of a royal palace and being treated as a royal guest. I have faded flowers in my diary for 1878 that I picked within six feet of the ragged summit of that mountain, up where the snow abides the year around, where awful storms rage, and where the lightning frequently strikes, breaking rocks but not harming the flowers. The flowers blossom in the secret places of the Most High; they abide under the shadow of their Almighty Maker.

I have often seen white flowers growing out of the ice-water that came from the melting snow, and out of the ground that was covered with old snow a day or two before, and even pushing their way up through the edge of old snowdrifts. Down under the snow they had been getting ready, their roots quivering with life and vitality, impatient of delay, and just as soon as the snow is gone, or almost gone, in June or July or later, just as soon as they feel the influence of the summer sun, they burst out of the ground and bloom in the midst of snow and ice. Out of the very snow their pure white blossoms look up and confess the sunshine and rejoice in it.

And it is astonishing what a variety of flowers we find in the mountains, flowers which perhaps one has never seen or heard of before. I took an early Sunday morning walk for worship in Glen Park before most of the campers were up. I picked wild flowers and returned from my half mile walk down the valley with a bouquet of nearly sixty varieties of flowers.

Some kinds are rare; other kinds bloom in untold mil-

lions. Among the scattered trees on a hillside in the Elk Mountains I found vast numbers of the columbine, Colorado's glorious state flower. My wife and I picked huge armfuls, but seemingly made no impression on that columbine flower bed. If they had been near a tourist resort we would have been satisfied with small bouquets. There were once vast numbers around Manitou but they have become almost extinct there through ruthless picking of them.

Millions of beautiful flowers grow and bloom in out of the way places where human eyes never see them. The poet says that "they are born to blush unseen and waste their fragrance on the desert air." But I do not agree with the poet. They are not unseen. Their Maker sees them, and I believe He enjoys the beauty He creates. The birds see them, and who knows but that the birds enjoy them, and perhaps their songs of gladness are all the sweeter, as ours should be because of the flowers they see and whose odors they inhale. The sweetness of the flowers is not wasted on the desert air. The bees gather much of it and bring it to us. Honey is the condensed sweetness of myriads of flowers. And if a million flowers that bloom on the mountain side, or on the prairie, add only a little to the fresh fragrance of the mountain air, or the prairie zephyr, as it enters the window of the sick chamber and cools the fevered brow of the invalid, then their sweetness is not wasted.

If a million flowers blooming in some mountain valley, give a moment's delight to some passing traveler, as they often have to me, as he catches sight of them from the car window, then their beauty is not wasted.

And if a little child, straying into some lovely spot, finds a bed of wild flowers and explains: "Oh, how pretty; aren't they

lovely!'' and then picks a bunch of them to take to his mother as a token of love, then those flowers have not bloomed in vain.

The fields with brilliant flowers are bright,
Of every hue and shade;
Interpret they the sun's white light,
And then they meekly fade,
And others haste to take their place,
A long and bright procession;
Up towards the sun they turn their face,
And that is their confession.

CHAPTER XII

CAVES, MINES AND TUNNELS

WHEN we speak of going into the mountains we generally mean going into their valleys, or going in among the mountains. We do not often have on our program the actual going inside of a mountain. When we do, we use either a passage made by man or one made by nature, a tunnel or mine or cave.

Caves. When I was a boy in northern New York I went alone one day and explored a cave about a mile from my father's house. It was where a good-sized creek ran into the rocks and under a big hill and came out on the other side. It was a small cave but it gave me a taste for exploring caves that led to the discovery of a fine cave near a great tourist resort in Colorado. One of the present owners told me that 50,000 people each year pay a dollar each to be shown through that cave. It happened in this way.*

From 1876 to 1881 I was pastor of a church at Colorado Springs. The great mountains were so near, they often seemed, seen sideways, like a great cloud in the west. Pike's Peak rose a mile and a half above us and nearly three miles above the sea. Among the foothills were wonderful canons, waterfalls, parks and crystal beds. In plain sight, though several miles away, were the towering red rocks of the Garden of the Gods. A few miles north were the wierd and fantastic rocks of Monument Park.

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*See chapter IX of **Crystals and Gold.**

TEMPLE OF ISIS, WILLIAMS CANON, COLORADO

I occasionally took my Sundayschool boys, and sometimes the girls, on holiday trips among the rocks and hills. Finally I organized the boys into an exploring society, whose object was to camp out, explore the mountains, and collect specimens. Our first trip after the society was organized was a great success.

It was five miles to Manitou, the great summer resort of Colorado. Close to Manitou is Williams Canon, which a small stream has cut hundreds of feet in depth through the limestone rock. Near the Narrows was a large fissure in the rock, called a cave. I had been in it with a friend and I took the boys, after they were organized, to visit it and to explore Williams Canon. My buggy was full of boys, while some walked the five miles and some went horseback.

I left my horse and buggy at the mouth of the canon and then we all walked up to the Narrows. There we found a half drunken man who demanded fifty cents each for seeing the cave or fissure. I think he had no right to do so, but I said to him: "That is too much. Can you not let the boys in at half price?" "No," he replied, "you must each one pay fifty cents or you cannot go in." I had not expected any charge at all, so I turned to the boys and said: "Boys, we will go on up the canon and discover our own cave," and we did, discovering the finest cave in Colorado, the other man's business being spoiled as one result.

The boys were full of the spirit of exploring, and as we passed slowly up the canon I occasionally sent a squad of two or three boys, under the command of one of the officers of the society, to explore some opening that could be seen from below. Of course those openings had been often examined and we found no cave by means of them, though one of them opened back quite a distance into the rock. Finally John and George

Pickett climbed up into a very steep gorge that opened up into and through the canon wall, and that was covered by a natural stone bridge, which was the top and edge of the canon wall. They called back to us that they had found a hole in the rock. The rest of us climbed to the spot. It was a very difficult place to reach, which explains why nobody had found the cave before. We could look down through the sort of sloping tunnel into the depths of the canon.

As soon as I reached the spot I felt a current of air coming out of the hole which the boys had found, and that convinced me that there must be large cavities inside. There was an opening just large enough for us to crawl through on our hands and knees. Lighting our candles I led the way and the boys followed in single file. I was thus the first person to enter the cave and the boys and I mutually shared the honor of its discovery.

As I proceeded, I looked carefully for the tracks of wild beasts, but I found none, and I never found any evidence that the cave had ever been inhabited by any animals except rats and bats.

We soon came to a large room with beautiful grottoes around it that were shut off by stony curtains, through whose thin folds of stalactitic rock the light of our candles was easily seen. Fine stalactites were hanging from the roof. Beyond that room was a larger one with many stalactites, and further on was a still larger room that was nearly fifty feet high. On one side of it there was what seemed to be the cascade of a river that had suddenly frozen. It was a mass of stalactite rock that had been slowly deposited there from the dripping water. Barely visible in the gloomy vault above was a huge stalactite several feet in length. At the right was another room, about fifty feet long, that led to the edge of a deep well.

These rooms were but the ante-chambers of a great many others, some eighty in all, most of which were discovered later by other persons. Many of them were covered above by stalactites, below by stalagmites, and on their sides by the curiously twisted helictites. Some rooms were covered with a frost-work of aragonite that sparkled like myriads of glittering diamonds.

With grateful hearts to the Maker of all things for the privilege of discovering what He had been so many ages in making, I gathered the boys around me and asked them to keep our discovery a secret for a few days, which they faithfully did. Then we crawled out and clambered to the bottom of the canon, well laden with specimens. I felt much relieved when I got that crowd of boys, eight in all, safely down out of that dangerous gorge and out from under its overhanging rocks. We ate our lunch in a deserted cabin, and we showed how hungry boys can get in discovering famous caves. Fearing lest the man down the canon should discover our secret, we climbed the canon wall and went out another way.

We named our cave, at my suggestion, Pickett's Cave, after the father of the two boys, who found the opening that led to the cave. He was a consecrated and brave home missionary superintendent, who had been instantly killed a few months before by the overturning of a stage coach while crossing the range near Leadville in a snow storm.

The cave was found to be on private property. The first man who took hold of it lost money. Then other parties bought it, made a new opening and discovered many more rooms, fixed it up thoroughly, changed its name to Cave of the Winds, and for about forty years have reaped a rich financial harvest from it. The boys and myself were permitted to add another to the many attractions of that wonderful region at the foot of Pike's

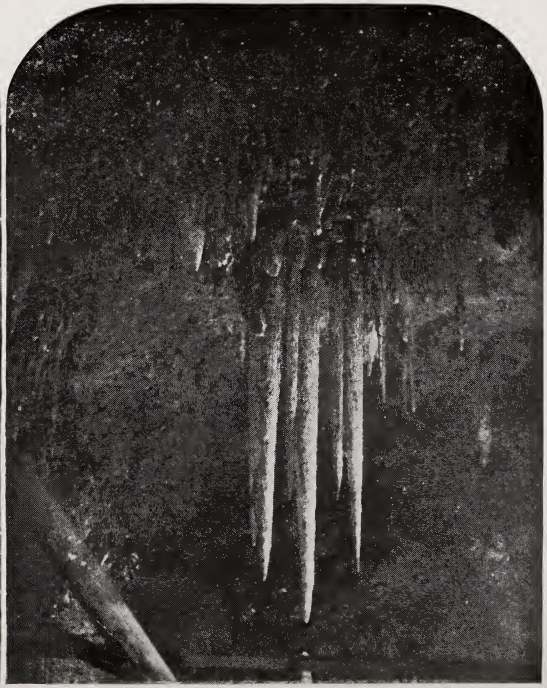
Peak. Neither they nor I ever got any money out of our discovery. We discovered it June twenty-sixth, 1880.

Fourteen years later I went through Wind Cave in the Black Hills, in South Dakota, a very extensive cave, discovered later than ours was. It is a series of huge crevices, in which very few, if any, stalactites are found, but which contains very beautiful lime geodes, box-work, popcorn, and other curious formations.

Mines. As to coal mines, I have had chances to go down into them and explore them, but they do not appeal to me. I know how coal looks and how common rocks look, and I am not curious to gaze on their black gloom in the mine. I am truly sorry for the men who have to spend their days there and who run such great risks to get our coal for us. I read of too many cave-ins, rock falls and fire-damp explosions to begrudge coal-miners high wages and short hours. I am not enough of a geologist to care to study that science in such gloomy and dangerous places. And so I decline with thanks all invitations to go down the shaft.

As to gold and silver mines, they are somewhat different. I have never hunted for them, yet when roaming through the mountains I keep my eyes open for any unusual appearance of the rocks, and I would not object to stumbling upon a good paying mine if I could do so legitimately, and not let it interfere with more important work. Yet I feel very much as Rev. Mr. Pickett did when he was on a missionary trip in the Black Hills and was one day walking from one mining camp to another. He picked up a piece of rock that looked as though it might contain rich ore. He began to speculate in his mind on what he would do if he found a rich mine. Then he suddenly checked himself, straightened up and threw the piece

HELICTITES



STALACTITES

CAVE OF THE WINDS, MANITOU, COLO.

of rock from him as far as he could, saying: "That is not my business."

If I am to find a mine I would prefer to have it as simple and as easy to work as the one my son found when he picked up a fair nugget of gold, or a pebble with pieces of gold in it, in the street of Custer, something that many old prospectors had been unable to find.

Once when walking between two mining camps in the Elk Mountains I found a very rich silver mine, rich while it lasted, the ore running some $25,000 or more to the ton. Being thirsty I stooped over a mountain rivulet to drink and on the bottom of the stream lay two shining silver dollars — my rich silver mine. They had evidently slipped from the pocket of some thirsty traveler who had preceded me.

Yet while I do not care very much for mines, or for common ore that is said to contain gold and silver, I do feel a deep debt of gratitude to the toiling prospectors and miners who have dug and blasted so many prospect holes and deep mines, and who have made so many good trails and roads, and even railroads, that help me in making my way to difficult places. I have often found beautiful crystals and valuable speciments on the dumps of their prospect holes and mines. They were thrown out and thrown away as worthless refuse of no value to them. But I saw value in them as mineral specimens, and sometimes I got money value out of them.

Sometimes, in my imagination, I find a rich gold mine, one that is surprisingly rich, rich from the grass roots, and easily worked. It speedily brings me millions of dollars, or I soon sell out for millions. And then what fun I have in scattering generous checks around among poor relatives, among needy colleges, and to many other good causes, keeping my name secret of course, and thus investing largely in the

bank of the Kingdom. There is lots of fun in it all, and one's imagination is easily worked. But I am of the opinion that there is more fun in the real thing.

As to tunnels, there are many of them on the railroads of Colorado, some long but most of them short. I have been through about all of them, and through Hoosic tunnel in Massachusetts several times, but always on the cars, with car lights lighted and practically nothing to be seen out of the car window but total darkness. I always breathe more freely when our train emerges into the blessed light of day. Near Manitou there are several tunnels. The best use I ever made of them was to sit or stand in the shade at one end on hot days and enjoy the cold breezes that are generally blowing through them.

CHAPTER XIII

SNOW, ICE, AND GLACIERS

MY near acquaintance with the mountains has for the most part been in the summer and autumn months. I can tell at first hand no such stories of snow falls and avalanches as can Enos A. Mills of the Colorado, or John Muir of the California mountains. I have often seen the desolation wrought by an avalanche but I never caught it in the act. I have seen places in the Elk or San Juan Mountains where it was said that the snow had been from thirty to sixty feet deep, but I was never on the spot to measure it. I have seen some quite good-sized evergreens that had been so bent over by the weight of snow that fell on them, their tops bowed to the ground. But before I reached them they had unloaded and were trying to assume an upright position.

Of course I have seen from a distance long mountain ranges covered on their summits and on all their flanks with an unbroken mantle of white, a glorious sight, especially when the sun is shining upon them. And I have seen the huge fields and drifts of snow, sometimes miles in extent, that abide through all the summer months. They look like snowdrifts but some of them are great fields of ice, of glacial ice, remnants perhaps of old glaciers. Riding through the Canadian Rockies I have seen far above me on the mountain side great walls of ice that were slowly crawling down the valley, sometimes pushing out over the edge of a precipice, and ever and anon

hurling a part of itself on the rocks below. And from the steamboat in Alaskan waters I have seen those rivers of ice moving with great deliberation and almost unmeasurable slowness down to the ocean water. I could not perceive their movement but I knew that they were moving, for they are moving all the time. All the glaciers are connected with the mountains, except those that spread out over the plains, the Malaspina glaciers, on which forests sometimes grow. I had read much about glaciers, and had even given a lecture on them. But my opportunity to see one at close range did not come until the summer of 1898, when I was going to Oregon over the Canadian Pacific Railroad, through the Canadian Rockies. I have been to the Pacific coast on nearly all the trans-continental railroads and I unhesitatingly declare that the mountain views on the Canadian Pacific far exceed in beauty and grandeur those of any other railroad. The mountains are of the same sort as those of Glacier Park, rugged, abrupt, precipitous, full of surprises, abounding in lakes, rapids and waterfalls, in towering cliffs, in snow-fields and glaciers.

I stopped off over Sunday and Monday at Glacier, a wild and romantic spot in the Selkirk Mountains. It is an ideal spot for the lover of mountains and of mountain climbing. The altitude is 4122 feet. The Illecillewaet River plunges and roars down the steep valley, white with glacier milk. A tributary stream tumbles in a continuous cascade with a fall of some 1800 feet, down the mountain just across from the hotel. The valley is filled with the roar of mountain torrents. Across the valley to the left are the snow-covered Hermit Mountains. Up the valley to the right is a forest of firs over whose tops gleam the great white ice-fields and huge bulk of the largest glacier in all that region of glaciers. It rises miles

away on the mountain tops. From where it appears in sight on the mountain brow it comes down a steep slope about 2500 feet in descent. Its entire fall is about one mile.

I was at Glacier forty-eight hours and in that time I had one of the richest feasts that my nature-loving soul ever enjoyed. My appetite for such things had been sharpened by a long absence from the mountains, and by the fact that I had been reading much about glaciers, but had never before seen one. So I brought to the royal feast the keenest of keen appetites. Every breath of the mountain air was like the taste of ambrosia. I was in for a glorious good time.

Saturday night I had only time enough to make a preliminary plunge into the woods, to get my local bearings, and to sit on the hotel porch and scan with my eyes and field glass the dark fir forest, the wild crags and sky-piercing peaks, the swift white torrents and the snow white ice-fields. From my bedroom window I looked in the light of the full moon upon ghostly firs, the spectral waterfalls and the cloud-like ice-fields. I was lulled to sleep by the sound of tinkling rills, roaring cascades, and the swishing river.

Before breakfast the next morning I walked through the woods, a mile and a half up the mountain stream, to the foot of the great Illecillewaet Glacier. I worshipped all the way and kept the Sabbath more truly, I thought, than did the tourists who were still asleep at the hotel. I crossed the path of an avalanche which years before had swept away a forest and strewn hundreds of trees over a valley far from the mountain side from whence they came. I passed among the lofty fir trees that were growing where the glacier had once been, and among the huge rocks that it had deposited. I left the firs and passed over a lengthy space where only low bushes had had time to grow since the glacier withdrew. Then I

passed over quite a space where the glacier had been so recently, there was no vegetation, only huge rocks and heaps of stones that the glacier had slowly brought from the mountains above and dropped at that spot.

And then I came to a wall, a huge mass, an upward stretching field, of ice, dingy and dirty without, but beautifully green within, as seen in the crevices and caves. From beneath it flowed a good-sized milky stream, the milky color being caused by the glacial flour, or finely ground rock. Down the sides were gliding rills of pure ice-water. Stones and piles of dirt, embedded in the ice or borne on its surface, were gradually nearing the end of their journey, a journey of a mile perhaps in space, but of very many years in time. What a new birth it must be to the ice, that has been moving perhaps one foot a day, when it turns into water and speeds away in the brook many miles in an hour!

On the under side of the glacier I saw tunnels of different sizes and lengths. They were of the same diameter and shape as the stones I saw at their upper ends. The stones were caught fast in the ground and the glacier had ploughed its way over and around them, or rather it had flowed around them without any breaking of the ice. The glacier observes the same law of motion that water does in flowing, the law of fluids in motion.

On Monday morning, before four o'clock, I was on my way to the glacier again. I studied it for several hours, especially its very well-defined lateral morraine, where I found beautiful Alpine flowers, as well as interesting icy and stony facts.

Towards night on Sunday I walked a half mile to the snow sheds, climbed to their top, walked slowly back and forth on them, and feasted eyes and soul on one of the finest moun-

tain views I ever beheld. To the south and north were snow-covered mountains and glacier-filled valleys. Near the great glacier Sir Donald, a very steep and craggy mountain, a sort of American Matterhorn, rose more than a mile above me. Peaks and ranges were all about me. I was in a great amphitheater of wonders, but straight above me was the blue sky, and in and over all was God, who filled my soul with peace in that glad vesper hour.

In 1896 my son, a high school student, and myself were in the San Juan looking for scenery and wild flowers. At every point where we had stopped on that trip we were just too late for the columbines. But at Red Mountain a miner said he had seen some above timber line on the trail over to Telluride. Very early the next morning we climbed that trail and found a great bed of magnificent columbines and secured an abundance of them for pressing.

As I looked around and got my bearings I decided that that field of flowers was on the exact spot where, seven years before, I had found a great field of snow and ice, where I took refuge from a storm by crawling into an ice cave, and met a bear when I started on. (See chapter X) An unusually warm summer, or a succession of such summers, had melted the ice-field, and straightway from seeds or bulbs buried for years beneath that ice sprang up and bloomed the lovely columbines, great royal clusters of them. And that simple fact, observed far off in those Rocky Mountains, suggested to me a larger fact in the physical history of our world. During the Ice Age a vast sheet of ice, such as now covers Greenland, a mile or more thick in places, crept slowly down from the north. It covered Canada and New England, New York and many states to the west, including the region of the Great Lakes. That huge glacier, or ice sheet, cut, carved, prepared, and made fit for

human habitation our northern states. There came a long succession of warmer years, or centuries rather. The ice retreated; the torrents of melted ice still further prepared the land; animal life came back and vegetation flourished again. Finally man came to claim his promised land — and here we are! I have always greatly admired the following lines:

THE VISION*

By Calvin Dill Wilson

Lo, the earth was a ball of flame; and then,
Said Doubt, It can never be home for men.
When the dark was on the face of the deep,
Said Fear, Life never can burst from sleep.
When vaporous, heavy, and dense was air,
'Twas fair Hope itself that was trembling there.
Ne'er here can be path for a bird's swift wing;
Here never of love will a woman sing;
No, never can life and beauty be
'Midst these tall waves and this tumbling wild sea.
But order and harvests and peace have come;
The grass grows green; and man has found home.
And still men shrink from the end of the scheme,
And say higher hopes are only a dream.
The lesson of chaos, on to this sod,
Is trust,— for the dreamer of dreams is God.

There are some small glaciers and some stubs of glaciers high up in the Colorado mountains, but if I should write about them I would have to tell what others have seen rather than what I have seen myself.

* Used by permission.

CHAPTER XIV

HUNTING, FISHING, AND DIGGING CRYSTALS

THE only use some people have for the mountains is to make of them a hunting ground where they can go and kill, for the mere fun of it, some of God's beautiful creatures, some of their own fellow-creatures. Verily they have their reward, such as it is, but oh it is so small compared with what they might get out of the mountains! Sometimes they kill or maim each other, by mistake of course, a careless mistake. Two or three times in my mountain trips I have heard bullets whiz by very close to my head, from hunters' guns fired with criminal carelessness.

As for the guns carried by myself, or by parties over which I had control, they were like Ireland's snakes — there were no guns. I always felt safer without them, even around rough mining camps. In this matter I am a loyal disciple of our great mountaineer, John Muir. He never burdened himself with any firearms, and was always on good terms with all of God's creatures. He held all such were good for themselves if not good for him, and so he left the bear, the deer, the rattlesnake even, to the pursuit of their own happiness, as he wished to be left to his.

I do not like to have in my camping party even an "unloaded" gun. That kind often goes off and kills somebody. As for wild beasts they are far more afraid of man than man is of them. There is practically no danger from such as we have in this country, unless one attacks them, or robs them of

their young. When I go camping in countries where there are lions and tigers, which I have no desire to do, I may change my practice.

As to fishing, I admit that the case is somewhat different, and I have fished a little in the mountains, but not very much, for reasons given further on. My fishing experiences are limited and I do not boast of them very much. For example, when our party camped for a week at Twin Lakes I went out with another member of the party on the upper lake in a boat one afternoon. We fished several hours and did not catch a fish, or even have a bite. On our return to camp we learned that some of our neighboring campers had been to a different part of the lake and hauled in about eighty large trout, some of which they kindly shared with us. That was fisherman's luck. Or was it fisherman's skill? Some of my readers may have known by experience what my feelings were.

On that same trip we camped at the Hot Springs. Taking my pole the first night I wandered down the swift mountain stream and found a deep quiet pool of very clear water just above a large boulder. The water was so clear, I could see a dozen or more good-sized trout swimming around on the bottom. As I let my hook and bait down in front of their noses I could see the whole process of their getting caught, smelling of the bait, suspiciously backing off or darting away, coming forward again, making a quick dash for the bait, starting off with it, then being snatched up and out and landed at my feet. It was very interesting to watch their maneuvers.

Going up stream the next day to a trout lake where fish were abundant our guide readily caught several large trout out of the stream. He put them in a hollow stump to keep them safe until we should return in the afternoon. When we returned they were gone. A bear had evidently put them in a

safer place. When I was resting for a week at Cascade Canon in 1884 I lazily fished one afternoon in a boiling pool of water just below a big rock. I could see nothing in the water but there was evidently just one trout there that repeatedly nibbled at my hook but persistently refused to commit himself to it. As darkness came on, I left an appointment with him to see him early the next morning. Before breakfast I dropped my hook again into that pool. It was quickly seized by the speckled beauty and I had it for breakfast, a delicious morsel. It was a case of a "solitary fisherman" catching a solitary fish.

When we were camping at Glen Park, my boy, while lying on the bank of a small stream, several times caught trout large enough to eat. Locating a fish under the sod or under a root or a stone, he would slowly slip his hand under it and then quickly seize it. A few years later he and I were in the Black Hills. At Spearfish we fished in the Spearfish river, a large and swift torrent of water that flows through the town. He caught some nice trout, which we had for breakfast at the hotel, much to the disgust of a foreigner who saw us eating them and demanded of the waiter why he couldn't have some too. My boy caught one very big trout but failed to keep him after catching him three times. He pulled him out of the water so quickly that the fish landed in a small tree and got free from the hook. He fell to the ground where my son grabbed him in his hands (second catch), but the slippery thing wriggled out of his hands and flopped into the river. He jumped after him into shallow water — if he had jumped a little further the swift current would have swept him away— and grabbed the fish again (third catch), but again the fish escaped from him. I shall never forget the expression on my son's face, but he was not a swearing boy!

My special interest in birds did not develop until after most of my mountain trips, so I have not many bird stories to tell. The most interesting one was at Seven Falls in Cheyenne Canon. I was there alone and for a long time I sat quietly beside the stream, watching the tumbling waters. Just at the right of the lower fall, as I faced it, there was a depression in the rock which was partly covered by projecting rock. I happened to be looking at that shaded spot when I saw two or three white spots suddenly appear and then quickly disappear. After a few moments the spots again appeared and then disappeared. It was a puzzle to me. I kept watching to see if I could solve the puzzle. Finally I saw a bird fly from the creek to that place and put something into those white spots. The spots were the wide open mouths of two or three young birds. It was a nest of that most interesting of mountain birds, the water ouzel. John Muir in his *Mountains of California* has an exceedingly interesting chapter about that bird and its habits. Its habitat is mountain streams and waterfalls and it often builds its nest near a waterfall, where it is kept moist by the unceasing spray. Having read Muir's book I was greatly interested in finding one of the nests in that place with little ouzels in it. It was a place visited by many thousands of tourists every summer. The last time I was there the nest had disappeared. Perhaps some human animal had ruthlessly broken it up.

In another place I saw a large bird, a red-winged blackbird I think, standing on the top-most boughs of a tall dead tree. The bird was stretching its neck repeatedly right up into empty space, apparently striking its head at nothing. That too was a puzzle which I must solve, and so I brought my glass to bear on the bird and then I saw what my bare eyes had not been able to see, a spider's web stretched from twig to twig,

just above the bird. He was simply picking out from the web the dainty morsels of flies and other insects that had been caught there. He was robbing the spider that built the nest, but — well what do men do sometimes?

One day I saw a robin hanging head downwards from one of the lower limbs of a tree. He had been carrying a string to weave into his nest, but the string had caught on the limb and his legs had become so entangled in the string that he could not escape. He was vainly struggling for life and liberty, and he struggled all the harder when he saw me reaching out my hand to save him. What a pleasure it was to set him free! He did not stop to thank me but his swift departure showed how glad I had made him.

There were two reasons why I did not spend much time in fishing. One was because I was hunting for fine scenery, of which I am very fond, and many examples of which I have mentioned or tried to describe in preceding pages. I carried no camera, as many people wisely do, but years ago I learned a recipe for fixing in the mind pictures of beautiful and striking scenery, so they could be recalled at any time. Suppose it is a mountain or a waterfall. Take a good deliberate look at it, then close your eyes and reproduce it in your thought. Look at it again very carefully, noting features you had overlooked before, then shut your eyes and think it again. Do this several times, taking plenty of time for it, and you have printed on your brain a picture you can quickly call up, admire and enjoy at any time, even down to old age. My brain is filled with such pictures and none of them are copyrighted. If I should become blind I could still clearly see those pictures. I trust my soul eyes, my spiritual vision, may never become blind to the beautiful pictures God has made, and

is constantly making, in this world, not only in the mountains but on the plains as well.

The other reason why I have not fished much, or hunted wild game, is because I have found something better to seek after in the mountains. My hunting and fishing have been in digging out of the soil, or blasting out of the rocks, or picking up from dump heaps of mines, fine mineral specimens, beautiful crystals, and sometimes precious stones. And in getting them I am sure I have had as much pleasure, to say the least, as any gunman gets in killing things, or any fisherman in fishing. Then there is the after pleasure of cleaning and sorting them, arranging them in my collection, studying them, exchanging with other collectors, selling some perhaps, giving others away to friends, to children, to colleges and other schools. Shoot a deer and catch a string of fish and where are they after a few days? Gone, except perhaps the savory memory of them. Dig some fine crystals out of earth or rock and, unless they are lost, they remain and are admired for years, perhaps centuries, as things of beauty and joys forever. What crystalline delight I have had again and again and many times in digging crystals in or near the mountains! Some of my experiences in that line I have recorded in my book *Crystals and Gold*. I shall but briefly refer to them here.

In the delightful chapters about his mountain trips John Muir, who was a fine botanist, often gives a list, with scientific names, of trees, bushes and plants that he found. When I read those chapters I sometimes read and sometimes skip those botanical lists. If he were living and should read this book I expect he would be inclined to skip any list that I give of minerals that I have found. For, judging from the scarcity of references to them in his books, he was not much interested

in stones, minerals and crystals, though very greatly interested in rocks in the mass.

I remember going many times to the Crystal Beds, west of Pike's Peak, and either digging crystals myself, or buying them at very reasonable prices of an old prospector, a "fifty-niner," who lived there and spent much time in digging them. Thus I secured hundreds, yes, thousands of specimens of smoky quartz (cairgorm stone), Amazon stone, or green feldspar, white feldspar, curiously twinned crystals of feldspar, green fluorite, gothite, topaz, the rare phenacite, columbite, celestite, etc.

And I remember the fine pocket of smoky quartz crystals, incorrectly called "smoky topaz," which I found while camping alone in Crystal Park near Manitou. My desire to "find some myself" was fully gratified. What fun it was, what mental excitement, in pulling them out of the loose soil!

And I remember how in our camping trip to Twin Lakes I spent a half day, on a mountain-side overlooking South Park, in breaking fine black tourmaline prisms, some of them several inches long, out of milky white quartz rock.

And I remember going several times to "Ruby Mountain" at Nathrop in the Arkansas valley, and blasting the volcanic rock, rhyolite, and finding in its cavities fine golden topazes, and also precious garnets, or spessartite, clearly cut and very brilliant.

And I remember finding or buying crystals of the rare phenacite, a sub-gem, that had not before been found in the United States and found in but few places in the world. They were found in Bear Creek near Colorado Springs, at the Crystal Beds, and on the summit of Mount Antero, where also were found many fine crystals of aquamarine, a gem variety of

beryl, many of which I secured from the lucky prospector who found them far above timber line.

And I remember, when I was in the Elk Mountains in 1880 I walked one day several miles up to O-Be-Joyful Gulch, and then climbed a very steep trail up, a long way up, into Redwell Basin, a far uplifted mountain amphitheater, in which I found on a dump of a mine all the clusters of crystallized iron pyrites that I could carry away. I got enough to last me for years in exchanging, selling and giving away. Just twenty seven years later I was attending a meeting at Crested Butte and in company with the mayor and the minister I took that long hard tramp again, up along the same foaming, singing mountain stream, past the same waterfalls, into the same wild basin, and on the same dump of that old unworked mine I again found all the crystals, I could carry to town with the help of mayor and minister. I suppose I shall be due on that crystal dump again in about fourteen years.

And I remember how I went again and again to Little Fountain Creek, twelve miles south of Colorado Springs, beyond Cheyenne Mountain, where we found many fine clusters and perfect cones of that geological puzzle, cone-in-cone, and large concretions of black limestone which, when broken open, sparkled with crystals of calcite and an occasional brilliant baryta crystal and where also in the clay beds we were always sure of finding hundreds, if we wanted that many, of crystals of selenite,or crystallized gypsum, many of which were twinned in arrowhead form.

And I remember the beautiful rose-colored specimens of satin spar, or gypsum, I found in Pleasant Park, forty miles south of Denver, when we were camping there one summer, and how delighted the six children of our party were when they found them scattered in such profusion on the ground,

where some collector had dug out more than he could carry away.

And I remember the very beautiful geodes, or "pancake" concretions of sky-blue celestite which, after two fruitless trips in search of them, I finally found near the gateway to the Garden of the Gods, an appropriate place in which to find that mineral. When word of it got out others went. On one day fifteen persons were there digging for them. I found one nodule that weighed eight pounds. Years afterward I found a fine locality for fine celestite geodes in an old stone quarry at Wymore, Nebraska, to which I made several pilgrimages.

And how well do I remember that red-letter week when W. D. Westervelt and myself went to Breckenridge, a mining camp whose altitude was about 10,000 feet, to help a brother minister dedicate his new church. It was in a wild and beautiful region of high mountains. During the week we climbed mountains and went on long tramps after minerals. We went several miles up French Gulch, out of which several million dollars in gold had been taken. We were not after gold, unless it got in our way, but we found great quantities of beautifully iridescent "fool's gold." On another trip up that gulch we sat several hours in the rain on a mine dump breaking out of the rock clear cut crystals of feldspar. Some of them were finely traced on the surface, like forest rock. We plodded home that night five miles through the rain. It took a long time to dry ourselves by the fire-place, which our host kept full of blazing pine. Our conversation that night was a medley of morals and minerals, of theology and geology, of sermons and science.

And I remember the several trips I took to St. Peter's Dome, in the rear of Cheyenne Mountain, at an altitude of about 9000 feet, where, on the dump of an abandoned prospect

hole, we found many small, transparent, hyacinthine crystals that were being called rubies. I identified them as zircon. Some of them were of gem quality. Some softer minerals were found in the same place, identified as cryolite and its associated minerals, one of which was a new variety. These had not before been found in the United States, Greenland being the source of the cryolite shipped to this county for certain practical uses.

And I remember that wonderful cluster of rosy-red rhodocrosite crystals which I found and bought in a jewelry store in Leadville. Learning that it came from Alicante, near the summit of Fremont Pass, I afterwards made two trips to the locality and spent the day each time on the dump of an abandoned mine near timber line, where destructive avalanches plough through the forests in winter time. I was getting crystals and clusters of crystals of rhodocrosite, or carbonate of manganese, out of the loose rocks that had been thrown out as worthless stuff. Those wondrously beautiful crystals had been made and measured and painted ages upon ages ago and left there for me to find, to gather, and then to scatter far and wide. One cleavage about half an inch long, wide and thick, transparent and rose red, I could imagine to be a piece of fiery red coal, formed from a million petals of the most beautiful red roses that ever bloomed. I never tired of looking at it. I found also sphalerite, galenite and cubes of iron pyrites. The blow of my hammer was the trumpet of Gabriel to awake those crystals to a new life.

Then I remember three trips to Bijou Basin after petrified wood that was finely agatized, jasperized and opalized; a climb after forest rock up on a steep side of Mount Elbert, in returning from which I was caught in a rainstorm and temporarily lost in a cottonwood thicket; a wild goose chase after

tourmalines near Florissant; collecting insect impressions in the shale of the old tertiary lake bed, and then sleeping in an empty house where we got still more insect impressions; roaming over South Park for moss agates and pebbles of blue chalcedony; searching the bluffs north of Colorado Springs for blood red carnelians; searching a certain place in Manitou after heavy rains for onyx; finding smoky quartz crystals in the roads at Glen Park and on the shores of an extinct lake on Bald Mountain; driving to the foot of Mount Antero on a fruitless hunt for beryls, on which trip one minister in our party took cold and a few days later shot himself in the delirium of mountain fever; searching the mine and ore dumps of Leadville, Aspen, Central, Gothic, Red Mountain, Silverton, Telluride, and other mining towns; picking up specimens in the Grand Canon of the Colorado and around the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas; dickering for turquoise and pottery with Pueblo Indians in one of their curious community houses; hunting for relics in the cliff dwellings of Walnut Canon in Arizona; returning from a weeks' trip in Yellowstone Park with as many specimens as my conscience and the government regulations would allow, perhaps a few more.

And, once more, I remember, as they also do, when I took my children and a sister's children — they are middle aged men and women now — to North Table Mountain, near and about 700 feet above Golden, fifteen miles west of Denver. A Denver University president with his geology class of about twenty young men and women went on the same train. We beat them in climbing the mountain, which is a great ancient lava bed full of minerals that go under the name of Zeolites. As we broke up the rock we found little cavities — caves the children called them — air bubbles in the lava, from those of tiniest size to those that were several inches long. They were

lined or filled with crystals of chabazite, thompsonite, analcite, apophylite, mesolite, stilbite, calcite and other ites. The crystalline and crystal-lined cavities brought crystal sparkles to eager eyes. Long before noon the children found a good deal of "apatite," so we ate an early and hearty dinner. Then we went to the top of the mountain and romped and played, inhaled oxygen and exhaled shouts and laughter, explored the rocks and rolled stones down the mountain. We saw Denver in the distance and the great plains far beyond. We looked up at the great mountains far beyond and above us, and down on the busy town below. We thought of the time when the rock beneath our feet was a stream of molten lava, and we wondered how long it took that mountain stream seven hundred feet below us to cut asunder the mountain of lava, and how long for the myriad of air bubbles enclosed in it to fill with so many kinds of crystals. I am sure that was a red-letter day for the children. Again and again in the eighties of last century did I go to that mountain for crystals, and never without getting a goodly number.

And, just once more, how well do I remember the trip my eldest son, then a high school student, and myself, took to the Black Hills, he to collect wild flowers and I to collect minerals, and both of us with eyes open for scenery and mouths open for trout. We found an abundance of all. And what glorious vacation days those were as we roamed over the hills and through the valleys around Custer, Deadwood, Spearfish and Hot Springs. I will not attempt to name the flowers we found. My son could do that and John Muir might enjoy reading their botanical names. As to minerals, I found tourmaline, mica, and very brilliant tourmaline embedded in mica, biotite and muscovite mixed in the same mica plates, graphite, large crystals of beryl, staurolite, garnets and other minerals.

We shipped home a hundred and fifty pounds of minerals and very many pressed flowers. We went into Wind Cave near Hot Springs and went through many of the 2100 rooms that were said to have been explored, and that if placed end to end would make a length, they said, of some ninety miles.

And I remember, if I may use a preacher's license of having more than one "lastly," hunting for agates, carnelians, and jasper pebbles, on the Pacific beach at Newport, Oregon. I picked up a hundred or more good ones before dark, then, went over the same ground early the next morning and found perhaps a hundred more, after the tide in the night had stirred up the pebbly beach and brought more good ones to the surface, a process which I suppose cannot forever continue to expose good specimens for the many tourists who are constantly looking for them.

Back of the mineral memories I have mentioned, are memories of mineral trips in childhood and during college vacations, in northern New York and in the edge of the Adirondacks, but they are another story. They do not belong to my mountain experiences.

CHAPTER XV

THE SAN JUAN MOUNTAINS

SAN JUAN (pronounced San Wän) is Spanish for Saint John. When I went to Colorado in 1876 I heard much talk about the San Juan. I soon learned, the expression was used for a certain extensive region in the southwestern part of the state, and the name was derived either from the San Juan Mountains, or the San Juan River. Such use of the definite article with some local name to indicate a region is quite common in mining regions. It is the same as though eastern people should speak of the Hudson and mean by it, not the river of that name, but the whole region through which the river flows.

When I visited the San Juan I was charmed with its wonderful scenery, so much so that I went again and went as often as I could. The sharp outlines of its mountains, the profound depths and dizzy heights, the green valleys, the charming waterfalls, the sylvan retreats, the variety of wild flowers in the valleys and on Alpine heights, the steep precipices, the great forests, the hot springs, the hidden wealth of gold and silver and crystals — all these make it an ideal mountain region, visions of whose loveliness and grandeur are ever and anon flitting through the minds of those who have been there and making them wish to go again.

There were no railroads there in 1876. To get there required a journey of several hundred miles on foot, horse-back, or by wagons. Now and for many years railroads reach every prominent mining camp. In my trips there I traveled by rail,

NEAR TELLURIDE, COLO., BRIDAL VEIL FALLS AT THE RIGHT

stage and on foot. In preceding chapters I have told of some of my experiences there and of things I saw, the Bridal Veil Falls, encountering a storm and a bear on a high pass, Animas Canon, etc. The additional things I tell of in this chapter I take from my accounts of several different trips to that region.

The trip of 1000 miles, more or less, is called the Trip Around the Circle, and can be taken by different routes. To decide which is the best way to go and which the best for returning the tourist should consult the railroad agents, the time tables, and disinterested persons who have been there. It is best to take at least a week for the trip, though one can take it in less time and can profitably use much more time.

One starts from Denver or Colorado Springs, goes to Pueblo, then over Veta Pass into San Luis Park, or west to Canon City, through the Royal Gorge to Salida and thence into San Luis Park. Of the Royal Gorge I have written in chapters three and nine, and of San Luis Park in chapter eight. From San Luis Park to Durango is 160 miles, which is the tame part of the trip from Denver to Silverton. Yet it is full of interest and presents at least one grand feature, Toltec Gorge.

Our train suddenly emerges from a deep cut through a hill and faces a valley some 500 feet deep. It turns squarely to the right and loses no time in going around that valley. In and out of one little side valley after another we go, until, a mile or more away, we reach the head of the longer valley and come down on the opposite side in the same zigzag way.

We now look down a thousand feet or more into the great valley at our left, — to which the other is tributary, — upon the summits of lofty hills. If the train should leave the track at some of these curves it would be kindling wood and scrap-iron before it stopped. Miles away and near the top of the

mountains we can see where the track suddenly enters a dark hole.

We reach Phantom Curve. We are on curves all the time and the whole scene is phantom-like. We thread our way through and around great masses of conglomerate that the elements have worn into strange shapes. Immense pinnacles and needles tower above us, while on some others we look down, for we are running along the side of a steep mountain, with heights above and depths below.

We make one great curve after another as the side valleys are passed, and now we are heading for the great gorge by which the stream has broken through these mountains. At last we reach the jumping off place, almost at the top of the mountain. The gorge is directly in front, the deep valley to the left, and a precipice of rock to the right. A sharp turn to the right and we enter a tunnel 600 feet long. As we enter we look down into Toltec Gorge a thousand feet or so. Darkness for a few moments and then the light. Just as we leave the tunnel we cross a sort of bridge over a narrow chasm and for one brief moment we catch a glimpse that makes us tremble. We breathe freer when it is past, and yet we pass it so quick that we fain would take a longer look. We could jump from the car step down into that fearful chasm — a thousand feet, perhaps two thousand — it matters little which, with the foaming river at the bottom.

Just after leaving the tunnel we pass a square granite monument which the national association of general passenger agents erected on the spot where they held memorial services for President Garfield at the time of his funeral, Sept. twenty-sixth, 1881.

We soon cross to the Pacific slope. A little rivulet running this way, a slope, a hill, then a rivulet running the other

way, and we are on the other side of the continent. By rail or stage, in one place or another, I have crossed that continental divide about fifty times. It is always interesting and suggestive.

Our train stops for awhile near a marshy pond. The conductor takes his gun and goes hunting. The passengers watch the sport from the cars as he fires again and again at the wild ducks. He returns without them and takes to railroading again for a living. The train proceeds — and gets in on time.

The road dips into New Mexico. We glide and curve down through beautiful evergreen groves and through quiet parks. We pass flocks of sheep that Mexican herdsmen are lazily tending. We go through canons and valleys around which cluster strange stories of robbery and murder. For a long distance we run through an Indian reservation. The Indians can ride free on the cars and they are evidently fond of riding. They make good depot loungers; they stand erect and keep their mouths shut. One of them sat behind me. I showed him a picture in my guide-book of a Ute chief. He studied it intently for a long time and then said with a grunt of disgust: "He no Indian, cow-boy kill."

For 170 miles we have passed nothing that could be called a town or village. At Durango, a place of several thousand people, I stopped at a corner fruit store to make some inquiry. The young man looked at me, then pulled from his pocket a well-worn recommendation signed by myself many years before, when he was a pupil and I his teacher in Oberlin College. I could not deny my handwriting, so I expressed the hope that in that wild western country he had kept his character as carefully as he had his certificate of character.

In the forty-five miles of splendid scenery from Durango

to Silverton the road runs the full length of Animas Canon, of which I have told in chapter nine.

Silverton is beautifully situated, at an altitude of 9400 feet, in an open park a mile or more in length and breadth, with very lofty mountains rising far above it on each of its four sides. Grandest of all is Mount Sultan, with its great forests and gorges and basins and its five or more snow-capped summits. A little ways below the town are some fine waterfalls, while up on the mountain sides can be seen the great swaths which avalanches have cut through the forests. At certain times in the winter the people of Silverton can watch the snow slides from their doors, both seeing and hearing them as they rush down the surrounding mountains, sometimes several of them in a day.

From Silverton to Ouray is twenty miles and it is one of the finest rides, or walks, in Colorado.

Leaving Silverton in a full stage, before the railroad was built, we cross steep slopes of rock-slides with precipices below us. If a slide of loose rock should get started there would be no resisting it. We keep rising and every moment reveals something new. Now a lofty rock miles away that leans like the tower of Pisa, now a winding creek far below us, now a straight swath nearly a mile long where the snow has cut through a great uplifted forest, now a forest all cut up by snow-slides into square blocks and triangles, now a small lake of hot water beside the road. We eagerly drink it all in — the scenery, not the water, and we thank God, whose thoughts throng thickly through all this region, for furnishing such food to nourish our love for the beautiful and the sublime.

Eight miles brings us to Chattanooga, a small village that was nearly destroyed one winter day by a snow-slide that tore directly through it. Then the road winds in several parallel

lines up the steep pass and reaches Red Mountain. A mile or two beyond is the big and rich Yankee Girl mine. While we are eating dinner with the second shift of miners I am called on to speak to them for two minutes, a time limit that I do not exceed. After dinner the big engine sounds its shrill whistle. As soon as it ceases the mountains are full of whistles and shrieks that come back to us from every crag and valley side. The mountains seem suddenly alive with shrieking demons whose wierd cries slowly die away among the distant crags.

We pass Ironton, another mining camp, from which I started over the range when I met the bear. Red Mountain is near by with its different summits. Its vast slopes of bright red color, alternating with yellow and lavender, and with green forests and white snowdrifts, make such a combination of colors as would be pronounced unreal if in a picture.

For several miles we ride along the edge of a narrow grassy park — Red Mountain Park. Then for four miles it is one continuous plunge down through a rocky gorge with a descent of 2000 feet. Through it flows, or dashes, the Uncompaghre River. At one spot the horses trot around a curve of the road about ten feet wide, cut out of the side of a precipice. A pebble can be tossed into the river many hundreds of feet below, while a stone might fall into the road from a thousand feet above.

We cross a wild dashing side stream that seems to spring upon us out of a narrow gorge. We cross it on a bridge that is built over the water after it begins its fall of some 260 feet into the chasm below. All around us it is overpoweringly sublime and grand. The ten or twelve miles from Ironton to Ouray I have walked several times, always preferring that deliberate and safe way of going through that valley.

Ouray. Manitou and every other town in Colorado must yield the palm to Ouray for magnificent mountain surroundings. Here are mountains piled on mountains, precipices towering above precipices, canons within canons, waterfalls in great number and variety, hot springs, mines, crystal beds, and what not. Roughly speaking the town may be described as embosomed in a little irregular valley, over which the mountains rise many thousand feet in all sorts of irregular shapes, while several large streams come tumbling over into the valley, or gliding into it through box-canons, and springs of hot water rise out of the ground to meet them.

The town has an altitude of between seven and eight thousand feet, while some of the mountains rise about a mile higher. In the winter one can sit in the warm sunshine of the valley, where there is not much snow, and look up one of the side valleys and see the snow banners streaming from the summit of White House Mountain. East of town Cascade Creek leaps apparently right out of a precipice a thousand feet high and falls some 200 feet, all in plain sight of the town. To the West Oak Creek comes out of a wild valley and canon which, within two or three miles, contains numerous cascades and two perpendicular falls of two hundred or two hundred and fifty feet each. Each fall is in a narrow canon. South of town, Canon Creek comes down from a beautiful valley and with difficulty squeezes its way through a very narrow and very wild canon and joins the Uncompaghre River, which, together with the stage road from Silverton, comes down still another valley, and also squeezes through a "box-canon," very narrow, very deep, and almost impenetrable. Southeast, and only a few minutes walk from the hotel, Portland Creek comes through another unique canon in a series of very fine falls and cascades. The box-canons are very

narrow and are more like deep crevices one or two hundred feet deep. The tops of the walls are so near together that they sometimes shut out the sun. In some of those canons there are fine waterfalls that can be reached only when the water is very low. The water in some of the streams does not freeze in winter because of the hot springs that abound near them.

Two sheer precipices, a thousand feet or so in height, face each other on opposite sides of the river just below the town. Some of the houses west of the river are built among huge angular rocks that have fallen from one of the great precipices. I could but think that it was only a question of time when more rocks would fall and the houses might be in their way.

Our ride from Ouray to Montrose, before the railroad was completed, was full of interest. It took us through Uncompaghre Park, ten miles long by one or more wide, through Chippeta, named after Chief Ouray's widow, past Dallas, which was getting its saloons ready to be a railroad terminus and to which our stage took a load of sleek-looking gamblers, past a United States army post and Chief Ouray's old home farm, now through deep dust and then through a pouring rain and deep mud, through fields of cactus and sage brush and diminutive forests of pinon trees, with every now and then a backward look to the gigantic wall of snow-capped mountains, through and over and out of which we had come.

At Montrose we take the cars again and enjoy the splendid scenery of Black Canon, through which runs, rushes, roars and rages the Gunnison River. When at full flood it would sweep away our train if it should leave the track for the river. At one point Chippeta Falls leaps from the canon wall and nearly hits the track and the train. Currecanti Needle is a sharp,

steep, lofty pinnacle of rock on whose summit some daring steeple-jack has planted the American flag.

The track crosses and recrosses the river for fifteen or twenty miles. We cross Marshall Pass, then down to Salida, and thus complete our circle if we entered San Luis Park via Salida, but if we entered it via Veta Pass we must go on to Pueblo, passing through the Royal Gorge. From Pueblo to Denver we are on familiar ground.

Side Trips. From Montrose, instead of returning via Black Canon and Marshall Pass, one can go down the valley to Grand Junction and there take the main line of the Denver and Rio Grande, through the Canon of the Grand River, Eagle Canon, past Glenwood Springs, over Tennesee Pass, past Leadville and then down the Arkansas valley and through the Royal Gorge.

On coming up the Black Canon one can take a branch road from Gunnison to Crested Butte in the Elk Mountains, some thirty miles. There is some fine scenery in the Elk Mountains, as I found in 1880 when I reached them by a ninety mile stage ride from Salida over Marshall Pass.

Or one can come up the Black Canon and at Sapinero take another branch line to Lake City, which is in the San Juan, up the Lake Fork branch of the Gunnison, an ideal mountain stream, clear, snowborn, ever hurrying, full of cascades, falls, swift currents and eddying pools. In a wide valley the river has cut a deep narrow canon in the eruptive rock, the tallest trees in the canon just about reaching its top, which is the bottom of the valley. The road runs in the valley along the canon's edge. The ride is a fine one. It takes three hours to go the thirty-seven miles. Lake City has an altitude of 8500 feet. When I was there it was a booming mining town full of miners and prospectors. All the talk was of ores and

mines, prospects and rich strikes. The snow had been five feet on the level and the high mountains were still covered with vast beds of it. One mountain is called "71" because in summer the vast snow beds and rock ridges outline the figures 71.

Three miles above Lake City is Lake Christoval, a romantic and beautiful lake several miles long, said to have been discovered by a Spanish monk some three centuries ago. Between it and Lake City are several fine falls. The finest one, Granite Falls, is a mile from town and in plain view from it. The river plunges in an irregular fall eighty feet into a rocky gorge. As I looked into the mists that rise from the fall I saw a beautiful rainbow. I have seen higher falls in Colorado but none over which rushes such a volume of water. As in so many other places my stay was too short. The trouble with Colorado is that within its 60,000 square miles of mountain ranges there are so many trips to take, and so many delightful resorts to visit, it would take years to do full justice to them all. They are so different from each other that to see one is not to see all. Some of my readers will be disappointed because some of their favorite resorts are not even mentioned, much less described.

Such air as I breathed on that beautiful May morning at Lake City! I found myself involuntarily straightening my body and filling my lungs with such draughts of ozone as dwellers on the plains do not often breathe. It was air that had swept over mountains of snow, and been sifted through forests of pine, and sprayed by dancing streams and cascades of crystal waters. I am an old toper at drinking such air. To stand still and breathe it was a positive pleasure. If it could be bottled and sent over the country it would do more good, I believe, than the bottled mineral waters of Manitou.

Back in the Animas Canon, between Durango and Silverton, is a station called Rockwood, from which, before any railroad had been built to Rico, I took a nearly forty mile stage ride to reach what was then one of the most out of the way places in Colorado. I had been sick all night and could eat no breakfast, and could scarce endure the sixteen mile car ride from Durango to Rockwood. Then I boarded a rickety, rock-wracked old buckboard for an all day ride over two mountain ranges. It was loaded with dead hogs and other freight securely strapped on, and on top of all a seat for the driver and myself. On the first hill we met a number of freight wagons, each drawn by five or six yoke of oxen. Our driver, a mere boy, had failed to hear their signal, so we had to be pulled back by hand to a point where they could pass.

For miles we rode along the base of perpendicular precipices a thousand feet high, more or less. The layers of rock of varying thickness were of all colors from red to white. All around us were open parks, thickets of trees, and such vast flower beds as must waste immense quantities of sweetness on the mountain air, if indeed such sweetness is ever wasted. As we rise higher we leave the belt of majestic white pines and enter the aspen belt. The trees rise like bare liberty poles, many of them a hundred feet high and two feet in diameter, and standing very near together. Higher still we reached the spruce zone. The spruce trees also are very tall at this high altitude, very straight and very near together.

After leaving the ranch house where the driver got dinner and I a cup of tea and a short nap, we began, with the aid of an extra horse, a long steep climb of several miles to get over the second range. When I thought we were near the summit, I saw, far ahead and far above, the red line of the road cut through the forest. When we reach the summit we are on a

sharp ridge, like a gigantic up-turned axe, on the sharp edge of which we ride for a mile or two. Straight down on either side stretches the dense forest into deep valleys, the pointed tree tops ready to impale us if we fall over. The view of distant ranges is fine, especially the La Plata Mountains to the southwest and the very sharp and rugged peaks of the Quartzite group to the east.

The descent is by a long series of curves by which the side canons and valleys are crossed by going around them. The days's ride cures me. When I reach Rico and wash off the different colored layers of dust that indicate the different geological regions traversed I am ready to break my twenty-four hours fast by eating a hearty supper.

Rico is on the Dolores River, in the Bear River Mountains, at an altitude of 8700 feet, in a deep valley over which the mountains rise to 12,400 feet. In winter the snow is sometimes nine feet deep. In a single mining basin near there, I was told the deaths from snow-slides averaged six or eight each winter. One winter the roads were so blocked, flour was thirty-five dollars per hundred and meat seventy-two cents a pound. Whiskey gave out entirely, and everybody noticed how much the old topers improved in appearance.

What a charming summer residence that region is! There is a great variety to the great mountains that rear their heads far above the town. They are partly covered with forests of pine and spruce and poplar, while above the timber line there are great upland stretches of flowery fields and parks beneath the beetling crags that crown the summits, while springs and brooks, waterfalls and gorges, canons and mines abound on every side.

I stepped out one night to look at the mountains by moonlight and the scene was wonderfully picturesque and beautiful.

As I lay in my bed I could hear the low tinkle of the little stream that flowed through the street, and, mingling with it, the noisy babble of the mountain brook, and the deep bass of the larger river.

A man told me he saw at one time twelve cinnamon bears feeding on acorns on one mountain side. Across the river is a poisonous tunnel, at whose mouth one can see dead insects, mice and birds that have breathed the poisonous gas that escapes from the earth.

I stood by a hardware merchant as he nailed up a box, pounding the nails in with a big hammer. When he had nearly finished he casually remarked, he supposed it was careless to nail up giant powder in that way. I edged off towards the door.

While sitting in the hotel office Sunday afternoon I happened to hear two hotel employees talking in the next room.

"Are you going to hear the preacher tonight?" said the man.

"You bet I am," said the woman, and then added: "Oh say, let all hands of us go and make him stand on his head and dance."

"I don't know about that," said the man, "he is a pretty good sized old man and he might kick."

I was then about forty and it was a new sensation to hear myself called an old man.

"What denomination is he?" said one.

"Give it up," said the other, "but he looks like an Israelite." That evening they and about a hundred others of all sorts of characters were present and gave me as attentive an audience as one could ask for.

On our return trip we had with us on the open stage some very lively company in the shape of two young ladies from an

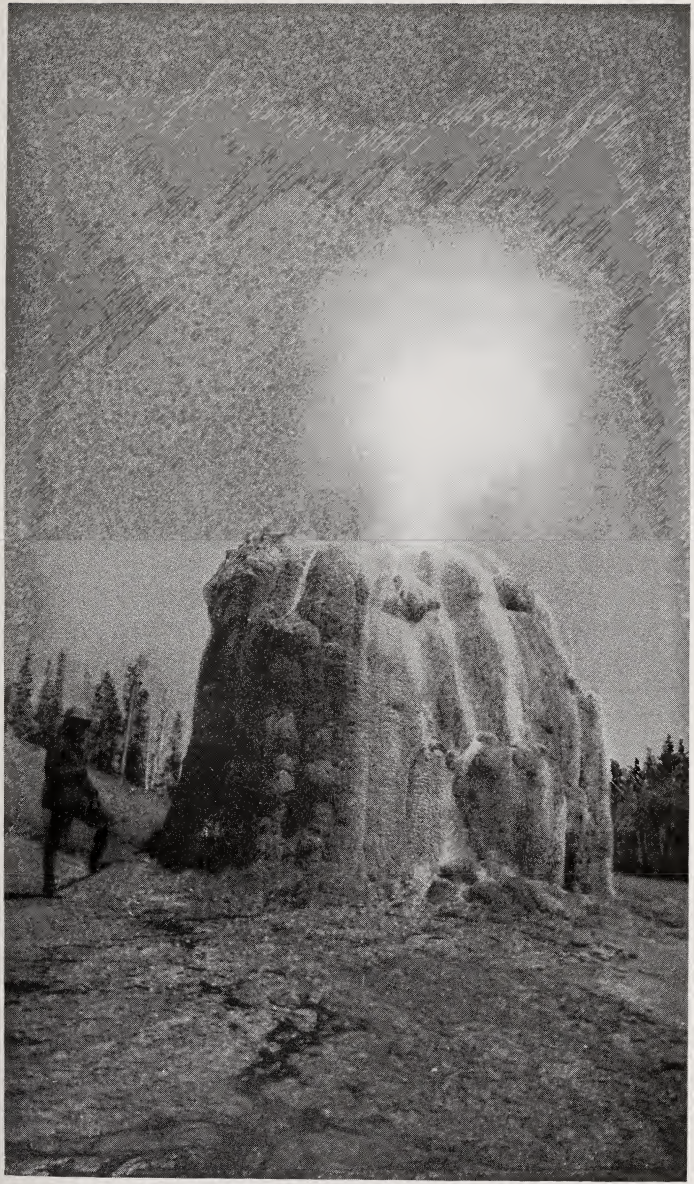
eastern school, who had been camping out and fishing with friends. They were evidently nice girls but so full of animal spirits and mountain ozone that the least thing would send them off into a laugh. They would lean up against each other and laugh heartily at nothing; they couldn't help it. They were much given to school girl slang, especially one of them whose tongue rattled ceaslessly on all day long. Sitting on the front seat I privately took notes. "Cute," was her favorite word. Everything she saw or talked about, a friend's initial, a squirrel, a mule by the roadside, or a grand mountain view, was "perfectly cute." "That lavendar sky is just lovely." "I just admire big noses." A young man whom she knew was "poor but awfully nice." "Nature up here in the mountains is just too lovely for anything." "I am just stuck on that fashion, I am just utterly gone." And so it went on for hours. The driver could hardly restrain his laughter. He relieved himself at one place, and perhaps thought he would scare the young ladies, by letting the horses out at full speed, and as they fairly ran down the mountain over a steep rocky road, where I had to hold on with both hands to keep from being thrown out, the young lady burst out with peals of laughter and fairly screamed with delight as she exclaimed: "Oh, how I do admire this abruptness!"

Telluride. Another side trip is from Red Mountain, between Silverton and Ouray, over the range some seven miles to Telluride. In chapter ten I have told how I crossed that range. Probably very few persons take that trip now, as they can reach Telluride by rail. I went over on foot. When I returned I hired a horse and rode it to the summit, then turned it loose and it returned alone to the livery stable, as it was trained to do.

Telluride is in a valley 8600 feet high, with mountains around it about a mile higher. In the very outskirts of the town is a romantic canon and a beautiful waterfall 120 feet high. Far up on the top of one mountain slope is a dome of rock very high and conspicuous. Looking to the head of the valley about two miles away we see a wall of rock about a thousand feet high, above which are green slopes, and gray domes of rock, and patches of timber pierced here and there by avalanche paths. Then comes the timber line and then three sharp peaks and one gracefully rounded dome. We look up into a great mountain basin that is surrounded by steep walls and guarded by great domes of rock. Out of that basin comes a stream that leaps and bounds down the mountain for thousands of feet, a long path of white whose roaring can be heard at Telluride when all is still at night, and which is in plain sight from the village.

To the left is another great basin, or series of basins, out of which come roaring brooks in such a series of cascades as would drive an artist wild with delight. These unite with each other and go plunging down into great chasms, and at the head of the valley unite with other similar streams to form the San Miguel River. It was down this last valley that I was coming when I first caught sight of the Bridal Veil Falls, described in chapter six.

The San Juan mountains and waterfalls are emphatically mine; they are yours too, if you have been there and seen and appreciated them. And a great host of us can say that they are ours.



LONE STAR GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE PARK

CHAPTER XVI

YELLOWSTONE PARK

THERE are certain features of natural scenery in which America beats the world. In all the world there is but one Niagara Falls, though in Africa there is a close rival. There is but one system of Great Lakes, containing 6000 cubic miles of water, all passing over Niagara in due time. There is but one Mammoth Cave, but one Grand Canon of the Colorado, but one Yosemite, but one Muir Glacier, unless we except the ice sheets of Greenland, and they belong to North America, and last but not least there is but one Yellowstone Park. These things we might call the Seven Wonders of our country. If some globe-trotter rules out one or more of them we can easily add some other, the Big Trees for example, or Glacier Park, or Crater Lake, or the Mississippi — Missouri river system. While from the works of man and his discoveries and inventions we could easily name another Seven Wonders of the world that would far exceed the Seven Wonders of the ancients.

If one would see kings and queens, ex-emperors, noble or ignoble earls and lords, cathedrals, old ruins and new ruins, painted pictures, museums, vast armies, dungeons and fortresses, let him go to Europe. But if he would see magnificent scenery, as fine as the world affords, let him stay in the United States. Ours is a new country but many of our scenic attractions are much more new. It is practically only since the Civil War that the people have known much

about four of the above seven wonders, viz: The Grand Canon, Yosemite, Muir Glacier and Yellowstone Park.

Yellowstone Park is in the northwest corner of Wyoming, lapping over a few miles into Montana and Idaho. It is nearly 2000 miles by rail from Chicago, or about 1100 miles in a straight line by aeroplane. It is sixty-five miles long and fifty-five wide and contains 3575 square miles, three-fourths as large as Connecticut and three and one-half times as large as Rhode Island. It contains 2,288,000 acres, which would make 14,300 farms of 160 acres each, but no one could do anything, farming at that altitude, the plateau being from 7500 to 8500 feet high. If divided up, the park would give to its owners, the people of the United States, one-eleventh of an acre to each five persons on which to pitch their tent. An addition of twenty miles south and east to the reservation has increased the Park to 6375 square miles, about the size of New Hampshire. It is not a city park. There is no sign to "keep off the grass," except in one place, put up as a joke, there being no grass in that spot. Yet visitors are forbidden to interfere with the natural formations around the geysers and springs. It is a Government Reservation, reserved partly for the pleasure of the people, partly to protect the game, and the forests, which hold the snows that feed the great rivers that water great plains and valleys outside, partly to protect the wonderful natural formations from vandals and extortioners. It was set apart by Congress in 1872, the first great reservation in our country.

The Indians avoided the park, calling it "heap, heap bad," and "white man's hell." The real knowledge of the park by the American people dates from about 1870. There was much incredulity about the reports of the first ones who

saw it. A geological survey was made in 1871-2. Before visiting the park in 1898 I read a bulky government report and thus prepared myself to enjoy it. In fact I was thus able to give some pointers to the regular guides. United States soldiers patrol the park summer and winter. There are also private detectives who help enforce the strict regulations about fuel, fires, fire-arms, fishing, etc.

The government has built some two hundred miles of good roads. People go through the park on foot, by bicycle and motorcycle, wagons, stage, and now with autos. They can camp at certain places, or stay in big hotels, or in the tents of certain permanent camps. I paid the Wiley Company thirty-five dollars for transportation and board for a week's trip, spending Sunday at the Upper Geyser Basin. We crossed the continental divide twice. Three-fifths of the drainage is to the Atlantic through the Yellowstone River. There are several groups or ranges of mountains in and around the park. There are twenty-five named waterfalls, and thirty-six named lakes, covering 165 square miles. There are hundreds of geysers and thousands (3600) of hot springs of all sizes. Frost occurs every month. Ice forms in July and the season for visiting the park is short. Snow begins in August or September and before the next June about twenty feet falls. Warm clothing is needed, overcoats, plenty of bedding, fire in the tents, etc. The plateau is not a plain but abounds in hills, valleys, canons, bluffs and mountains. There are open grassy parks, like Hayden's Park, and dense forests of firs, fires in which are apt to be disastrous.

The branch railroad from Livingstone runs up the Yellowstone River fifty-one miles, through Paradise Valley, which is thirty miles long and from seven to twelve miles wide, along the base of the mountains, in sight of Emigrant

Peak, 10,629 feet high, of many deltas pushing out from mountain valleys, and of the red Cinnabar Mountains. It is all very interesting and gives one an opportunity to study geology on a large scale as he looks from the car window. Electric Peak dominates the view to the west. It is 11,155 feet high and some six miles away.

Mammoth Hot Springs is the first great sight and fitly introduces one to the peculiar park scenery. There are three square miles of the lime deposits, one hundred and seventy acres of the region of active springs, thirteen of the great terraces and fifty springs, some of them of great size. Liberty Cap, fifty feet high and forty-five by twenty at the base, is the core of an old spring. The crumbling deposits of the dead terraces are of a dazzling white in the sun. The springs overflow and deposit lime, forming great cups and basins with corrugated borders. The water is so clear that it is almost invisible, yet with so much lime in solution that objects left in it for a few days are covered with a white deposit. Such objects are sold to tourists.

Hayden says in his report: "The wonderful transparency of the water surpasses anything of the kind I have ever seen in any other portion of the world. The sky, with the smallest cloud that flits across it, is reflected in its clear depths, and the ultra-marine colors, more vivid than the sea, are greatly heightened by the constant gentle vibrations. One can look down into the clear depths and see with perfect distinctness the minutest ornament on the inner sides of the basins, and the exquisite beauty of the coloring and the variety of forms baffle any attempt to portray them, either with pen or pencil. And then, to, around the border of these springs and on the sides and bottoms of the numerous little channels of the streams that flow from these springs

there is a striking variety of the most vivid colors. I can only compare them to our most brilliant aniline dyes — various shades of red, from the brightest scarlet to the bright rose tint; also yellow, from deep bright sulphur through all the shades, to light cream color. There are also various shades of green from the peculiar vegetation. There are also in the little streams that flow from the boiling springs great quantities of a fibrous silky substance, apparently vegetable, which vibrates at the slightest movement of the water, and has the appearance of the finest quality of cashmere wool."

The park is covered with rhyolite, a volcanic rock that flowed in the tertiary age, thousands of feet thick. The volcanic fires are not extinct, hence the hot springs and geysers.

One mile of the road by which we climb to the park plateau cost $14,000. The scenery where we enter is picturesque. A hailstorm rudely greets us, pelting the poor horses and turning the road into a river. It soon passes and then we have superb weather for a week. At our first Wiley camp we found good tents, a good table, attentive waiters, rainbow trout, flowers, and a sound sleep.

Saturday morning we started early so as to make thirty-nine miles that day. I can give but a tantalizing and partial list of what we saw in that one day: Obsidian Cliff, which is a small mountain of black volcanic glass, of which I laid in a good supply, Beaver Lake, Twin Lakes, Roaring Mountain, Frying Pan, a little sputtering, sizzling geyser, Norris Basin, where we stop for an hour, Black Growler, Minute Geyser, which throws water thirty feet every minute, a dead tree covered with silica beads, Elk Park and Gibbon Meadows, Gibbon Canon, six miles long and 2000 feet deep they said, with its swift, sparkling, many-colored river, Beryl Pool, blue

and boiling, Gibbon Falls, Fire Hole River, a clear, swift and beautiful stream, Lower Geyser Basin, with some 700 hot springs and seventeen geysers, Fountain Geyser, Mammoth Paint Pots, in a basin forty by sixty feet, boiling like thick hasty pudding, plop, plop, plop at many points at once, showing nature in a funny mood, Midway Geyser Basin, Excelsior, covered with dense steam and sending 4000 gallons of hot water every minute into the near-by river, Hell's Half Acre, Turquois Pool, 100 feet across and full of blue transparent water, Prismatic Lake, 250 by 300 feet, deep blue in the center, then green, then yellow, a red deposit outside, red steam, Artemisia and Morning Glory springs, or geysers. All these precede the Upper Basin, which we reached Saturday night and where we remained over Sunday. It is the place of chief interest in the whole park.

Imagine a valley or basin a mile and a half long and containing about three square miles. Dense forests cover the hills around it. In the basin are some 440 springs, twenty-six of them being geysers. There is no other such place in all the world. The geysers of Iceland and of New Zealand do not compare with it. Steam rises from the springs and from countless holes and cracks in the rocks. On cool mornings and evenings the valley looks like a great manufacturing city. Springs and geysers are scattered over great white deposits, some of which cover acres.

We camp in a grove near some geysers. The Daisy ejects hot water fifty feet every two hours; Narrow Guage every forty-five minutes; Riverside a hundred feet every eight hours and lasting fifteen minutes; Grotto every four hours; Giant which plays from one and a half to two hours every four to six days and throwing water 250 feet; Economic, every seven minutes, all of its water flowing back

into itself; Sawmill, with its four vents and rasping noise; Cascade, with its many sudden spurts of water; Giantess, Beehive, Lion and Lioness and their two cubs close by; Castle, with its very large cone; and best of all, Old Faithful, which is on a mound 145 by 215 feet and plays without fail every sixty-three to seventy minutes and throws the hot water up nearly or quite 150 feet, forming rainbows and filling surrounding pools. I thoughtlessly attempted to pick up some of the very hot water, as I pick up cold water in the mountains, by joining my two hands as a cup, but I dropped it very quick.

Near our camp were the Punch Bowl, very beautiful indeed; Black Basin Spring, into whose depths we could see far down; Spouter, which boils intensely and constantly; Sunset Lake, 250 feet across; Emerald Pool, the handsomest and prettiest thing in the park, but only when the sun shines upon it. In it one can find any color he can think of, tints and colors of exquisite beauty. I walked round and round that glorious spring with constant exclamations of delight. I felt that if my time had come to die and if I had my choice of routes to heaven, I would as soon plunge into that heavenly pool and go home that way as in any other way.

On Sunday we did indeed have an evening service in one of the tents, but most of the day we worshipped in one of God's temples that was heated by steam and hot water.

On Monday we saw Kepler's Falls in Firehole River and Lone Star Geyser, with its fine cone twelve feet high. I climbed it in spite of hot steam coming out of small orifices, Shoshone Lake and Basin, with their 336 springs, and the distant wild and rugged Teton Mountains.

We saw many beautiful flowers by the road, lupines, larkspurs, monkshood, columbines of delicate cream color, Indian paint brush, wild geranium, fire weed, fringed gentians, golden rod, asters, harebells, etc. It was often difficult to decide whether to look up and off at the wonderful scenery, or down by the road side at the wonderful flower beds.

At Lakeview we get our first view of Yellowstone Lake, 300 feet beneath us, gemmed with its green islands and bordered with green forests and picturesque mountains, covering 150 square miles, 300 feet deep, 1700 in one place, 7785 feet above the sea, the highest large lake in our country. There are seven geyser basins around the lake and 100 springs, sixty-six of them on Thumb Bay, where we lunched. We saw the famous hot spring in the lake, where one can catch a fish, then swing it over into the spring and cook it on the hook. Deer are seen here abouts and bears come around the tents at night. There is danger around some of the springs, danger of breaking through the crust and sinking into pools of hot water or mud.

Thirty-five miles on the lake in a little steamboat is a delightful ride. We stop at Dot Island to see the herd of buffalo, and camped that night at the lake outlet, where the Yellowstone River starts full-fledged on its long journey. While others fished I gathered agates from the pebbly beach. They keep better than fish do.

After supper we climbed Elephant's Back, 1100 feet high. In one place I suddenly sank to my knee in soft mud, but quickly extricated myself. We had a pitch-pine campfire that night and then slept soundly, not hearing the bears that were around in the night.

Tuesday we rode down the Yellowstone River to the Canon, eighteen miles. We saw the Mud Volcano, the most

horrible thing we saw in the park, a pit thirty feet deep on a steep hillside, thick mud boiling like pudding in the bottom, escaping steam every minute or less, with diabolical spitefulness squirting wads and streams of horrid hot mud of a leaden color and giving off horrid sulphur fumes. The whole thing seemed infernal, as though demons were running it. It seemed wierd, uncanny, horrid, and it made me shudder. But the Paint Pots made me laugh. In them nature was in a funny mood, drawing smiles and laughter from every visitor.

A few rods from the mud volcano, under a green, red and yellow stone arch, flowed a clear stream from a spring of hot water. The water escaped through sandstone and kept clear. In the Mud Volcano it tried to escape through a bed of clay, which it turned to mud and then tried to vomit it forth, its vomitings ever falling back into its own mouth.

At Sulphur Mountain we saw a sulphur spring, fifteen by twenty feet, temperature 197°, that was boiling furiously and constantly throwing up water several feet. In the rim deposit there were some forty tons of sulphur. I burnt my fingers trying to pick up a small piece of crystallized sulphur. The escaping steam was invisible. Thus nature reproved me for a very slight violation of government regulations.

For two nights and all of Wednesday we camped in a pine grove at the Canon, between the Upper and the Lower Falls, which I have described in chapter six, and the Canon in chapter nine.

Bears. After seeing the Falls and the Canon it was but a step from their sublimity to the ridiculousness of the bear show. The bears usually come at about dusk to eat the garbage carried from the hotel kitchen out to the edge of the

forest and dumped there for their benefit. To see the bears was part of the program, and so we went and sat on the hillside near the bears' dining room. A common black bear was somewhat nervously picking out the choice bits. A cinnamon bear came out of the woods and the black bear wisely retired. The cinnamon bear ate rapidly with one eye on the woods. Soon three big silver-tip bears came tumbling and rolling like huge hogs down the hill, evidently fearing that nothing would be left for them. The cinnamon bear retired ten or fifteen rods and watched proceedings. With my strong glass I brought them all up quite close. Some one asked me what I would do if the bears made a dash for me. I replied, "I would reverse my glass and look at them through the other end."

As we sat on the ground, whispering so as not to scare away the bears, a richly dressed foreign lady passed by us and swept in a stately manner down into the bear pit and sat down not far from the bears. The bears retired. I went and courteously told her that the bears were afraid of her; she retired. I said to a lady near me: "Now remember the order of retiring. The cinnamon bear chased away the black bear; the silver-tips chased away the cinnamon; then the lady from Europe chased away the silver-tips." "Yes," said she, "and Mr. Cross chased away the lady from Europe, and now the question is: who will chase away Mr. Cross?"

Soon darkness chased us all to our tents, where we had our last camp fire for that trip, telling our last stories and singing our last songs.

Since I was in the park the Government has built a road down the Yellowstone River and reached a part of the park east of the river, where are some interesting things, that I did

not see. Perhaps the most interesting are the fossil forests. The side of a mountain has been washed or worn away and twelve or fifteen different forests have been revealed, some of the fossil trees being ten feet in diameter and indicating an age of 500 years. Each forest in its turn sprang up, grew for centuries, then was overwhelmed and buried by a flow of lava, on whose surface in due time another forest grew, ran its course and was buried, and so on for uncounted ages. It is a very wonderful and most interesting geological story that nature tells so plainly on that mountain side.

Summary. Off there on the mountains and in the clouds, at an average height of a mile and a half, is a true Wonderland, one of America's great pleasure parks, of a size becoming a great nation about which there is nothing small. We, the people, own that park and we hold it in trust for coming generations.

The stratified foundations of it, layer upon layer, were laid far back in very ancient geological ages. Up through those foundations, in ages more modern but still very remote, vast streams of molten rock broke forth and covered thousands of square miles to the depth of thousands of feet. Very slowly those molten beds were cooled, while the fiery streams burst forth again and again. The ice age came and parts of that area were covered with great beds of ice, but even they did not cool all those heated rocks, for to this day they are hot enough down in their depths to make boiling hot the vast quantities of water which, from winter snows and summer rains, are percolating into those hidden crevices and cavities.

The waters, both hot and cold, have eroded the whole region, carving it into hills and valleys, and have cut great gorges through which great rivers flow. Dense forests have sprung up through which wild life wanders at will with none

to molest or make them afraid, protected as they are by the Government.

Thousands of hot springs gush up through the rocks, their waters wonderfully clear, even when bearing in solution countless tons of lime and silica, part of which is deposited in great mounds and in curiously carved and gracefully curved cups and cones. Hundreds of geysers, at periods varying from a few seconds to a few days, gush and spout and throw their boiling water into the air. Their myriads of glittering drops manufacture sunshine into rainbows, while the rainbows drop into the springs and pools and are diffused as lovely colors that defy writer's pen and painter's brush to describe them.

Myriads of rare wild flowers that have caught their colors also from the rainbow, birds of stately flight, swift darting trout, sylvan lakes hid in the forests, and one lake of regal size that was hid for ages among the great mountains, tiny cascades and mighty waterfalls, shady dells and great gorges cut through the rocks, trees turned to agate and amethyst and cliffs of volcanic glass,—these all add to the charms of our great playground. Mountain ranges guard it round about and stately peaks stand like sentinels within. A mighty nation also stands guard over it and says to all vandals and extortioners and profiteers and game slaughterers: "Hands off." To that park come every year increasing multitudes of pilgrims from America and Europe and from the Orient to revel in its varied charms. More and more do it and our other national parks become important factors in the scientific, esthetic and hygienic education of a great nation. To that Wonderland may it be the privilege sometime of many of my readers to go, and I would that it were my privilege to go again.

CHAPTER XVII

THE YOSEMITE

I AM sure that if John Muir were living he would not resent it at all if some eastern scribe, after a brief visit, should write about the Yosemite Valley, which belonged and belongs to Muir more than to any other one person. He would gladly welcome new partners in the spiritual ownership of that glorious valley of world-wide fame. And I am equally sure those of us who so greatly love the Colorado mountains would be very glad if John Muir could have given us a book about them, or even one of his matchless mountain essays about some feature of them. If he never saw them in the flesh I hope he may visit them in the spirit. I am sure he would appreciate them. He could not help it. The true lover of mountains can appreciate a hill after seeing a mountain. Not that the Colorado mountains are hills, compared with any others, for Colorado has more mountains over 14,000 feet high than are found in all the rest of the United States and of Canada. Of the fifty four of that height in the United States forty two are in Colorado.

I hesitate to write about Yosemite. It is some like writing about Spring, or about Niagara Falls. Yet I feel I must add my brief experiences of its charms, as one who loved it long before he saw it, and since he saw it has loved it more than ever, and does not hesitate to call it one of his own mountain valleys.

I think it was when I was in college, and perhaps after the Civil War, that I first read about Yosemite. It captured my imagination. In June 1873 Major Durham lectured on Yosemite to the students of Oberlin College. He said there was a fall 3860 feet high, that in one place one could drop a stone and it would fall straight down 6000 feet, that from the valley, or perhaps he said from the near-by mountains, one could see the Pacific Ocean, also Mount Hood 900 miles away, and Pike's Peak, statements which I now know to be absurd. But let none of us who write abount the mountains throw stones at him unless we are sure that we ourselves never exaggerated mountain heights and distances. He said, flowers bloomed in Yosemite the year round. He told of a triangular three-cornered and three-colored lily, probably the Mariposa lily, which afterwards we saw so often and admired so much in Colorado.

From that time, for forty years more or less, I had a great desire to see Yosemite. Stereopticon pictures, often looked at, kept the desire alive. All things, they say, come to those who wait, and at last my opportunity came while visiting in Southern California. In fact the chief of several reasons for going to California in 1912 was to visit Yosemite. From Los Angeles to Merced was an all night ride. From Merced to El Portal took three and one-half hours . That night I watched, enchanted, a remarkable moonrise through clouds over the mountains. It had the appearance of a great fire beyond the range. There was an artist among the tourists. "Did you see it?" I asked him the next morning.

"Did I see it? I wouldn't have missed it for a thousand dollars," he replied.

It rained hard that night and early the next morning. "Oh," thought I, "after waiting forty years to see Yosemite

is my visit to be spoiled by rain?'' Eight or ten miles in a stage took us from the hotel at the railroad terminus into the valley. The rain had stopped. It had rained so much that it gave us many fine extra cascades and falls tumbling over into the valley, and there were many fine cloud effects. So after all I was thankful for the rain.

After admiring the beautiful Bridal Veil Fall, which drops 620 feet at the point where we enter the main valley, we pass El Capitan. Glorious El Capitan! It rises 3600 feet, straight up into the sky. At first I could not see the top of it, but soon among the fleecy clouds playing around its summit I saw the whole mountain of rock in all its glory. It stands there, or sits, more than two-thirds of a mile high, calm and serene, but sublime, overpowering, magnificent, glorious!

The scenery had been constantly growing finer as we came up the Merced River, and when we entered the real Yosemite at Bridal Veil Falls I felt if I had to turn around then, and go back, I was fully repaid for my trip thus far.

The Yosemite season opened that day, May 1st, and I was the first one to register at Curry's Camp, several miles up the valley. That afternoon I went with another tourist on a walk of about eight miles by a good trail up nearly to the Yosemite upper fall. The trail seemed to be, and doubtless was, entirely safe, but from the valley it is seen to follow a narrow ledge on the side of a lofty precipice. There are precipices both below and above the trail.

The upper fall is one of the highest and finest in all the world. In one sheer fall it drops 1430 feet, a height of nine Niagaras piled one on top of the other. The lower fall drops 320 feet, or two Niagaras more, while between those two falls there is a series of cascades with a fall of about 600 feet, the entire descent of Yosemite Falls being nearly half a mile.

Much snow was melting on the mountains and all the waterfalls were at their best. Look! Look and admire, O my soul, as often and as long as possible, at those world-famed waterfalls, and make a mental picture of them to carry through life.

The most wonderful thing John Muir, whose word cannot be doubted, tells about that upper fall, which he studied for years, is that he once saw the volume of water about half way down suspended in the air, by some immense air pressure underneath, as long as it took him to count one hundred and ninety. Then the accumulated mass of water fell with a mighty crash. Would that I had been there to see and to hear.

There was a heavy frost that night. I never slept in a tent on a colder night, but I slept well. The next day was pleasant. Three of us took a lunch and were gone ten hours on a trip up and back, about ten miles, on foot of course, going to the Happy Isles, past the very regular and graceful Vernal Falls, where the Merced River drops 320 feet, another double Niagara, then on beneath Liberty Cap to the top of Nevada Fall, where the same Merced River drops, or rather tumbles and slides, 620 feet, four more Niagara heights. Next to Yosemite Fall it is perhaps the most interesting fall in the valley. What wonderful scenery between and below those two waterfalls! Such rocks! Such precipices! Such river torrents! Such combinations of grand and beautiful! Our feet were sore that night but our souls were uplifted. We had had such a square meal, yes, such a "royal gorge" of scenery as comes to one but rarely.

Early the next morning we three young men, whose average age was seventy years, walked up to Mirror Lake. We found the lake so quiet that it perfectly reflected the great canon walls and mountain summits, especially the Half Dome, or Tissiack, which John Muir says is the "most beautiful and

most sublime of all the wonderful Yosemite rocks, rising in serene majesty from flowery groves and meadows to a height of 4750 feet,'' also Clouds' Rest, which is a mile in height, and Mount Watkins, which guards the eastern end of the valley as El Capitan guards the western end.

We were there in time to see the sun rise from behind the Half Dome and be reflected like a brilliant sapphire in the lake. It was exceedingly beautiful, and as the Dome side was sloping I saw it repeated several times by stepping back a few feet or rods into the shade of the Dome.

Then it took us an hour to climb Sierra Point, from whence we could see Yosemite, Vernal, Nevada and Illilouette Falls.

In forty-eight hours, one day and parts of two others, we three men walked about twenty-eight miles, with much hard climbing. We did not climb to Glacier Point. There was too much snow on the heights and too little time in the valley. The length of our stay was brief, but we saw much and will long remember what we saw. They were what Muir would call ''divinely glorious days.''

CHAPTER XVIII

DEATH AND LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS

THERE is danger in the mountains, some peculiar dangers that are unknown on the plains. The law of gravitation holds good everywhere and if it gets the opportunity it does not hesitate to pull a man down a precipice, or a great mass of snow or rock down on a mining camp. Men who wantonly disregard that law can expect no favors, and the innocent often suffer with the guilty.

Many years ago a man was visiting around Colorado Springs and suddenly disappeared. When his friends missed him they came and thoroughly searched the surrounding mountains, but could not find him. They knew he had some $10,000 on his person and they naturally concluded he had met with foul play. Years passed and finally some one found his body at the foot of a precipice. The money was on his dried skeleton and was restored to his friends.

When in Redwell Basin in the Elk Mountains I saw the place on the edge of the surrounding wall of rock where a few days before, a young man fell one or two hundred feet to his death. He was prospecting with an older man who cautioned him about going too near the edge. The young man replied with an oath and stepped a little nearer. The rock gave way and he fell.

Around Leadville there were left many abandoned prospect holes and shafts, some of them quite deep. The winter's

wind drifted snow over the tops of the holes. A miner, prospector, or engineer, would come along, unwittingly step on the snow, break through and drop to his death, perhaps a slow death by starvation, or drowning. Finally the state legislature took up the matter of compelling owners to properly cover such places.

The inmates of a mountain cabin are sitting quietly around the fire, or peacefully sleeping at dead of night. They are startled by an ominous roar that grows louder and louder; they hear the snapping and crashing of large trees; they turn pale and ask — "What is that?" but before the words are out of their lips the great cruel mass of packed snow, trees and rocks crushes in the cabin and sweeps everything into the valley below. I saw the place at Woodstock, Colorado, where, at 6 p. m., March tenth, 1884, an avalanche started on the mountain above, mowed a great swath through the forest, struck the section house and swept thirteen persons into eternity, the widow Doyle, her six children and six men. Again and again such accidents have occured in the mountains. A rescuing party of strong men bound on their snow shoes, made their way over deep snows, found all the bodies, tied them on sleds, and single file descended the valley to Pitkin.

One winter a dozen men with their cabin and mining machinery were swept away and not one was left alive to tell the story. As they were in a lonely spot it was many days before the disaster was known.

A mail carrier started one day to carry the mail, which was a Christmas mail, from one mining town to another. He never reached his destination. Suspicious people hinted that he had stolen the mail. The next summer the sun uncovered his body. He had been caught in a snowslide. The mail was

mildewed and behind time, but it was all there and was duly forwarded and delivered. Sometimes an avalanche will come down a mountain, cross a wide valley and stream and climb part way up the opposite mountain, and perhaps destroy a cabin that was supposed to be in a perfectly safe place.

A miner was going to his cabin one night. Three more steps and he would have been safe, but a snowslide struck him and he was buried beneath it. A few months later they found his body just where they had been chopping wood over it for months.

At a certain spot above Ouray a man showed me the spot where a "miracle" occurred the winter before. A snowslide crossed a road and swept a snow shoveler with shovel in hand into the gorge below. They could not find his body and he was given up as dead and was so reported. A day or two later he appeared at a near-by cabin. The snow had not been so hard packed but that he could breathe and move his arm. The shovel was still in his hands and after a long time he shoveled himself out.

Three snow-shovelers on one railroad lagged behind their companions. A snowslide struck them. Their bodies were found the next summer.

In midsummer I walked across the top of a canon a hundred feet deep. It was still packed full of hard snow. A man told me that it always turned his hair a little grayer to go through that valley in the winter. Sometimes a gust of wind, a human voice, or the lighting of a bird on the snow will start a snowslide. How many times the message has gone to some man's friends: "He is in the mountains dead."

One day my son and myself walked eleven miles from Lake Wellington down to the Platte Canon, where we took the train for Denver. On our walk we were caught in the

rain and got under a big rock. It continued to rain. When we reached Denver about dark we looked back to the mountains and foot hills from whence we had come, and saw heavy clouds lit up by frequent lightning flashes. Evidently a big storm was raging in the foot hills twenty miles away. But not until we saw the paper the next morning did we learn that, so far as loss of life was concerned, it was the most disastrous storm that Colorado had ever experienced. The "cloudburst," or avalanche out of the skies, had swept through Morrison and drowned many campers and people in summer cottages. Terrible thunder storms sometimes rage in the mountains and at times they seem very close to us, and they are close, but the same is true on the plains and prairies.

The danger from wild beasts in our mountains is negligible. Let them alone and they will let you alone as a rule. In all my years of mountain experiences I saw only one rattlesnake and that one was on the plains. I saw bears but twice, outside of yellowstone Park, and in both cases they preferred to retreat. There are mosquitos sometimes but generally the nights are too cool for them to operate very extensively. Sometimes there are bad men around, but there is no such danger from them as in our great cities. The people one meets in the mountains, whether natives or tourists, are generally neighborly and even kind. But let no one shun the mountains because of danger in them. Danger and death are on the plain also, and in towns and cities, while there is abundant life and safety in the mountains. How can it be otherwise when the air is so pure and so charged with ozone, when there is so much sunshine and such pure cold water, and when there is so much incitement to healthy effort, as in following up a stream to its source, climb-

ing a mountain, fishing, and digging for crystals, — things that make one forget his cares and troubles and revel in the pure fun of existence?

At Colorado Springs I have known two years to pass without our failing to see the sun every day, and I have counted twenty-four "picnic days" in the month of March, days so pleasant and sunny we could go to the mountains for picnics. And what a variety of splendid picnic grounds there is, scattered all through the mountains!

When the angel brought Lot out of Sodom the Lord said to him: "Escape for thy life: look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountains lest thou be consumed." The mountains were a place of safety for him and his family, and in more ways than one the mountains are places of safety for people now.

One day I was coming from the mountains to Denver on the cars. Sitting near me was a mother with a little child that looked as rosy and healthy as any child need to look. The mother said, when she took her child to the mountains, a few weeks before, she was sick and puny and near to death. The doctor told her to flee to the mountains for the life of her child. She did so and those good mountain doctors, Dr. Pure Water, Dr. Cool Nights, Dr. Pure Air and Dr. Quiet, had taken her child in hand and cured her, even as they have cured so many others. Many children are living today who would not be living if their parents had not taken them to the mountains, and many are in their graves who would be alive if they could have spent a few weeks in the mountains. And the same is true of older people.

I met a man one day who had just come from an eastern city where the nights were so hot he had not been able

for a whole week to get a good night's rest. How he enjoyed the unbroken slumber which the cool nights in the mountains brought to him! Sunstrokes are not known in the mountains. The sun is quite warm sometimes, but it does not smite the brain.

When the cholera breaks out in the east or the yellow-fever in the south, as they have not lately but possibly might sometime, all the people who can do so, except some brave physicians and nurses and ministers, leave the cities and towns and flee to the country, to the upland regions, to the hills and the mountains. They flee for their lives lest they be consumed in the cities of the plain.

And in the future, now that there are so many railroads leading to the Rocky Mountains, when it is unusually hot in the great populous, rich valley of the Mississippi, or when an epidemic is raging there, great crowds of people will flee to the mountains. Though they have to travel a thousand miles or more they will not tarry in the plain. From afar their eyes will see the snow-capped peaks and ranges and they will hasten to breathe the pure air and walk by the crystal streams of the glorious mountains.

The great White Plague, tuberculosis, is always with us. God grant that it may not always be true. There are preventive remedies for it, especially nourishing food and life in the open air. The latter is best secured in the upland and mountain regions of our country. Many thousands of lives have been saved, or greatly prolonged, by going to Colorado or to other mountain states, though I have buried many who went too late. The great white mountains and the great green forests reach out healing and helping hands to possible or actual victims of the great White Plague.

Let us thank God for the mountains, for the good that awaits us in them, and for the blessings which their cool breezes and crystal streams carry over the great plains where most of the people must live. The mountains are a type of all that is grand and glorious and secure, they have always been the home of liberty and freedom.

"The mountains shall bring peace to the people."

CHAPTER XIX

MOUNTAIN MISCELLANIES

I PUT into this chapter some miscellaneous facts and experiences about mountains that do not seem to belong in any of the other chapters, or which have been but briefly referred to in them.

A Wedding in High Life. It was about 8700 feet high, in the woods, on the Crystal Beds, many miles in the rear of Pike's Peak. My old mineral friend, the prospector, whom I had often visited in his mountain cabin, wrote that his daughter was to be married in June and desired to have me perform the ceremony. If I would come he promised to fill my lungs with ozone and my pockets with crystals. The inducements were strong and I went. The wedding day, to suit my convenience, was Friday, just as good a day, I told them, as any other on which to be married, and a little better since superstitious people avoid that day.

The bride wished to be married under a great pine on a hill near the cabin. It was a sightly spot, commanding distant views of Pike's Peak Range, Sangre de Christo and Puma and Park Ranges. Miles away rose the smoke of Cripple Creek, the great gold camp. The rain ceased long enough for the wedding. The old prospector and myself headed the procession as we marched to the hill-top. The bride's name was Delphine. Other children in the family bore such classic names as Athena, Mentor, Minerva, etc. It was all very romantic. I added to my brief marriage service

a few passages from my small book of promises, and I found myself reading to the happy couple the words: "Let not your heart be troubled, be not afraid." Both groom and bride got in several extra affirmative answers as I slowly asked of each the lengthy question that is usually answered by one 'yes' at its close. It was an original innovation that bound them more strongly as man and wife, for affirmatives do not destroy each other, as negatives sometimes do.

The bride wore a dainty hat which she had made herself, and on it was a fine bouquet of artificial columbines, which, without any instruction, she had learned to make herself, sending away for silk of just the right color for the purple sepals. She was a born lover of mountains and flowers.

The piece-de-resistance on the heavily loaded table was a huge cake made by the bride. It represented Crystal Peak, near which she had lived since childhood. When we rose from the table it had been well tunneled and excavated.

I selected a fine lot of crystals from the boxes of them that I found in the yard. As we came down the mountain road that afternoon the thunder was crashing around us among the rocks and hills. Our train passed through a snowstorm on the Divide. The next morning, June fifteenth, there were six inches of snow where the wedding had been, and ten inches at Cripple Creek. Pike's Peak was gloriously white with newly fallen snow. But neither many waters nor much snow could quench the love of the newly married couple as they started on a long journey to become pioneers in Idaho, as her parents had been in Colorado.

A Blossoming Desert. I was riding one day through San Luis Park on the cars. A friend called my attention to the view from opposite windows of the cars, saying: "Look on

this picture and then on this.'' On one side was the barren sandy plain. It had received no water for a long time. The little bunches of grass had dried up, leaving only cactus and sage brush. The view stretched away for miles, a dry and dreary prospect.

On the other side was a beautiful farm, on which wheat and grass and garden vegetables were growing luxuriantly. It did one's eyes good to look in that direction. On one side of the train was a dry desert; on the other side that which had been a dry desert was blossoming as the rose. What made the difference? Water. One side was irrigated and the other was not.

A large part of the dry plains east of the mountains, and many valleys in the mountains, are blossoming every year now with edible grains, luscious fruits and beautiful flowers. For ages the snow had fallen on the mountains and the water had flowed down the rivers in great plenty, but it had not flowed over the desert ground and soaked into it. When men took charge of it, as God had intended, they dug ditches, big and small, and coaxed and guided the water out over the dry plains and then the desert grew green and blossomed and bore fruit. And so it will continue while man remains there and as long as snow falls on the mountains.

No Water and Plenty of Water. One day I visited a new town east of the mountains. It was on what was a part of the Great American Desert, so called. I found the people in the town, and all who had taken up land for miles around, were getting all their water for themselves and their horses and cattle from the water tank at the depot, which was kept filled with water brought from a distance on the cars. There was great rejoicing in that town when, at a depth

of over two hundred feet, water was struck in a well which the people had united in digging.

I traveled once for a long distance in Arizona over a desert region, and so far as I could see the principal freight traffic on that road consisted in hauling water in big tanks on flat cars to the different stations.

I spent a few days at a farm house on the frontier where we had no water to drink except the warm water brought a mile or more from a small river. It was exceedingly hot weather and I was thirsty all the time. How I enjoyed the good cool water when I returned to where I could get it again!

When the pioneers crossed the great plains in the early days they often suffered very much, and some of them died, for want of water. They found it a dry and thirsty land.

In the desert of Zin the hosts of Israel suffered greatly because there was no water. Some of them died. Their leader, Moses, at God's command, took a rod and smote a great rock and the water came out abundantly to the great joy of the multitude.

Out of that great continental rock, we call the Rocky Mountains, smitten by various processes of nature, there flows an abundance of water. Go where one will in the mountains I have written about, and he cannot get far away from cool springs, little rills, foaming brooks, quiet lakes or roaring streams; especially in the spring and early summer. In a walk of a few miles I have often crossed stream after stream of water flowing down the mountain side. It is, as was said of Canaan, "A land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills." That is not true of all mountain regions, but it is true of my mountains. Often the thirsty traveler on the plains, in the terrific

heat of mid-summer, has lifted up his eye and looked at the far-away mountains, whose peaks were white with snow, and thought longingly of the sparkling streams of cold water leaping down their sides. When he reaches the mountains how he revels in the abundance of good water! Water is the best mineral that God ever made, for it is a mineral.

Irrigation. The farmer near the mountains is at work ploughing the dry ground in the hot sun. He wipes the sweat from his brow and looks off and up at the great mountains fifty miles away, more or less. He sees the gorges full of snow and the great drifts and fields of snow miles in length. He may join us in admiring their beauty as thus seen from afar, but he has a very practical reason for admiring them. He knows, through the summer months, the sun will melt most of that snow; the power of gravitation will draw the water down, and through the ditches that have been dug it will flow to his farm. Under his guiding hand it will flow over the gentle slopes of his fields, and so he believes; he has faith, that he will get a crop. When the right time comes he ploughs or digs smaller ditches; he wades around in the mud and sees that no spot is left without water. If good rains come they help, and perhaps save him some work, but he does not depend on them so long as he can see the snow on the mountains. In a very practical sense it is "beautiful snow" to him. If it is so far away that he cannot see it, still he has faith it is there and that it will melt and flow to his very doors.

Unfailing Springs. There are many springs that do fail, some in the dry season of the year when they are most needed, and others in unusually dry years. But there are other springs that fail not. They keep bubbling up and pouring out their crystal waters through all the months and

through the dryest years. I found one such spring in the Park Range, at the foot of a steep mountain. Little or no rain had fallen in the valley or on the hills for many months, but right out of the rocks there bubbled up such a quantity of cool, clear water that, as it flowed away, it made a large stream. After a long and weary walk I sat by that spring to eat my lunch, thankful for the spring whose waters failed not.

I was riding once through a long valley. At the roadside I saw a very small stream of water. I passed on a little way and looked again and, behold, it was a large and swiftly flowing stream. Right in the bottom of the creek was a great spring of warm water bubbling up out of the earth. Down to that point the creek might perhaps go dry, but from that point on, its waters failed not. Such a spring when found in a desert region, or in a dry and thirsty land, makes an oasis that refreshes man, bird and beast. Trees and flowers grow up around it. It becomes a great blessing.

A traveler asked the people in a certain village where they got their water.

"Out of the well," they said.

"But what do you do when the well is dry?"

"Why then we go to the spring in the meadow."

"But when that fails what do you do."

"Then we go to the big spring up on the mountain side."

"And what when that spring fails?" asked the man.

"That spring never fails," was their reply.

Lost Streams. One cannot travel far on the western plains or in the mountains without seeing streams that are dry. The channels are there but there is no water in them. The water runs in the wet seasons, or after heavy rains, but in dry times the streams are lost. Follow the channel up into

the hills and you will probably find water, and if you go down stream far enough you will come to water. But for a certain distance there is no water. Perhaps it is all drawn off to irrigate the fields, but more likely it is flowing underground through the rocks and gravel and sand.

I know of places in the mountains where a good sized stream disappears for a long ways under great boulders. If one listens he can hear it flowing under the rocks. Sometimes I have crawled down under those rocks and in dark cavernous places I have found beautiful cascades. Further down and away from the mountains those steams are lost in the sands. Dig into the sand and one is apt to find water. I have seen the Fountain Creek dry for a long distance when water was flowing freely in its upper part, and also in the lower part of its channel.

In the San Luis Park many streams are lost in the sands, but somewhere their waters reappear and help to swell the volume of the Rio Grande River, which at times carries a great torrent of water, but at other times, further down, it goes dry for a hundred miles. Even the Platte River in Nebraska is sometimes without water above ground for long distances.

Dust Storms. When a great wind fills the air with drifting snow, "two feet of snow and all of it in the air," we call it a blizzard. When the air is full of driving dust and soil we call it a dust storm. Those who have not passed through one can hardly realize what they are and how disagreeable they can be. Great clouds of dust are carried far up into the air, and some of it is sifted through all the cracks and crevices of the doors and windows and roofs of the houses. One can taste the gritty dust in his mouth. It fills the carpets and settles on one's books and pictures and furniture;

it covers the good clothes and is left in heaps on the window sills and inside the doors. It makes much extra work for the housekeeper. In such storms the roads are swept bare and left as hard as stone. The wind blows sand and gravel as well as fine dust. I have heard the gravel rattle like hail against the windows. I have had it blown against my face with stinging force so as almost to make it bleed. It often cuts and wears the paint off from the sides of the houses. Sometimes the dirt is blown away from the grass roots. After a great windstorm at Colorado Spring for one or two days I saw drifts of sand a foot or more in depth on the lawns. In New Mexico I saw front yards in which the sand had drifted even with the top of the fences, just as one has often seen snowdrifts fence high. The sun melts the snowdrifts, but no sun melts the sanddrifts. The irrigating ditches often fill with sand during the winter and have to be cleaned out before the water is turned on in the spring.

People do not venture out much in such storms. Often men and horses cannot see each other and there is danger of collision. I was on the cars once as they approached a road crossing on a level piece of ground. An old man and his wife were driving a team on the road. They tried to cross the track just in front of our train, which they did not see because of a cloud of dust, nor did they hear it. One horse was killed and the man was badly hurt.

Following the Trail. One cannot stay long in a mountain region without learning the importance of following the trail. One day I was riding horseback on the Divide and I could see the road ahead of me made a great bend. I wondered why it did not go on in a straight line, and I thought I could save time and travel by going straight across, as I could see no obstacle in the way. I rode along nicely for

some ways and then came suddenly to a deep precipitous gulch which my horse could not cross. I had to retrace my steps, and I said to myself: "After this I will follow the trail."

It makes a wonderful difference in climbing mountains whether there is a trail or not. If there is one, follow it, even though it takes you a long way around. I climbed Cameron's Cone once with some boys. There was no trail and it was as hard climbing as I ever had. We had a similar experience on Cheyenne Mountain.

A friend and myself tramped nearly all day through a rough mountain region where there was no trail. When at last we struck a well worn trail how glad we were! How good and easy that trail, rough and stony though it was, seemed to our tired feet! How it rested our minds also! For we did not have to keep thinking and debating where we should take the next steps and which way we should turn. We simply followed the trail until it brought us to our tent and our friends.

Rolling Stones. It is great sport to roll big stones down the mountain side. I used to enjoy it as much as the children did. But one has to be very careful not to roll them down where by any possibility they might hurt any one. I think there are laws against such sport in some states. The pressure of the hand will hold back a stone just as it is starting, but when it gets under full headway it carries destruction where it goes.

In Arizona there is a cactus about the shape and size of a barrel. A friend and myself used it in place of big stones in the Grand Canon. It was great sport, we thought, to see those vegetable barrels, of which there seemed a great plenty,

roll down the steep slopes and burst asunder against some sharp rock.

Sometimes the big stones get started without human help, especially in the spring when the ground is soft. The railroads have to be very careful then, for sometimes the stones fall on the track just around a curve. Twice I have been on a train when a big rock rolled or fell on the track just ahead of us. In both cases they were discovered in time to prevent accident, otherwise our train might have been thrown, in one case into a deep river, and in the other case down a steep precipice. Such rolling stones have sometimes struck a passing train.

A man told me, he once had to run from the lunch-counter to catch his train that had started. He slipped on the icy platform and was hurt. The train slowed up on his account and just then a great rock fell on the track a little ahead of the train, just where it would have been if it had not slowed up.

I knew a man who had a little board cabin near the road in Ute Pass. One day, soon after he left his cabin, a big rock rolled down the mountain side, struck his house fairly in the center and smashed it into kindling wood. It was fortunate for that man, he did not lie abed late that morning.

Colorado Sunshine. Job said, he went mourning without the sun. I think many Colorado people feel like mourning, or moping at least, when they go east and fail to see the sun for days, or even weeks. I remember, for two whole years, at Colorado Springs we did not fail to see the sun every day. Even in March I counted twenty-six picnic days, days pleasant enough for picnic parties to go to the mountains. I have known September, October, November and December to pass with hardly a stormy day, simply day after day and week

after week of glorious sunshine. When a stormy day did come, it was a sort of luxury, a relief from the monotone of pleasant weather. What is true of Colorado is also largely true of its surrounding mountain states.

Oh, the beauty and glory of an autumn or winter day of sunshine on the plains or in the foot hills, with the ground bare of snow! The nights are crisp and cool. Roaring fires and heavy blankets are perchance needed. But the sun rises with warmth and healing in his wings and rejoices as a strong man to run a race. The snow-clad peaks are turned to a rosy red. The blood tingles through one's veins and one feels like jumping over fences, climbing high hills, or even mountains, and running for miles. Everything warms to new life. Oceans of glorious sunshine are poured over forests and plains, over mountains and valleys. If one is in good health mere existence at such times is a positive pleasure. And if one is an invalid and can be out of doors the sunshine and air are the best of medicines.

The Shadow of a Great Rock. I saw once a funny picture of an Egyptian, with the hot sands of the desert all around him, sitting in the shadow of a telegraph pole. Trees furnish a good shade usually, but some pine trees let a good deal of sunshine sift through their foliage. The best covert from a storm and the best shade from a hot sun is furnished by a great rock. I know one rock in the mountains under which there is a little room that is protected on the open side by thick bushes. A friend was camping out for his health and he made that his sleeping room. He lodged there every night, a lodging place that would delight John Muir and such as he.

Sometimes in the mountains I have been caught in a hard hail or thunder storm. The trees gave but poor protection

and were not safe if there was lightning, and sometimes there were no trees, but when I could get under a great rock, or in an ice cave, as I did once, then I have felt I was comparatively safe.

Once on a very hot day, I was following a little stream up through a dense forest and among great rocks, as large as houses. Under one huge rock I found a sort of cave, through which the little stream found its way in bright cascades, scattering its spray over mossy rocks. In that cool retreat, surrounded by the great rocks, hearing no sound but the music of tinkling rills, I sat in perfect comfort on that hot day. Under another great rock I found ice in mid-summer.

Near some of my camping places I have found delightful rooms, some big and some small, cut by nature right out of the great rock-ledge. There, away from sun and wind, I have spent delightful hours. That was a beautiful picture which I saw at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876 at Philadelphia, called "The Shadow of a Great Rock." A desert stretched as far as the eye could reach. The hot sun was beating down upon it, and here and there a man or a beast of burden had fallen in the sands and was dying from heat and thirst. In the foreground was a great rock, beneath whose shadow was a spring of water, around which beautiful flowers bloomed. Some travelers who had almost perished in the desert had just reached the refreshing shade. In a weary land, on a hot scorching desert, they had found the Shadow of a Great Rock, and by it they were refreshed and saved.

The Clouds and the Mountains. I would give a goodly sum for a gallery of pictures containing views of all the splendid cloud pictures, I have seen in and on the mountains. Some of them are photographed on my brain, but not all of

them, and I wish they were all painted on canvas for others to see. I can here give only a few hints about some of them.

Again and again have I seen all the foot hills covered with clouds, while above the clouds and apparently resting upon them, rose the higher peaks and ranges.

I have seen in the west a great bank of heavy clouds that hid all the mountains from sight except the great white rounded dome of Pike's Peak, which appeared up in the sky, resting as it were on a cloud.

I have seen the clouds that covered the mountains break away in just one spot and reveal far up in the clouds a great rock, or a pine forest, or a beautiful valley, or a snow-white cascade, or an immense snowdrift, or some combination of those things.

I have seen a whole bevy of white clouds floating along the foot of the mountains, chasing each other around the projecting hills and playing hide and seek among the canons and valleys. I have seen two such bevies coming from opposite directions, meeting and commingling on the mountain side.

I have seen the white-capped peaks, with all their outlines distinctly drawn, projected against a thunder cloud of inky blackness that was rising behind them, while the golden sunlight was pouring down through the great bank of mist that lay along the front of the mountains.

I have seen two great banks of white clouds, looking like immense snow banks, just over the top of a lofty canon wall, both moving in the same direction, but one moving much more rapidly than the other, as though one was a passenger train and the other a freight train.

I have seen masses of white clouds rolling over a high mountain and suddenly disappearing as they struck a dif-

ferent stratum of air. On the other hand I have seen white clouds suddenly forming, out of nothing, as it were, and rapidly growing to large size.

Again and again I have seen sunsets on the mountains that gave such brilliant colors to the clouds, and such a variety of colors and shades of color, that if they were painted in a picture some people would not believe such sunsets were ever seen by mortal eyes. One such sunset I saw looking across the Great Salt Lake. I would rather look upon one such picture, painted by the Great Artist and hung in the western sky with great mountains for a frame work, than to visit all the picture galleries of Europe.

And at mid-day I have seen far above the mountain tops fleecy clouds that were painted in diverse colors, such as red and blue and green, colors rarely seen on mid-day clouds.

XX

MOUNTAIN RHYMES

By calling this chapter Mountain Rhymes I hope that I may forestall all the criticisms of any who might criticise it if it was called Mountain Poetry. I think the would-be critic must admit that the lines rhyme fairly well, even though he cannot admit that it is poetry. This book is made up largely of my personal experiences and to make it a complete record of my mountain experiences I must reveal how the mountains affected me in the matter of rhyming.

The impulse to write these, or any other rhymes, came to me almost exclusively in Colorado. They are a product of mountain air. The eastern air has no such effect on me. I shall blame no one who skips this chapter in whole or in part. Very few of these verses have ever been in print before. Three of the longer ones were prepared for and read at the opening exercises of the Glen Park Chautauqua in 1887 and 1888.

The mountains are full of material for true poetry, and if ever a true poet, like H. H. who wrote "The Singers' Hills," can give us a full volume of mountain poetry I shall be very glad.

ROSEMMA FALLS

Far up on the trail to the famous Peak,
The Peak that o'erlooks the Plains
In valley o'er hung by the rocky crags,
The crags that the sky retains,

Close under the brow of the pine-clad hills,
The hills that surround their king,
On Ruxton's precipitous, foam-flecked stream,
The stream that the poets sing,

In sight of the Cog-road's uplifted train,
The train that skyward crawls,
There tumbles and sings midst the rain and shine,
My charming Rosemma Falls.

Not awful, nor high, nor sublimely grand,
Like many a famous fall,
But pretty, and sprightly, and white with foam,
It breaks o'er the granite wall.

Above the white rocks the swift waters pour,
And hither and thither they fly,
Round broken and water-worn boulders glide,
Then off down the canon hie.

And why do I say that this fall is mine?
And why do I show with pride
To friends and to strangers the sun-print views
Of the fall on the mountain side?

Because when a friend in the long ago,
In June of the year 'seventy-eight,
Did ask me to christen that foaming fall,
Which nameless till then did wait,

I gave it a name of the two combined
Belonging to wife and me,

The names that for aye shall be entwined,
Rosemma's the name you see.

Oh, dear are those falls to my wife and me,
As o'er the white rocks they run,
But dearer the fact that their name reveals,
That Emma and I are one.

THE RIO GRANDE RAILROAD

Two thousand miles of iron rail,
A strong and flawless band,
Bind range to range and vale to vale
In Colorado's land.

The ribboned steel from blazing forge,
In double lines of strength,
Doth wind through many a rocky gorge,
O'er many an upland length.

They clasp the mountain's rock-ribbed side;
They cross the snowy pass;
They crawl through forest dark and wide;
They gleam in glades of grass.

Through Royal Gorge, the steep cliffs under,
They trail beside the stream,
Where Titans forced the rock asunder,
And gliding waters gleam.

Far up the wide Arkansas' vale,
Along the college mountains,

They pick with care a stony trail,
Past crystal streams and fountains.

They stretch in long and curveless line
Across the mighty park;
In sinuous curves they turn and twine
Through canons deep and dark.

O'er frozen fields where frost is king,
And snow for aye abides,
Is heard their sharp metallic ring,
Two miles above the tides.

They search the distant coal fields out;
Round mining camps they hover;
The ghosts of wildest glens they rout,
And haunted spots uncover.

They lead us on a wondrous chase
Around the circled maze,
San Juan's majestic sights to face,
And on her marvels gaze.

They bind the mountains to the plains
In one vast pleasure field;
The mines' and meadows' golden gains
No more are treasures sealed.

Go search ye well through every state
In all our glorious land,
You'll find no route of steel so great
As is the Rio Grande.

THE CHIPMUNK

Part I

I lay in my hammock one day
As still as still could be,
When I saw a little chipmunk
Come running down the tree.

He searched among the rubbish
That lay upon the ground,
Until a piece of cracker
Among the chips he found.

Between his nimble hands
He held the precious prize,
And sitting on his haunches
He winked with both his eyes.

The way he wagged his tail,
And the way he worked his jaw,
Engaged my whole attention
And filled my soul with awe.

He seemed so full of life,
So ever on qui-vive,
So lightning like in motion,
So quick to take French leave,

That I fairly fell in love
With the dainty little creature,
As I lay within my hammock
And watched his every feature.

Part II

I lay in my tent one morning,
All lost in slumber deep,
As over the distant hills,
The sun began to peep.

When on my canvas roof
I heard an awful clatter,
And opening wide my eyes
I wondered 'what's the matter?'

Upright I sat in bed
And rubbed my waking eyes,
And on the tent above
I saw a host of flies.

And on the tent without,
With constant scratch and clatter,
The chipmunks chased each other,
And that was what's the matter.

They spoiled my morning nap,
My temper sweet they spoiled;
I muttered something naughty,
For my feelings — they were roiled.

O the ugly little creatures!
I hate their awful clatter.
I'd shoot them if I could,
And that is what's the matter.

THE CAMPFIRE

O bring us knots of solid pitch,
And crisp old cedar boughs;
And bring us logs with resin rich
The fire imps to rouse.

And pile them high and pile them higher
Within our mountain camp,
And we will have a rousing fire
This evening, cool and damp.

Now strike the match and start the fire;
Guard well the tiny flame,
Until it leaps up higher, higher,
In spite of wind and rain.

O come my friends and gather round
Our campfire by the hill;
Come, take a seat upon the ground,
O come, whoever will.

And never mind the stifling smoke
That drives us round the ring;
We'll laugh the louder at each joke,
We'll laugh and talk and sing.

See how the burning pitch doth sputter,
And how the dry boughs crackle!
Hark how the escaping gases mutter —
The fire imps brook no shackle.

To rest the brain there's nought so good,
  There's nought so kind o' cheering,
As crackling flames of odorous wood
  The gloom and darkness spearing.

O yes, it rests the tired brain,
  To watch the dancing fire;
It soothes and heals the heart's sore pain,
  Like strains of heavenly lyre.

Within the glowing fire we look,
  We look and muse and gaze,
For 'tis to us a wondrous book,
  All full of poets' lays.

The tongues of fire take wierdest forms,
  That vanish in a moment;
They fly like birds, they crawl like worms,
  And writhe as if in torment.

The fire's wierd and lurid glare
  Burns red on each bright face;
From distant hills the wild beasts stare,
  And seek their hiding place.

We sing, our songs and tell our stories,
  And thrilling tales rehearse,
Of floods and storms and Indian forays,
  And read the latest verse.

Among the tall and stately pines
  The shadows shuddering creep;
They dance around the outer lines,
  And into darkness leap.

They fill the woods with silent ghosts;
  Around each bush they hover;
They fly away like routed hosts;
  They run to darkest over.

The hours fly fast; low burns the fire;
  The routed ghosts draw near;
To pine-bough beds we'll all retire,
  And sleep without a fear.

The morning breaks, the sun arises —
  The world's campfire un-ending —
It brings a host of glad surprises,
  Away all darkness sending.

All burned and black the embers now,
  Of last night's cheerful blaze,
Which gladly we shall all remember
  Through many coming days.

On memory's hearth they're burning still —
  Those airy tongues of flame —
They cheer us now, whene'er we will,
  A fire that ne'er can wane.

THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS

Away from the city, the queen of the plains
At ease in one of the Midland's new trains,
We speed us away from the hot dusty streets,
Far off to the mountains' enchanting retreats.

Along side the foot hills and past Palmer Lake
And o'er the Divide quick time do we make,
Then down to that place on the Fountain-qui-bouille,
A city indeed with no city's turmoil,

The pleasantest place in all the wide land,
Whose record is clean and whose outlook is grand,
Then straight toward the Peak that is known far and wide,
As though like a javelin we'd pierce through its side,

We hasten, all eager the mountains to view,
But pause for a while at fair Manitou,
Whose mineral springs and whose swift mountain brooks,
Whose canons so deep and whose caves and quaint nooks,

Whose forests of pine and great rocks so grand,
And flowers — none fairer in all the land,
And mountains by which these are all overhung,
By thousands are seen and by many are sung.

Then up the Ute Pass through dark tunnels we soar,
And over wild gorges where white torrents roar,
Until at the canon whose name is Cascade
We stop for a day and are grandly repaid,

By steep wooded valley, adown which pour
The foaming white waters like those at Lodore,
And carriage way ride to the crest of Pike's Peak,
Which all can now take, both the strong and the weak,

A ride which one takes with the greatest of ease
To heights that are nearly three miles 'bove the seas.
Unspeakably grand is the view that we gain,
Of mountain and valley, of forest and plain.

Then on 'neath the shadow of high granite walls,
Adown which is plunging the Green Mountain Falls,
Through summer resort, where the white tents gleam
Among the pine trees that border the stream.

Still further we climb while the engine pants hard,
Till breezes grow cooler and greener the sward,
Where Manitou Park lieth off to the right,
Whose green wooded vistas are fair to the sight;

While off to the east, out-manoeuvered at last,
There rises, sublimely majestic and vast,
The mountain that only a little before
Stood barring the west like a huge bolted door.

And now through the park that is named after Hayden,
And o'er crystal beds that with bright gems are laden,
And tertiary lakebed with fossils so rare,
And petrified forest, all stony and bare.

Eleven Mile Canon we quickly fly through,
With views ever changing and views ever new,
Till out of its gorges, so rocky and dark,
We enter with pleasure the famous South Park.

Its smooth level floor, once the bed of a sea,
Is thirty miles wide and across it we flee,
In sight of great ranges so lofty and grand,
That ever stand guard o'er this fairylike land.

O little we thought in the years long ago,
When crossing the Park with our horses so slow,
That following close on that tiresome trail
We'd fly like the wind on the Bessemer rail.

Regretfully leaving South Park in the rear,
To Arkansas' valley we quickly draw near.
Through many a deep cut in the tough, granite rock
We glide gently down where the mountains unlock

A scene of such beauty and grandeur sublime
As laughs at all efforts to put it in ryhme,
A view which, once seen, will be never forgot,
And those who can see it, O happy their lot!

From up on the mountain side downward we look
On fair Buena Vista by her swift flowing brook,
And upward to Princeton's symmetrical form
That pierceth the clouds and defyeth the storm.

While northward and southward, to left and to right,
The peaks of the College Range loom on our sight,
Whose towering crags and whose fields of white snow
Frown down on the beautiful valley below.

Antero and Elbert, La Plata and Massive,
With Sangre-de-Christo so distant and passive,
Ouray and Shavano and Harvard and Yale,
All which one can see from this iron-bound trail.

Then upward and northward, not slacking our speed,
We ride through the vale where the pioneer's greed
Hath torn up the gulches and cut through the ledges
And out of them gathered the bright golden wedges,

The vale whose deep silence was once oft broken
By crack of the rifle, the swift and sure token
Of vengeance so cruel 'twixt neighbor and man,
In merciless feud of clan against clan.

Afar we have come, up, down and up, until
We reach at the last far-famed Leadville,
The camp that was known over all the wide world,
Whose banner two miles 'bove the sea is unfurled,

Whose mines countless millions of precious ore
Have yielded from out their exhaustless store,
The smoke of whose riches is seen from afar,
As it rests in thick clouds on the light mountain air.

O strange are the tales of the lust and the greed,
Of passion's fierce flames that the gold doth well feed!
And many the stories of luck, good and ill,
This city can tell — many books they would fill.

But stay we not here, for a wall a mile high,
Just over the valley is touching the sky,
And scale it we must, and most surely we can,
For mountains are never impassable to man.

Across the green valley and 'cross the clear stream
We're borne by the measureless power of steam;
Then upward we climb in sharp curve upon curve,
Yet not from our aim for a moment we swerve.

Each curve brings us nearer the blue arching sky,
As upward like strong pinioned eagles we fly;
The air groweth cool and the brooklets grow small;
The snow lies in drifts 'mongst the fir trees so tall.

Still upward we soar to the dark timber line,
O'er avalanche wreck, amid scenery sublime,
Where steep are the crags that so gloomily frown,
And still are the heights in a silence profound.

Farewell, O ye waters that flow to the Atlantic!
For straightway we plunge into caverns gigantic,
Where dense is the darkness a half mile or more,
As dense as Egyptian-like darkness of yore.

Then out of the tunnel and into the light,
And bursts on our vision a glorious sight,
A view that is worth going far to behold,
A view full of beauty and grandeur untold.

Far down in the depths of the valley below
We gaze on the surface of Lake Ivanhoe;
A glance, and then down round the hills we grope,
All hail to the streams of Pacific's vast slope!

Clear down to the shore of the ice-cold lake,
And downward, still downward, our way we take.
The rill that from out of the lake doth flow
Soon plunges far down to the wild gorge below.

A tiny small rill at the first it ran:
O who ever called it the Frying Pan?
Far down through the "Devil's Gate" the scared waters hie,
While we hug the mountains and keep near the sky,

Until we are past the wild gate of ill name,
And join the white waters that out of it came.
The engine holds back and smooth glides the train;
It glides to the vales that are golden with grain.

It glides past the Castles, gigantic and red,
And down through the land that the Indians did tread,
And ever in sight of the clear mountain brook,
Where trout are responsive to bait and to hook.

Then up 'long the Roaring Fork where Aspen in pride
Her mineral belt boasts, so rich and so wide,
Where Sopris, the queenliest mountain, alone
Uprears to the sky her magnificent dome,

And many a snow-born crystalline stream
Glides down through its valley with flash and gleam,
Or leaps down the crags as white as snow
And falls in dense mist on the rocks below.

Retracing our path down the valley we go
Where Roaring Fork stream to the Grand doth flow,
Where swift are the waters that tumble and roar
'Neath sky-piercing cliffs of the Grand's narrow door,

The waters whose firm and unyielding fate
Is hastening them on to the chasm so great,
Where Glenwood's great cauldron doth bubble and steam,
And forth from the earth flows a hot healing stream,

Where many for health and many for pleasure
Can swim in the plunge bath, where flows without measure
The waters of healing and of untold worth
From out of the depths of our good mother earth,

The waters some fairy-like alchemist,
With love of the sea in her heart I wist,
With nature obeying her every command,
With subtlest of arts and with magical wand,

Doth bring from below in bubbling commotion,
As salt as the surf of the distant ocean,
That all may now take, in the flow of these fountains,
A salt water bath in the heart of the mountains.

And here for a while we will rest and we'll wait,
Till the Midland goes on to the Golden Gate;
Then onward we'll go and our journey renew,
A wonderland's marvelous wonders to view.

O seekers of pleasure and seekers of health,
And ye who would seek for the earth's hidden wealth,
Ye artist who fain a new field would explore,
And scientist seeking for earth's hidden lore,

And ye who rejoice in the gun and the rod,
And all who delight in the hills of our God,
O come ye from near and come ye from far
And ride through the mountains on a Midland car.

P. S. Alas! The Midland did not go on to the Golden Gate. On the contrary a large part of the road has been abandoned. But the scenery through which it ran is still there and can be reached in other ways.

GLORIFIED CLOUDS

Across the South Park, o'er the distant hills,
Whose springs are the source of the mountain rills
That flow to the Platte through canons romantic,
And then o'er the plains to the far-off Atlantic,

The sun was just rising in strength and might,
And flooding the peaks with a rosy light.
The clouds that across the horizon lay
Were greeting with joy the orb of day.

All edged and suffused with burning gold,
They shone with a glory that cannot be told;
They caught and transformed the rays of light
And turned them to gold for the human sight.

But yesterday torn by the lightnings that pierce,
And swept by wild blasts so terrific and fierce,
In glorified splendor now greet they the sun,
Translating his glory, their work well done.

Then downward I looked to the park below,
Through which the Platte River doth quietly flow,
And saw the cold mists from the streams arise,
And dull leaden clouds forming low in the skies,

Not glorified yet, nor uplifted high,
Earth-born and as dull as the leaden sky.
The sun rising high and the day growing warm,
They'll gather and sweep in a fierce thunder storm

Above the high peaks and across the wide plain,
And shed on the earth an abundance of rain.
Made pure by the lightning, their work well done,
They'll float to the east-land to welcome the sun.

Not glorified now, but tomorrow they'll be
As glorious and bright as a golden sea;
The trials of earth they must first endure
Before they transmute the white rays so pure.

GLEN PARK

Read at the opening exercises of the first Chautauqua Assembly on the grounds near Palmer Lake July 4, 1887.

From north and south, from west and east,
  In this Centennial state,
We gather at this joyous feast,
  And in these halls we wait.

The earth is richly dressed in green,
  The sky is robed in blue;
The mountains rise with noble mien,
  So old and yet so new.

By waters clear and mountains grand
  This lovely park is bounded;
With earth below and heaven above,
  And by our God surrounded.

For glory and for beauty made,
  Our God these hills did mold;
With mighty hand their walls were laid,
  And sifted through with gold.

The waters pure and sparkling bright
  Come leaping down the mountain,
They shimmer with the crystal light;
  Upleap they in the fountain.

A Gardener grouped these graceful pines;
  A Sculptor carved these hills;
An Artist drew and filled the lines;
  A Poet taught the rills.

The lines so straight that tell of duty,
  The flowers that bloom and nod,
The curved lines so full of beauty —
  These all are full of God.

The roar of brook and song of bird
  Long stirred this ambient air,
But now at last this vale has heard
  Glad words of praise and prayer.

The rills still laugh, the birds still sing,
  The soughing pines play base,
And they and we make echoes ring
  In this most charming place.

With crash and roar and mighty shock
  These giant rocks were lifted,
And 'gainst the tough old granite rock
  The waves of ocean drifted.

The saurian reptile, huge and scaly,
  Dwelt here in shallow bay,
And mighty monsters struggled daily
  Where children romp and play.

The earthquakes ceased, the waves withdrew,
  The gaping wounds were mended;
And through the fissures, old and new,
  The gold and silver blended.

The monsters fled, the saurian died;
  Their race became extinct;

We find their bones well petrified,
  But not man's missing link.

And thus through geologic ages
  This place did God prepare;
In passing through so many stages
  It ever grew more fair.

The trees grew tall, the grass grew green,
  Wild beasts did roam and roar,
And high above the sylvan scene
  The eagles proud did soar.

The red men came — we know not when —
  And long they roamed these dells;
They reared their lodge within this glen;
  These hills have heard their yells.

The miners came in 'fifty-eight
  And sought the golden dust;
With courage rare they dared their fate
  And wrote: "Pike's Peak or bust."

And then, just sixteen years ago,
  These valleys heard a scream,
They heard the piercing whistle blow
  That brought the age of steam.

'Twas foreordained that this broad glen
  A gathering place should be
For women good and for true men,
  And children too, you see.

And here, as ages come and go,
Shall stand these hills of God,
And birds shall sing and brooks shall flow,
And sweetest flowers nod.

And men will come and men depart,
But God will leave us never;
His Word remains to reach the heart;
His works abide forever.

Let him who hath the ears to hear,
Now listen to the song
Which brook and bird and voices clear
Repeat these hills among.

And he that hath the eyes to see,
And soul that soars above,
Look up and out to sky and tree,
And see that God is love.

From north and south, from east and west,
From country and from town,
We gather here to get the best
That anywhere is found.

The streams that rise on this Divide
Flow each a different way,
But all will reach the ocean-tide
And meet again some day.

So north and south, and east and west,
When these few days are past,
We'll go again and do our best,
And all reach home at last.

THE HILLS OF GOD

Read at the opening exercises of the Chatauqua Assembly in Glen Park, Colorado, July 10, 1888.

"I will lift up mine eyes to the hills,"
Said Israel's sweet singer of old,
"To the hills from whence cometh my help,
Will I lift up mine eyes and behold."

And as oft as he looked to the hills,
From the streets that were wearily trod,
His soul was filled with the sweetness,
And his arm with the strength of God.

Oh, how oft from the noise of the street,
And how oft from the haunts of men,
Have I gazed on the glorious hills
Till my heart has grown young again!

Oh, how oft when my brain was weary,
And my heart sung a dolorous song,
Have I looked to the hills of my God
And my soul has again become strong!

And how oft as I looked at the hills,
That were carved by the hand of the Lord,
Have I offered this prayer of the poet,
And repeated her soul-thrilling word:

"Gird me with the strength of thy steadfast hills;
The speed of thy streams give me;
In the spirit that calms, with the life that thrills,
I would stand or run for thee."

And I said with a longing of heart;
To the green wooded hills will I fly;
I will seek me a beautiful spot,
There to dwell twixt the earth and the sky.

I will dwell for a space where the earth
Mounts up in green crests to the sky,
And where heaven descends in its glory,
In the glory of God the Most High.

I will go for a space to that school
Where my soul with sweet manna is fed,
Where the Word and the Works of our God
In the light of each other are read.

Where the book of nature lies open wide
With a thousand uncut pages,
And the Bible, so old and yet so fresh,
Still points to the Rock of Ages.

Where the birds and the children so sweetly sing,
And the sky wears a heavenly hue,
Where each heart doth enshrine the love of God,
Like the sun in each drop of dew.

For the precious things of the lasting hills
That were promised to Joseph of old,
I will search with eager and steadfast look,
For the flowers, the gems and the gold.

And for precious things so exceeding great
In the best of all books I will seek,

For a priceless pearl and a crystal clear,
For a soul made pure and a spirit meek.

To consider the lilies I'll not forget,
Nor the heavens in which is declared
The glory sublime of the infinite God,
Which forever and ever is shared.

I will lie on the lap of my mother,
On the lap of my mother, the earth,
Where of sweetest delights and innocent joys
To my soul there shall come no dearth.

I will talk face to face with my Father,
With my Father, the infinite God,
And with him will I hold communion
As I walk o'er the flowery sod.

I will walk with my Elder Brother,
I will stand in the courts of the King,
By whose hand the whole earth is upheld,
Whose praises I'll evermore sing.

I will loiter in flowery valleys,
And roam o'er the hills eternal,
While my soul is refreshed at Elim,
And ascends to heights supernal.

So I sought me a beautiful spot
Among the eternal hills,
And I found it on mountain slope,
Held fast by two silvery rills.

And now lend me your ears I pray,
While I sing of that earthly heaven,
While I sing of the rare delights
Of our camp of 'eighty-seven.

OUR CAMP OF 'EIGHTY-SEVEN

'Twas where the western plains uproll
Their countless billows green,
Against the rocky ranges old
Which from afar are seen,

On grassy slope of lofty mountain,
With outlook o'er the plains,
Beside the cool and sparkling fountain,
In sight of passing trains,

Almost two miles above the seas,
On crest of green Divide,
Within a grove of lonely trees,
Where peace and rest abide —

'Twas there we reared our canvas tent
When heat of summer fell;
From city's roar and toil we went
'Mongst balmy pines to dwell.

By tree and bush and green hillside
Our camp is well surrounded;
By purest streams that swiftly glide
On either side 'tis bounded.

A rocky cliff of brilliant red
Cuts off the western sky;
The sun doth seek his rocky bed
While yet two hours high.

For many a mile the canons pierce
The wooded hills behind us;
Within their dark recesses, fierce
Wild beasts perchance might find us.

To eastward stands a Giant's Castle,
Whose yellow rock doth crumble;
Through arch and cave the wild winds wrestle;
Huge rocks down steep slopes tumble.

To north and south, o'er stretches wide,
The gliding trains we spy;
Around the curves like snakes they glide,
Like winged birds they fly.

The bushes on the steep hillside
Are red with luscious berries;
The bushes in the valleys wide
Are black with ripened cherries.

The fields with brilliant flowers are bright,
Of every hue and shade;
Interpret they the sun's white light
And then they meekly fade,

And others haste to take their place,
A long and bright procession,

Up towards the sun they turn their face,
And that is their confession.

The gentle winds are cool and soft,
That play through odorous pines;
They come from snowy hills aloft;
They sweep o'er golden mines.

Beneath a sky of azure blue
We eat our daily bread;
With manna sweet and ever new
Our souls each day are fed.

In rocky nook or quiet glen
We find a place of prayer;
With Him who gives good gifts to men
We hold communion there.

In cool of day we gently row
On Palmer's famous lake;
Beneath the fountain, rowing slow,
A shower bath we take.

The merry laugh and joyous trills
Float outward o'er the wave;
They're echoed back from wooded hills
Whose feet the waters lave.

When night so cool with shadows dark
From rocky crags doth fall,
We hear the coyote's yelping bark
And wild beasts answering call.

We watch the lightning's vivid flash
Leap out from distant cloud;
We hear the thunder's roar and crash
Roll round in echoes loud.

At close of damp and rainy days
Big knots of pitch we bring,
And round our camp fire's ruddy blaze
We sit and talk and sing.

On bosom soft of mother earth
We lay us down and slumber;
Of blessed sleep there is no dearth,
While God our thoughts doth number.

We search each path and pebbly knoll
For "smoky topaz" treasures;
And all good things that God has made
Keep adding to our pleasures.

Long walks we take where none may lag,
And canons wild explore;
We climb the high and beetling crag,
Where daring eagles soar.

And oft in cool Assembly Hall
We gather with our neighbors,
Where words of wit and wisdom fall,
To reap the scholar's labors.

Our cares and toils fast fade away,
Lake mist before the sun;

With children dear we run and play,
And have the purest fun.

The little ones — they never tire
As days and weeks glide by;
Each day they climb a little higher;
Almost they seem to fly.

The faces pale grow full and round;
The cheeks a rosy red;
Such appetites were never found
'Mongst children city-fed.

As happy weeks glide swiftly by,
Our bodies stronger grow;
With clearer thought and purpose high
Each mind and heart doth glow.

And when one day we turned away
From camp of 'eighty-seven,
Our muse straightway did sing this lay
About that earthly heaven.

Clear cut and sharp on memory's wall,
'Mongst many pictures hung,
The fairest picture of them all
Is this, so poorly sung.

IN J. A's ALBUM

To westward from your pleasant home
  The grand old mountains rise;
But where your eyes northeastward roam
  A wicked city lies.

MY MOUNTAINS

O may your life be pure and strong,
  Like summits robed in snow,
As midst the city's busy throng
  About life's work you go.

IN MY NIECE'S ALBUM

Written on a visit to Florida from Colorado in 1888.

From mountains high all robed in snow,
Where cool and balmy breezes blow,
And crystal streams forever flow,
    I come loved friends to greet
Beside old oceans lovely strand,
In hearing of its music grand,
In Flora's fruitful sunny land,
Midst orange blossoms sweet.

When you and I and others dear,
Have done with earthly joy and fear,
When tired feet to heaven draw near,
    And pearly gates are opened wide,
A home shall ours forever be,
By lofty mount and crystal sea,
With flowers and gems for you and me,
    And love for all who there abide.

CHAPTER XXI

MOUNTAINS IN THE BIBLE

The following passages about mountains are arranged in the order in which they occur in the Bible.

On the first day of the month were the tops of the mountains seen. Gen. 8 : 5.

Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed. And Lot said, "I cannot escape to the mountain, lest evil overtake me and I die. Gen. 19 : 17-19.

And they did eat bread and tarried all night in the mountain. Gen. 31 : 54.

Unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills. Gen. 49 : 26.

And Moses went up unto God, and the Lord called unto him out of the mountain. Exodus 19 : 3.

And it came to pass on the third day, when it was morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount. And Mount Sinai was altogether on smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire: and the smoke thereof was as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly, and the Lord came down upon Mount Sinai, to the top of the mount: and the Lord called Moses to the top of the Mount, and Moses went up. Ex. 19 : 16, 18, 20.

And the glory of the Lord abode upon Mount Sinai, and the cloud covered it six days: and the seventh day he called unto Moses out of the midst of the cloud. And the appearance of the glory of the Lord was like devouring fire on the top of the mount in the eyes of the children of Israel. And Moses entered into the midst of the cloud, and went up into the mount: and Moses was in the mount forty days and forty nights. Ex. 24 : 16-18.

And they rose up early in the morning and got them up to the top of the mountain, saying, Lo, we be here. Numbers 14 : 40.

Take Aaron and Eleazar his son, and bring them up into Mount Hor, and Aaron shall die there. * * and they went up into Mount Hor in the sight of all the congregation; and Aaron died there in the top of the mount. Num. 20 : 25-28.

And the Lord said unto Moses, Get thee up into this mountain of Abarim, and behold the land which I have given unto the children of Israel. Num. 27 : 12.

And they turned and went up into the mountain, and came unto the valley of Eshcol, and spied it out. Deut. 1 : 24.

Then we turned and took our journey into the wilderness * *; and we compassed Mount Seir many days. And the Lord spake unto me, saying, Ye have compassed this mountain long enough: turn you northward. Deut. 2 : 1-3.

Let me go over, I pray thee, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon. * * Get thee up into the top of Pisgah, and lift up thine eyes westward, and northward, and southward, and eastward,

and behold with thine eyes: for thou shalt not go over this Jordan. Deut. 3 : 25; 27.

And ye came near and stood under the mountain; and the mountain burned with fire unto the heart of heaven, with darkness, cloud, and thick darkness. And the Lord spake unto you out of the midst of the fire. Deut. 4 : 11, 12.

But the land whither ye go over to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys. Deut. 11 : 11.

And for the chief things of the ancient mountains, And for the precious things of the everlasting hills. Deut. 33 : 15.

And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto Mount Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho. And the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan; and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the hinder sea; and the South, and the Plain of the valley of Jericho the city of palm trees, unto Zoar. * * So Moses died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in the valley * * but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day. Deut. 34 : 1-3, 5, 6.

The mountains flowed down at the presence of the Lord,
Even you Sinai at the presence of the Lord, the God of Israel. Judges 5 : 5.

Behold, there come people down from the tops of the mountains. And Zebul said unto him, thou seest the shadow of the mountains as if they were men. Judges 9 : 36.

Ye mountains of Gilboa,
Let there be no dew nor rain upon you. 2 Sam. 1 : 21.

And Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; and he bowed himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees. I Kings 18 : 42.

And he said, Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord. And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and broke in pieces the rocks before the Lord. I Kings 19 : 11.

And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha. II Kings 6 : 17.

With the multitude of my chariots am I come up to the height of the mountains to the innermost parts of Lebanon; and I will cut down the tall cedar trees thereof, and the choice fir trees thereof: and I will enter into his farthest lodging place, the forest of his fruitful field. II Kings 19 : 23.

Go forth unto the mount, and fetch olive branches and branches of wild olive, and myrtle branches, and palm branches and branches of thick trees, to make booths. Nehemiah 8 : 15.

Which removeth the mountains, and they know it not, when he overturneth them in his anger. Job 9 : 5.

And surely the mountains falling cometh to nought, and the rock is removed out of its place. Job 14 : 18.

They are wet with the showers of the mountains, and embrace the rock for want of a shelter. Job 24 : 8.

He putteth forth his hand upon the flinty rock; He overturneth the mountains by the roots. Job 28 : 9.

The range of the mountain is his pasture, and he searcheth after every green thing. Job 39 : 8.

Surely the mountains bring him forth food; where all the beasts of the field do play. Job 40 : 20.

How say ye to my soul,
Flee as a bird to your mountain? Psalm 11 : 1.

Then the earth shook and trembled,
The foundations also of the mountains moved
And were shaken, because he was wroth. Ps. 18 : 7.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
And who shall stand in his holy place? Ps. 24 : 31.

Thy righteousness is like the mountains of God;
Thy judgments are a great deep. Ps. 36 : 6.

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change,
And though the mountains be shaken into the heart of the seas;
Though the mountains thereof roar and be troubled,
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.
Ps. 46 : 2, 3.

For every beast of the forest is mine,
And the cattle upon a thousand hills,
I know all the fowls of the mountains;
And the wild beasts of the hills are mine. Ps. 50 : 10, 11.

Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains;
Being girded about with might. Ps. 65 : 6.

A mountain of God is the mountain of Bashan;
An high mountain is the mountain of Bashan,

Why look ye askance, ye high mountains,
At the mountain which God hath desired for his abode?
Yea, the Lord will dwell in it forever. Ps. 68, 15, 16.

The mountain shall bring peace to the people,
And the hills, in righteousness. Ps. 72 : 3.

There shall be abundance of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains;
The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon. Ps. 72 : 6.

And he brought them to the border of his sanctuary,
To this mountain, which his right hand had purchased.
Ps. 78 : 54.

His foundation is in the holy mountains. Ps. 87 : 1.

Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.
Ps. 90 : 2.

In his hands are the deep places of the earth;
The heights of the mountains are his also. Ps. 95 : 4.

The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord,
At the presence of the Lord of the whole earth. Ps. 97 : 5.

Let the floods clap their hands;
Let the hills sing for joy together. Ps. 98 : 8.

Who looketh on the earth and it trembleth;
He toucheth the mountains and they smoke. Ps. 104 : 32.

The mountains skipped like rams,
The little hills like young sheep. Ps. 114 : 4.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains:
From whence shall my help come? Ps. 121 : 1.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem,
So the Lord is round about his people,
From this time forth and for evermore, Ps. 125 : 2.

Like the dew of Hermon,
That cometh down upon the mountains of Zion:
For there the Lord commanded the blessing,
Even life for evermore. Ps. 133 : 3.

Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains. Ps. 147 : 8.

Before the mountains were settled,
Before the hills was I brought forth. Proverbs 8 : 25.

The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh,
Leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.
Song 2 : 8.

Until the day be cool, and the shadows flee away,
I will get me to the mountain of myrrh,
And to the hill of frankincense. * *
Come with me from Lebanon, my bride,
With me from Lebanon:
Look from the top of Amana,
From the top of Senir and Hermon,
From the lion's dens,
From the mountains of the leopards. Song 4 : 6, 8.

And it shall come to pass in the latter days that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills;

and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord. Isaiah 2 : 2, 3.

Set ye up an ensign upon the bare mountains. * * The noise of a multitude in the mountain, like as of a great people. Isa. 13 : 2, 4.

And in this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, Isa. 25 : 6.

Till ye be left as a beacon upon the top of a mountain, and as an ensign on a hill. * * And there shall be upon every lofty mountain, and upon every high hill, rivers and streams of waters. Isa. 30: 17, 25.

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain. Isa 40 : 9.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed.

Who hath weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance. Isa. 40: 4, 12.

Thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff. Isa. 41: 15.

Let them shout from the top of the mountains. Isa. 42: 11.

Break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein. Isa. 44: 23.

And I will make all my mountains a way, and my high ways shall be exalted. Isa. 49: 11.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace. Isa. 52: 7.

For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall my covenant of peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee. Isa. 54:10.

The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Isa. 55: 12.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord. Isa. 65: 25.

I beheld the mountains, and, lo, they trembled, and all the hills moved to and fro. Jer. 4: 24.

They have turned them away on the mountains: they have gone from mountain to hill, they have forgotten their resting place. * * And I will bring Israel again to his pasture, and he shall feed on Carmel and Bashan, and his soul shall be satisfied upon the hills of Ephraim and Gilead. Jer. 50: 6, 19.

Thus saith the Lord God to the mountains and to the hills, to the water courses and to the valleys: Behold, I, even I, will bring a sword upon you, and I will destroy your high places. Ezekiel 6: 3.

And the glory of the Lord went up from the midst of the city, and stood upon the mountain which is on the east side of the city. Ezek. 11: 23.

I will feed them with good pastures, and upon the mountains of the height of Israel shall their fold be: there shall

they lie down in a good fold and on fat pastures shall they feed upon the mountains of Israel. Ezek. 34: 14.

But ye, mountains of Israel, ye shall shoot forth your branches, and yield your fruit to my people Israel. Ezek. 36: 8.

Upon the top of the mountains the whole limit thereof round about shall be most holy. Ezek. 43: 12.

And it shall come to pass in that day, that the mountains shall drop down sweet wine, and the hills shall flow with milk, and all the brooks of Judah shall flow with waters. Joel 3: 18.

For, lo, he that formeth the mountains, and createth the wind, and declareth unto man what is his thought, that maketh the morning darkness, and treadeth upon the high places of the earth; the Lord, the God of hosts is his name. Amos 4: 13.

And the mountains shall be molten under him, and the valley shall be cleft, as wax before the fire, as waters that are poured down a steep place. Micah 1: 4.

Hear ye now what the Lord saith: Arise, contend thou before the mountains, and let the hills hear thy voice. Hear, O ye mountains, the Lord's controversy, and ye enduring foundations of the earth. Micah 6: 1, 2.

And the eternal mountains were scattered,
The everlasting hills did bow . .
The mountains saw thee and were afraid. Habakkuk 3: 6, 10.

Go up to the mountain and bring wood, and build the

house; and I will take pleasure in it, and I will be glorified, saith the Lord. Haggai 1: 8.

Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain: and he shall bring forth the head stone with shoutings of Grace, grace, unto it. Zech. 4: 7.

And his feet shall stand in that day upon the mount of Olives * * and the mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley; and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north, and half of it toward the south. And ye shall flee by the valley of the mountains; for the valley of the mountains shall reach unto Azel. Zech 14: 4, 5.

Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them. Matt. 4: 8.

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into the mountain: and when he had sat down, his disciples came unto him; and he opened his mouth and taught them. Matt. 5: 1.

And when he was come down from the mountain great multitudes followed him. Matt. 8: 1.

And after he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into the mountain apart to pray: and when even was come he was there alone. Matt. 14: 23.

And Jesus departed thence, and came nigh unto the sea of Galilee; and he went up into the mountain and sat there. Matt. 15: 29.

And after six days Jesus taketh with him Peter, and James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a

high mountain apart: and he was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and his garments became white as the light. Matt. 17: 1, 2.

If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove. Matt. 17: 20.

Then let them that are in Judea flee unto the mountains. Matt. 24: 16.

But the eleven disciples went into Galilee, unto the mountain where Jesus had appointed them. Matt. 28: 16.

And it came to pass in these days, that he went out into the mountain to pray; and he continued all night in prayer to God. Luke 6: 12.

And every night he went out, and lodged in the mount that is called the mount of Olives. Luke 21: 37.

And he came out, and went, as his custom was, into the mount of Olives; and the disciples also followed him. Luke 22: 39.

Jesus therefore perceiving that they were about to come and take him by force, to make him king, withdrew again into the mountain himself alone. John 6: 15.

And the second angel sounded, and as it were a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea; and the third part of the sea became blood. Rev. 8: 8.

And every island fled away, and the mountains were not found. Rev. 16: 20.

And he carried me away in the Spirit to a mountain great and high, and showed me the holy city Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, having the glory of God. Rev. 21: 10, 11.

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